# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 194, No. 25. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An

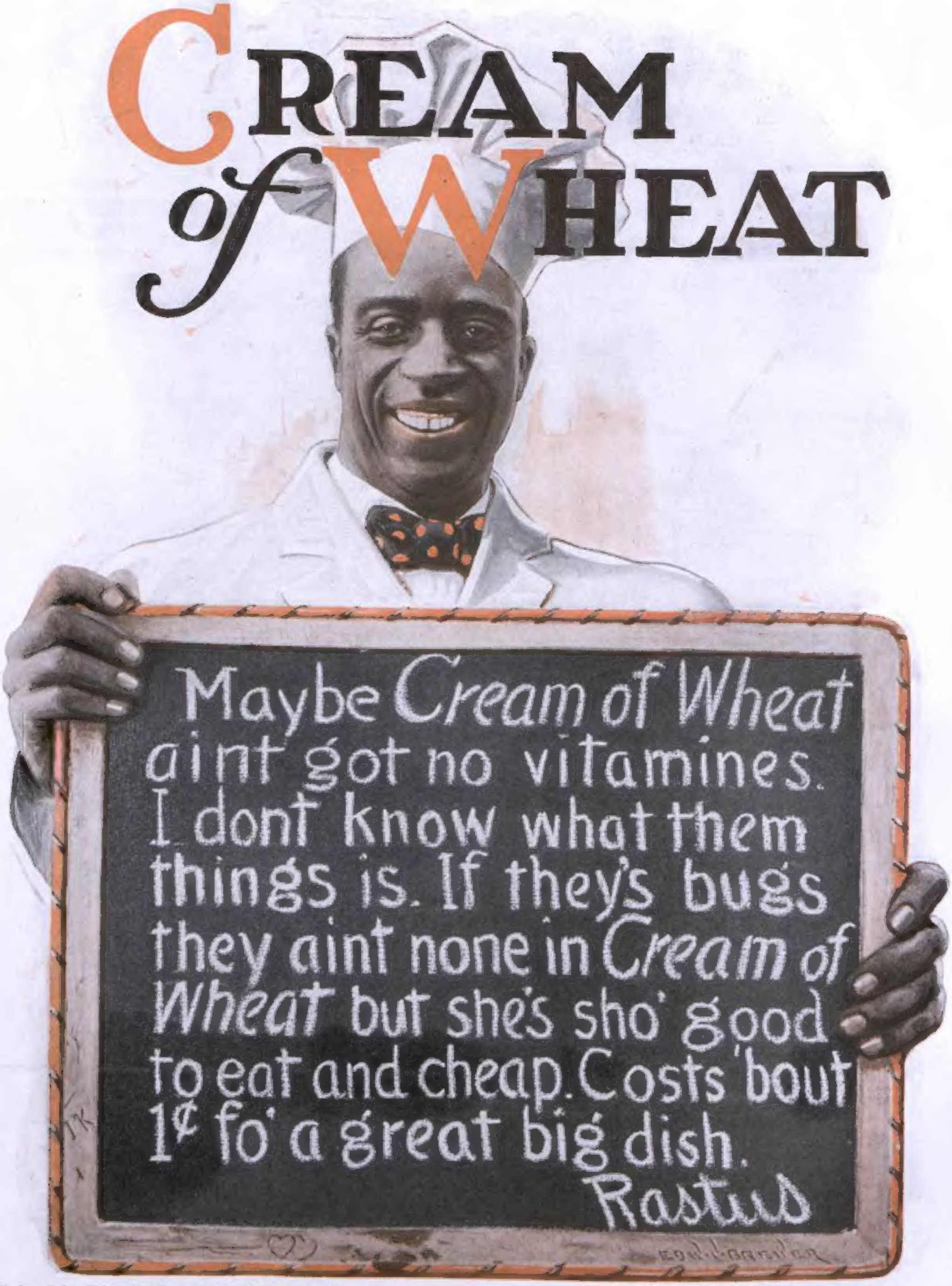
Found anklin

DEC. 17, 1921

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

## A Midsummer Knight's Dream—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

# Cream of Wheat


Maybe Cream of Wheat
aint got no vitamines.
I dont know what them
things is. If they's bugs
they aint none in Cream of
Wheat but she's sho' good
to eat and cheap. Costs 'bout
1¢ fo' a great big dish.
Rastus

*Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.*

*Copyright 1921 by Cream of Wheat Co.*

# Westclox

*—that's Big Ben's family name*

## The face in the dark

IN the middle of the night you ease up in your sleep; you wonder how long you have left. You aim one eye at your luminous Westclox, and there is the time.

Painted in soft light against the blackness are the numbers and hands that tell you the hour; designed to loom clearly out of the dark, and coated with a radium compound that will last for years.

For the man who likes a good-looking timepiece that realizes its responsibility, that will call him punctually, and will tell him the time at night as quickly as in broad daylight—Big Ben Luminous, $5.00.

For the man or woman who needs a small clock that is easily carried about, that rings punctually and gently, that steadily glows the hour to save groping for a light—Baby Ben Luminous, $5.00.

For the man or boy who wants a dependable timepiece for the pocket, Pocket Ben with plain dial, $2.00; Glo-Ben for night and day time-telling, $3.25.

The trade mark Westclox is on the six-sided, orange-bordered tag and on the dial of each timepiece.

**WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.**

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern

*Factory:* Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

# *Hart Schaffner & Marx Style*

## It's in the fine, long-wearing, all-wool fabrics; it's in the careful tailoring; in the smart designing; it takes all three—that's style

*At the left is a new two-button coat; narrow lapels; all the latest touches*

*At the right is a four-button coat; a rather straight front; a hit with well-dressed young men*

Copyright, 1921, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 17, 1921 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 25

# A Midsummer Knight's Dream

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

INTO the monotonous beat of a heavy rain on the tin roof and the rhythmic snoring of a dozen men the alarm clock on the window sill of the bunk house burst with a wild, metallic scream, announcing four o'clock of a wet morning. Low groans here and there, the stretching of tired bodies and a break in the snoring of the cook—temporarily housed there—followed.

Dice Barnett, the corral boss, sat up in bed and yawned. Then, "Roll out, boys!" he roared, and yawned again.

The cook sat up and stared venomously across the row of inert figures.

"You bellow like a bull!" he growled.

The corral boss said nothing. At these rising hours he was always hopeless and dispirited. The cook thumped his pillow, lay back and was instantly asleep again. Only the wranglers rose at four. The Kid, in the next bed to Dice, opened a pair of drowsy eyes in a sunburned face, and shut them again. But Dice, with the gesture of an expert, leaned over and dragged the coverings away, making a clean sweep of them. The Kid made a frantic clutch, but they were gone. The cold early morning air of the mountains penetrated to the Kid's very marrow. Grumbling, he got out of bed.

In the faint light other equally hopeless figures were emerging. No one spoke. Life wasn't worth the effort. They pulled on their trousers, shirts and socks, and began the daily struggle to get into boots still damp and stiff from the day before, and always, even at their driest and best, a trifle small. The bunk house resounded with dreary thuds as their heels came down, thud, thud, on the floor.

"Get out and lemme sleep," muttered the cook, with his eyes shut.

Outside on the rough veranda the men morosely got their chaps and gloves, and the Kid lighted a lantern and led the way toward the stables, where the night horses waited for the morning wrangling. The silent line, dogged, unhappy, still half asleep, plodded through the mud and rain without speech, except for a muttered comment from someone to the effect that this was the life.

The Kid was as silent as the rest, but, for a reason of his own, less hopeless. And once outside the barn, boots softening a little under mud and rain, blood moving a little faster, the stalls warm with the heat of a dozen animals, signs of life began to assert themselves among the others. Gathered around the lantern, they tossed for who should wrangle the cañon and who should take the big pasture. They saddled under shelter, and leading their horses out mounted them carefully, for the horses in the small hours of the morning were rather like themselves, irritable and quarrelsome. The Kid, with an eye toward the cottages, still shrouded in darkness, moved with extreme deliberation.

*"You Certainly are a Handsome Thing, Standing There in the Sun! I Wish I Had a Picture of You"*

Dice slid into his saddle after the manner of one experienced in the early morning tempers of horses, and rolled a cigarette.

"One thing this rain's good for," he observed. "No dude woman will want to wrangle in it."

From one or two quarters came a half-hearted assent in this. Now and then some Eastern girl among the ranch boarders who had proved herself to the corral, with its rather exacting standards, was given the privilege of rising at four A.M., lighting herself to the corral with an electric flash, getting out her own saddle and bridle, and then of accompanying the men on their wild ride through the dawn, risking her neck for the thrill of being a part of the romantic world of story and dream. Always, to outward seeming, the attitude of the men was one of amused tolerance. Actually they accepted it as tribute, took extremely good care of their devotees and concealed behind their taciturnity certain predilections which they would have died rather than avow.

"You tell 'em," said Al, the saddle boss.

The Kid said nothing. He cast another glance toward the sleeping cottages, and led his horse back and forth several times before mounting.

Dice watched these maneuvers coldly.

"Don't let me hurry you any," he said politely. "Maybe you'd like your breakfast first."

Reluctantly the Kid mounted, but before he touched spur to his horse he looked back. Yes, quite certainly; unmistakably. There was a spot of white light moving through the semidarkness toward the corral. The Kid suddenly dismounted, and throwing up a stirrup began to fumble with a strap. But the corral boss interfered cruelly.

"Come right along," he said. "Whoever she is, she's out of luck."

The Kid was forced to mount, and they started, going at a walk in order to get the stiffness out of their horses, climbing slowly up the steep and muddy trail which they could not see, but which the horses followed unerringly.

At the top Dice slowed up and the Kid fell in beside him.

"Who was the wild woman?" he asked.

"It was the Carter girl," said the Kid, with an assumption of indifference. "Rosamond Carter."

"I thought so. She works while the other girls sleep."

"What do you mean by that?" the Kid demanded truculently.

"Just what I said, son." The corral boss' voice was bland but firm. "She makes a life work of what ought to be a little diversion, and she's that afraid of getting out of practice that she keeps her hand in on you—and me," he added as a cautious afterthought.

On and up they rode. From far away in the big pasture rose to them already the shrill cries and whistles of Al, Slim and Jack Moncrielle as they hazed the horses into bunches and threw them together, a hundred or so, ready to run them back along the trail to the corral and the day's work. The stream in the cañon below roared with its burden of the night's rain, which streamed down the steep walls in a thousand temporary torrents and drowned all conversation. The Kid rode on, turning over in his mind the corral boss' comment. Now and then he thought of replies he might have made, but hadn't.

Once, indeed, he did clear his throat and commenced, "You don't understand her. She ——"

But the rushing water drowned the sound of his voice.

The horses, seeking shelter, had wandered far up the cañon and off the trail. With the first light the men began to bunch them, their own animals climbing like goats, finding foothold here, there and anywhere. Once the Kid's horse slipped and went down, and there was a bad moment when eternity lay over a rock and a foot away. But there came a good moment, too, when the last straggler had been brought in, when the rain

had ceased and the tops of the cliffs were pink with the rising sun, and when through the cañon and out on the plain below, the Kid could see the ranch, and smoke rising from the cook-house chimney.

The Kid felt his first glow of the day, and it was compounded of the facts that the morning wrangling was over, that breakfast was waiting, and that somewhere in that huddle of pin-point houses Rosamond Carter was living, moving and having her being. He drew a long breath.

"I want to talk to you, Dice," he said as they rode companionably behind their morning's salvage. "This is the life, all right. But where do you go from here?"

"Meaning?"

"There's no future in this sort of thing, Dice."

"No? I thought you were going to take up a homestead."

"There's nothing in ranching," said the Kid gloomily. "Look at the Old Man. Had to come to dude ranching after all. And if he couldn't make it go, who could?"

Dice said nothing. Somebody had been getting at the boy, he knew, and he knew who it was. It was the Kid himself who gave him his chance a moment later.

"I think you've got a wrong idea about Rosamond Carter, Dice," he offered.

"Maybe—maybe not."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I told you. She works while the other girls sleep, that's all. Do you think she piled out of bed to go wrangling in the rain because she loved Nature? Rats!"

"Even at that," the Kid said hotly, "I don't like the way you speak of her."

"No? I didn't suppose you would. Well, you've asked my opinion and I'll give it to you. She's the sort that has to have some fellow trailing after her or she isn't happy, and if she can pry him away from another girl it doesn't take anything from her pleasure."

"There was nothing between me and Janet, Dice."

"All right. I'll take your word for it. But did Janet know it?"

The Kid was very angry—unreasonably angry. He had merely tried to set Dice right as to Rosamond Carter, and Dice had had to drag in Janet, and a lot of extraneous matters which the Kid himself was trying very hard to put out of his mind. "You'll feel better when you've had your breakfast," he said witheringly.

In the cook house ham and eggs, flapjacks, fried potatoes, coffee, corn bread. The Kid ate enormously but sulkily, and then, lounging out, took a quick survey of the ranch. Already in the corral Jack Moncrielle's rope was whirling and the horses were milling madly. As he brought out each animal, meek enough now that the rope was around its neck, the saddlers took it in hand and fastened on it the badges of servitude. A growing row of saddled animals stood waiting.

In that brief glance the Kid could see all that constituted his little world, with its hopes and problems. The Old Man, an affectionate but rather misleading term, the Old Man being fifty; on the porch in front of the linen house Janet in a blue gingham, fresh and tidy and steady-eyed, but with a despondent droop to her mouth; and coming toward him, gay and smart in riding clothes and showing no resentment for the morning's fiasco, Rosamond Carter.

"I'm awfully sorry, Kid," she said. "I got there just a minute too late.

"Oh, that's all right," he said awkwardly.

"I just went back and cried, Kid."

He was practically stricken dumb at this confession of emotion, and the hand which held his after-breakfast cigarette trembled. Nothing adequate to say occurred to him, but his wildly rolling eyes saw that Janet had risen and was going into the linen house.

"'Stoo bad," he muttered.

Rosamond had caught his glance toward the linen house.

"Well, I'll try again to-morrow," she said brightly, and moved a foot or two away. Then she turned. "You certainly are a handsome thing, standing there in the sun!" She smiled at him. "I wish I had a picture of you."

She went on, and the Kid drew himself up to his full height and put a hand carelessly to his neckerchief. Then he took off his hat, recreased it, rolling up the rim at the sides with tender hands, and replaced it, slightly tilted over the right eye. After that he swaggered up to the corral.

*II*

NOW Janet was in the ranch, but hardly of it. Her mother was the ranch housekeeper; but years ago, in the days of the open range and hostile Indians, when the Old Man was young and believed that the proper place for dudes was east of the Mississippi River, she had been the great lady of the cow country. Her husband had been a younger son of the British aristocracy, a fact which he had proceeded to forget as quickly as possible, except that he had gone through his money like an English gentleman, both living and giving generously.

*"It's All Right for Us. We're Paid to Risk Our Necks to Amuse the Dudes. But You! You're Not!"*

Not that that mattered now, save for a certain breeding, an English sort of reticence and the excellent horsemanship which were all he had bequeathed to Janet. His widow was the ranch housekeeper, and during the long summer she went around from cottage to tent, tent to cottage, conversing with maids in some such manner as "Get some mouse traps for 22, Maggie. The field mice have eaten Mrs. Brown's orange sweater." Or "Tell Mr. Jenkins in 18 that he'll have to stop smoking in bed. He burns holes in his sheets every time."

Janet taught school in the winter, riding back and forth on Midge, the little buckskin which she had trained to an uncanny degree of intelligence. Not that Janet had any idea of the importance Midge was to assume in her life, but because, until the Kid came into it, she had a good bit of leisure time. After that, of course ——

The Kid had come over from the Powder River country some eight months before, a big brown boy with a scar on his neck from the Argonne Forest, a good saddle, a dauntless spirit and ten dollars in coin of the realm, which he stood ready to bet at any odds or none on anything at all. He lost the ten dollars and his heart almost simultaneously and for the rest went through his initiation into the outfit creditably.

He was given bad horses and stuck to them as long as his knees held out; fought with his two fists when he had to; jibed and was jibed at; mortgaged his pay in advance on blackjack and poker; drank a variety of moonshine under different names, with equally disastrous results; and in sentimental moments was wont to tilt back his chair, draw his hat over his eyes, and having thus secured the delusion of isolation from his kind, to produce a mouth organ and pour out his soul in a succession of dismal sounds.

He had eight words of army French, a cowpuncher's sense of humor, a very masculine vanity, an extreme humility about women, and a modesty so shrinking that he did without bed sheets for a week because he wouldn't ask Janet for them.

"What do you get out of all those books, Miss Janet?" he had asked her once.

"I like to know about things. Don't you?"

He set about a course of reading then. It irked him horribly, but it was his idea of decreasing the distance between them. He would sit off, grimly aloof from the card table, going at full blast, and feel that with every line, so to speak, he climbed a step. By late spring, although nothing had been said, Janet and the Kid were keeping steady company, and the Old Man had his eye on a homestead for them up Indian Creek. But the summer influx had changed everything. Beginning with the first of June the ranch took on a strange and exotic blooming, became colorful and sparkling. The lawn by the big house began to be dotted with bright hats and sweaters. The corral lost its air of businesslike austerity and on its high fence perched strange and brilliant birds, with clear young voices which shouted "Ride 'er, cowboy!"

The wranglers themselves took on some of this new coloring. They began to appear in new hats, in pink shirts, in vivid-colored neck handkerchiefs. The corral in business hours, which were all day now, was as full of local color as a Buffalo Bill show, and slightly reminiscent of it, for the Old Man knew his business.

And to the Kid a new and bewildering world of women opened up, and with this difference: He had always looked up to Janet as a sort of superior being, and now came dozens of girls, clean and sweet and wholesome as the mountain air, who stood near him, in groups or singly, and gazed at him as at some supreme and magnificent creature.

They tendered him the homage of all the romance they had built up about the West, gazing at him with their clear soft eyes, seeing in him the Virginian or some other hero; but mostly Faversham.

It went to the Kid's head. He paid thirty dollars for a new pair of inlaid spurs, and was quite apt, when not otherwise occupied, to play idly with a hemp rope, with which he could do a variety of things. When, standing like a star in the center of a circle of satellites, he let it settle gently over the head of some pretty creature, she would flush at the distinction. Generally, that is. For once he saw a new girl, Rosamond Carter, and roped her neatly. But Rosamond did not flush. She looked quite squarely into the Kid's eyes and said, "Now you've got me, what do you intend to do with me?"

It was the Kid who flushed that time.

The cruel thing about it all was that Rosamond very deliberately set to work to steal the Kid, to sacrifice him to make a summer holiday. Before she fixed on him she had coolly appraised the masculine situation, the men of the outfit, the visiting Easterners, even the Old Man himself. She even knew about Janet, which must be Janet's excuse, for she will need one—and Janet knew that she knew.

Perhaps Rosamond maliciously hoped for a struggle, girl against girl; but Janet never put up a fight. She let the Kid go his blundering, masculine way, cried herself to sleep at night, rode Midge and trained him in a sort of desperation, and presented to the Kid and to the world a sort of frozen friendliness that wrung the Old Man's heart. The Kid was gone. He rode with Rosamond in the evenings, and swallowed whole her bait of his horsemanship and his red-bloodedness and the general lack of both in Eastern men.

"There's nothing to the society game," she would say, sitting on her horse and looking over the far places through lashes lightly touched with black paste. "I'm a better woman when I'm here with you."

The Kid felt rather noble at such times, and very, very strong. Now and then, however, his conscience hurt him, and he would go and sit on Janet's small veranda. But he could not find anything much to say, and Janet would not

help him. She never once told him that he was a magnificent specimen of manhood, although she felt that the mold had been broken when the Kid was made. She did tell him that he needed a haircut, and Rosamond rather gasped when he appeared later with a dark roof on the ridgepole of his head, so to speak, and from there to the eaves and below almost entirely unthatched.

On cottage verandas the great burglary was much under discussion, and sympathy was entirely with Janet. Even the Kid came in for his share.

"The poor fish!" was one gentleman's comment. "She's got him out of water and gasping, and when he's good and dead she'll throw him back."

Certainly the Kid was gasping. He was not sleeping well, and in the long night watches he lay and thought to the accompaniment of a chorus of snores in which the cook sang the bass. Even the Kid knew that Rosamond would be expensive, and that red-blooded manhood was hardly a sufficient asset in supporting a wife; and somehow he could not see Rosamond on a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre homestead, in a log house, washing dishes. He was divided between going East to make a fortune and prospecting the mountains for a gold mine. On the whole he leaned toward the gold mine. It was quicker, and certainly there were traces of gold in the creek.

He took a camping trip up into the mountains, and on his return the boss had a bad time with one of the campers.

"The next time I go out, for God's sake send me with a guide. That boy we had was hunting gold instead of firewood half the time."

"Gold!" said the Old Man thoughtfully.

Now the Old Man was no fool, and he was fond of his boys. Especially he was fond of the Kid. So that evening, cigarette in hand, he wandered up to the corral. Generally during the dude season he stayed away from the corral, for out of every hundred intelligent and considerate riders there was sure to be one congenital idiot who thought it highly Western to take a horse stiff with hours of standing and spur him into a wild gallop at the start.

The Old Man, at such times, according to the corral, was likely to go off by himself and tell God all about it, and later to tell the horse killer himself.

So he wandered up, cigarette between his teeth and battered hat on his head, and stood off by himself, watching; and, since he was no fool, he got the Carter situation in a minute. He saw her standing watching the Kid, and the Kid saddling with the highest sort of efficiency, but conscious of her every second. And when she had got her horse at last he saw her go down the road and stop there waiting, while the Kid roped out his own animal and threw the saddle on his back. The Old Man smiled and called to the Kid.

"Going somewhere?" he inquired.

"I'm through, sir. I've been teaching Miss Carter to ride, and I thought ——"

"Ride!" snorted the Old Man. "That girl rode in a horse show before you were out of short pants, son. What's she been putting over on you?"

The Kid gulped and said nothing.

"Now see here!" said the Old Man. "You're new to this dude stuff, and it's gone to your head. All the boys get it at first, but it's like being vaccinated. They're safe after that, and the scar hardly shows." He surveyed the Kid, who looked like the picture on a colored jacket of a Western novel, and grinned. "It's the trimmings, boy, the trimmings!" Then his smile died and his face hardened. "But I'll tell you this: If this local color is going to turn one of my best men into a damn fool, then by the Almighty I'll put the outfit in overalls. I don't see any women going crazy over the blacksmith or the irrigator."

He started off, but turned and spoke over his shoulder.

"Put your horse up," he said. "One of the principles of this ranch is to teach its guests self-confidence. Maybe she can manage alone—if she has to. And another thing: There isn't any gold in these mountains. I've prospected them for forty years."

It was that night that the Kid proposed to Rosamond Carter. There was a dance going on, with the band from the town forty miles away. The band arrogated to itself certain prerogatives, in addition to a fair amount in money. Thus, once each evening, after looking over the ground, the gentleman at the bass drum would pick out the best dancer, signal to her with a lifted finger and thus indicate, no matter what her previous engagement, that the next dance was his. And once also each evening the cornetist would, instrument to mouth and blowing lustily, cut in and send some discomfited youth to the wall.

The bass drummer chose Rosamond that night, and she shot a glance of visible triumph around the room. It was when it was over that the Kid took her outside and asked her to marry him. He was so husky that she had to ask him to repeat it.

"I don't mean now, Rosamond. All I want is to know that you care. After that ——" He made a large gesture, implying no doubt that if she cared the rest was easy.

"Of course I care, Kid dear. I'm crazy about you."

He nearly broke her hand, so convulsively did he grab it.

"But—marriage!" Rosamond said gently, loosening her hand and surreptitiously rubbing her fingers. "That's different, isn't it?"

"Why different? If you love me and I love you ——"

"'Marry' is such a long, long word," she said. "Let's not worry about that part of it. There's no hurry about it. Let's just be happy together."

That suited him well enough. He was too content to force things, and he knew extremely well that there could be no hurry about it, anyhow. Of course he kissed her, and he was trembling all over when he released her. Quite certainly he considered that the kiss had sealed her to him, that she was his and he was hers. He didn't go back to the dance at all. He wandered out and half dazedly climbed a butte, where he sat in the starlight, not thinking so much as feeling, while tired horses grazed around him and the lights of the ranch below were a constellation of planets, reflected in an ink-black lake.

But—and here was a queer thing—Janet suddenly came into his mind, and his first thought was that now he had lost her! He had never heard that a man may have a passion for one woman while he loves another, and certainly it did not occur to him then.

One of the stars below was Janet's, and he sat and gazed at it for some time. Then—such a strange creature is man—he went down from the butte and stood watching the dance from outside a window, just to catch a glimpse of Rosamond.

### III

IN AUGUST came the ranch rodeo. The bad string was brought in a day or two before for the bucking contests, and a long-horned Mexican steer waited in a paddock to be bulldogged. Half a dozen burros for roping and tying were there, too, and in the bunk house at night there was a strong odor of saddle soap and metal polish.

Two days before the rodeo came a mysterious gentleman with long gray hair parted in the middle and brushed out in tufts over his ears, and wearing a gray-checked suit of exceeding loudness, bound with black braid.

The corral, viewing this apparition from a distance, pretended to be immediately stricken with blindness, and reeled and staggered about. And, accustomed to the ways of dudes, they waited breathlessly to see the new arrival in riding clothes.

But he did not ride. He sat on a bench most of the time, rolling cigarettes with a facility that put even the corral to shame. Once he wandered up, took a look at the horses and wandered away without a word or a change of expression.

"I wouldn't sit in a game of cards with that guy, not for a million dollars," said Jack Moncrielle. "I bet he doesn't open his mouth to eat, any more than he has to."

The Kid saw the newcomer, as he saw everything at that time, through a sort of haze. Even the talk that drifted to him in the bunkhouse, that Poker Face was a cruiser looking for talent for a tent show on the water front in Chicago, passed over his head. He had washed a pan of sand from the creek and found a fleck or two of gold in it, and already at night, when he pulled his mouth organ out from under his pillow and poured out his soul, he was riding in his own automobile, with Rosamond beside him. He never dreamed that the man in the check suit was to cost him one good year of misery.

(Continued on Page 94)

*She Looked Quite Squarely Into the Kid's Eyes and Said, "Now You've Got Me, What Do You Intend to Do With Me?"*

# The Print of My Remembrance

## By Augustus Thomas

IN THE month of January, 1857, Abraham Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield, Illinois. At Guernsey, Victor Hugo, in exile, was preparing the last volume of Les Miserables and was writing Shakspere, the greatest of his single volumes. Germany was alarmed over the success of the French in Lombardy, and Bavaria was preparing for war. The Queen of England, then in the twentieth year of her reign, was planning to establish the Order of the Victoria Cross and was having bronze medals cast from Russian cannon recently captured at Sebastopol. In the United States, President Franklin Pierce was getting ready to retire in March, and James Buchanan, his successor, was preparing his inaugural address.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, then in his fifty-third year, was lecturing in Philadelphia, New York, Ohio and Illinois, and John Brown, of Ossawatomie, Kansas, was making speeches in Eastern States and stimulating the committees who were financially helping the people of Kansas to resist the raids of the Missouri Border Ruffians. U. S. Grant was living with his wife's folks on a farm near St. Louis, much distressed by fever and ague, and occasionally driving a load of cordwood to the city. The Supreme Court at Washington was considering for the second time the question of the liberty of the negro slave, Dred Scott. Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield, was anxiously awaiting their decision before expressing himself as he subsequently did in such immortal fashion.

On the eighth day of that month, in that year, I was born in a little house in what was then the outskirts of St. Louis, Missouri.

Of this important concurrent event none of the great personages above referred to knew anything at first-hand, which must not fairly imply neglect on their part, because all of my own impressions of them were subsequently and slowly formed on hearsay and report. I mention these great personages principally to fix in the reader's mind some conditions and the time. But they are mentioned, also, because most of them began soon afterward to take place and shape—somewhat distorted shape, perhaps—in my first permanent memories.

PHOTO. BY WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY

*Augustus Thomas—From a Recent Photograph*

Buchanan took office under the handicap of our family disapproval, because responding to certain preelection pledges he permitted the recall from Falmouth, England, of my maternal grandmother's second husband, who had been sent there as United States consul by Franklin Pierce; and, without generalizing too hastily, I may say that a similar lack of judgment, according to my people, characterized nearly the whole of Buchanan's administration. Grandmother was there with this second husband. I don't know how the wife of a consul at Falmouth could do it, but in some way grandmother, while in England, arranged a presentation to the Queen, so that with us in North St. Louis, Victoria was a household word.

I was two years old when John Brown was hanged and, of course, understood nothing of it. Victor Hugo, in his exile for liberty, with his great sympathy for the oppressed in every land, was eloquent in his appeal to the American public to save itself from this moral stain and from a crime "odious as the first sad fratricide." He cried: "Let America be aware that more terrible than Cain slaying Abel would be Washington killing Spartacus."

### *A Child's Impressions of Grant*

BY THE time I was four and able in childish fashion to carry a tune the land was alive with the music of brass bands. Of course the spirit of John Brown was the important element, but for many years after that time I was not so acutely conscious of anything else as that "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground." If we recall the persistence of George Cohan's Over There during the two years of the war just passed we will have some fractional measurement of the hold that tune of the sixties took upon the Northern heart.

Concerning Grant, I had something to say in 1900. Because this something was spoken under excitement and with a distinctness of recollection twenty years clearer than my present impressions, I will print it here, notwithstanding its forensic taint: "To me Grant is not a personage. He is an epoch. There is a morning filled with the music of martial bands and the color of waving banners. I am just tall enough to reach the door latch with my mother's help. A booted trooper at the door asks for Captain Thomas, while in the gutter stand two champing steeds with saddles of black and brass, deep as the baby's cradle. I see my father ride through the city park, and note with wonderment my mother's tears. The sound of 'Grant—Grant—Grant' is through it all like some infiltrating and saturating echo—that meaningless sound of 'Grant,' which seems to have some trouble with another called 'Fort Donelson.' There are shouts and salvos, and mingling with the cheers there is the derisive song:

*"It was on the tenth of May,*
*Captain Kelly was away,*
*The Hessians surrounded Camp Jackson.*

"Years afterwards I learned that the Hessians were the loyal Germans of St. Louis, who under Frank P. Blair marched to her defense.

"Another happening of that Homeric day is a fair where my mother holds me high in the crowd that I may see a child impersonating the old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do. That little girl with the cap and spectacles is Nellie Grant, selling her dolls to buy clothes for soldiers; and now there drifts into my ideas vaguely the conception that this echo, this shibboleth, this Grant is a man, a father, not nearly so kind and low-voiced as my own father, not so tender, nor so full of laughter, nor so long away from home as my father, but still a father, tangible and human, and maybe good to that little girl at whom the men and women wave their handkerchiefs.

"Then there is the illumination, when the night is come. The candles stuck in potatoes behind the tricolored tissue paper in the windows; and the tar barrels are crackling in the street. Suddenly all is dark. I am frightened by an undefined menace. The young mother, in her night robe, is kneeling with me at the open window, one blanket above us both, the sky filled with the twinkle of the summer stars and the air heavy with the weedy smell from the bottom lands of Illinois. Yet it is none of these, but rather a tump-tump-tump-like pulse, a rhythm that my mother whispers is the tramp of soldiers.

"It was the heartbeat of a startled nation. I can recall it now, with all the mystery and magic of the potent and unseen, and it is moving to some ghostlike place called Island Number 10 or Vicksburg, and Grant is there in whispers.

"That is my Grant, a member of that Apocrypha of the nursery to which belong the Bluebeards and the Giant Killers.

"I saw him once, in the winter of 1870, at Washington, when the Senate and House had gathered in the Hall of Representatives, at the funeral of Gen. George H. Thomas. The imperial Blaine was in the chair, and in a semicircle of seats in front of his desk were the cabinet and a short, high-shouldered, round-headed man with whiskers. Grant! I felt the same shock that a little girl of to-day, full of Alice in Wonderland, would feel if she were shown Lewis Carroll and told, 'That is your story.'"

### *Lincoln's Election*

BEFORE the war my father was associated with Mr. W. N. Wells, among others, in the formation of the Republican Party in the St. Louis district. They were in occasional correspondence with Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, not yet the great emancipator, but just a clever debater who was attracting attention in the West. One of those original letters, addressed to Mr. Wells, not to my father, is between two panes of glass in a frame and a folder in my library. It does not add much to the volume of Lincoln's product, but as it has been in print only in connection with my play, The Copperhead, this extract may have for many a genuine interest:

All dallying with Douglas by Republicans, who are such at heart, is at the very least, time and labor lost; and all such, who so dally with him, will yet bite their lips in vexation for their own folly. His policy which rigourously excludes all idea of there being any *wrong* in slavery, does lead inevitably to the denationalization of the Constitution; and all who deprecate that consummation and yet are seduced into his support, do but cut their own throats. True, Douglas *has* opposed the administration on one measure, and yet *may* on some other; but while he upholds the Dred Scott decision, declares that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up; that it is simply a question of dollars and cents, and that the Almighty has drawn a line on one side of which labor *must* be performed by slaves, to support him or Buchanan is simply to reach the same goal by only slightly different roads.

Very respectfully,
A. LINCOLN.

I remember vividly incidents of the presidential campaign, when I was three years old, that preceded Lincoln's first election. Father and the family were black Republicans, but in my private heart I was stoutly for Bell and Everett of the so-called Union Party. Their torchlight processions were the most picturesque, and at intervals in their lines animated men rang hand bells, with now and then a larger one on a wagon. There may have been older spectators and auditors as deeply impressed.

I remember the neighborhood rejoicing over the election and, very soon thereafter, everybody and the soldiers singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong." St. Louis, except for the Germans, was predominantly a Southern city; the divided feeling ran high; neighborhood animosities were intense. There was a builder named McCormick on the other side of our street who had threatened to kill my father. The opportunity apparently never safely offered, but that and other hatred lasted. For example, the war had been over ten years when on a local election day McCormick, who was a powerful fellow, came behind a buggy in which I sat with my father and endeavored to overturn it by lifting the rear axle. I was big enough to engage in the contest that followed, but the police prevented a decision.

These Civil War events and childish impressions from them have no historic value, but they are the stuff that focused and perhaps formed my tendencies; the stuff that influenced my mature associations and endeavors and

became the background and much of the material of my professional work. When I compare these early influences to determine which of them was the most potent in fixing whatever may be persistent in my course, I think I must give predominance to the influence of the grandmother already mentioned. She was so unswerving in her intentions toward me, so positive in her assumptions, so constant that I remember her influence not only as personal and intimate but also as oracular and imperative. I have written her into three different plays quite intentionally, and perhaps into forty others by some indirection. I think, therefore, that a fuller statement of grandmother is pertinent.

Her father's name was Wilson, her mother's name was Walker—both names recently crowded from the advertisements, but they had spirited associations even in my childhood. William Walker, who led his filibusters into Nicaragua, was grandmother's cousin, and she was proud of him. Her only brother was killed on that expedition. Grandmother's first husband was Daniel Garrettson, a boat builder of Cincinnati. He was lost in a river accident while my mother was still a little girl.

The second husband was an actor turned editor when Pierce gave him the consulship at Falmouth. After Buchanan's inauguration this second husband made his home in Washington City, while grandmother lived in St. Louis to be near us and as far as possible from him. I remember his monthly remittances, which were regular and not large, but beautiful. They came during the early war period in newly printed paper, shinplasters, in sheets measuring each about eighteen by twenty-four inches; each sheet having one hundred pieces of fractional currency and each piece with a value of three, five, ten or twenty-five cents, according to the respective denomination of the sheet.

### *A Dooryard Canteen*

WHEN I grew big enough not to make the sport too expensive I was permitted to cut these sheets into their component units. Anyone who has ever cut a coupon from a Liberty Bond that didn't belong to him can estimate my thrills over these small, crisp steel engravings of historic Americans serving as scenery for Federal promises to pay on demand. A percentage of these remittances each month went into the war relief of the time. Recruits from Illinois and Iowa passed grandmother's door and cheered it. The flag with its thirty-four stars hung from her window, and whenever a marching detachment swung into view a table draped with bunting in her little dooryard was quickly equipped with refreshments. Some of the fellows needed them. For any chap especially distressed a reviving nip could be unostentatiously produced. At that time whisky, which had cost eighteen cents a gallon when Lincoln kept store in Sangamon County, had risen to thirty-five cents a gallon. You can't stop the profiteers. Between times grandmother did volunteer work on uniforms.

On the mantelshelf of the study in which I am writing in New Rochelle is a black wooden crucifix about sixteen inches high supported by a base. The brass figure of the Saviour is apparently a copy of Donatello. This was always a prominent object in grandmother's parlor. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, returning from a visit to Rome, had brought it to her when she was first married, with the blessing of Pius IX. Grandmother was then a Catholic, but some act or failure to act, some utterance or some silence by some Missouri churchman upon the question of secession sent grandmother over to the M. E. Church North.

*The Autobiographer's Grandmother in Her Fifties. In the Oval Above—Her Grandson at Four*

*Imogene Garrettson Thomas, Mother of the Playwright, at the Age of Eighteen*

In Simpson Chapel, Union sentiments were vocal and extemporaneous, and there grandmother inhaled and exhaled an atmosphere of militant loyalty. Twice every Sunday and at least one night of the week she went there to meeting. With father at the front, I was the only male creature in our two households, and though mother thought a boy of six or seven shouldn't be up so late, I loved to act as the old lady's escort. The streets of North St. Louis at night were not lighted at that period; the chapel was four blocks away and the natives were not friendly. But grandmother had a square lantern such as Dogberry carries, with three sides of tin, perforated like a horse-radish grater, and a fourth side of glass. It held a candle and swung by a tin ring larger than a muffin mold. With that candle lighted and the right wing of her Valley Forge circular thrown over her left shoulder, the handsome old lady, then about fifty, used to go forth with me. In that fashion I began to save the nation as vaguely then as we all of us still continue—a few steps in the dark, each holding to some fallible hand in which we have great faith.

At that time our home was still in my birthplace, the end house of a dozen called Bates' Row on Tenth Street; brick buildings of almost toy dimensions, having three rooms and a lean-to kitchen each, and little dooryards back and front. Grandmother occupied the house next to us with her widowed sister and a pretty niece named Alice Witham. As a youngster I thought she was the Sweet Alice discussed in the lyrical appeal to Ben Bolt, and I had Ben cast in the person of a sturdy soldier who called irregularly until a black-bordered envelope with crossed flags on it explained his absence. I remember Alice still disconsolate as a handsome youth, also living in the same row and not quite old enough for the war—except as drummer boy, which he was for a while—sang under her window. The police then tolerated that nocturnal custom. This singer was J. K. Emmett, about sixteen years old at that time. Grandmother forgave him when he sang, as everybody did, but at other times he was on her bad books. His sister Eliza had a contralto voice as fine as Jo's tenor. Eliza sang at Simpson Chapel, and Jo, who came to take her home now and then, preferred to practice jig steps on the board walk in front rather than wait inside, where vociferously mine and grandmother's and the little congregation's "days were passing swiftly by." Eliza Emmett Wycoff became one of the notable singers of the city. With Jo Emmett, Our Fritz, the women of two continents fell in love, and true to precedent forgave completely his many missteps.

### *Grandmother's Hall of Fame*

GRANDMOTHER'S opinion was the most decisive in our family. I had no way of knowing it wasn't so in the nation. Her impatience with McClellan and Grant and even Lincoln seemed to have an effect. At any rate, things happened when she got mad enough. She permanently affected my early admirations. After a soldier, an orator was the finest type. She had heard Webster in the Senate and Andrew Jackson elsewhere, and gauged my early diction by those standards. As I review it mentally, I think there may have been a little of the theater about her, but it was good theater; a sense of the effective, nothing of the insincere. In her prophecy I joined her strangely assorted gallery of the great, and always found her hope and her belief associating me with Jackson and Webster, Lincoln, Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman and Archbishop Purcell. It was a good deal to ask of a lad of seven, but I took a run at it.

My father, as a bachelor aged twenty-one, had gone to the Mexican War via Leavenworth on the historic Doniphan Expedition, and during the subsequent experience was an aide-de-camp on General Taylor's staff. He sustained there an injury that disqualified him somewhat from extended service when he raised a company of volunteers for the Civil War, and therefore as soon as the immediate menace to Missouri was past he resigned from the Army and was elected to the Missouri Legislature. When Farragut ran the blockade at the mouth of the Mississippi and took New Orleans there was a demand for entertainment by the Northern troops who occupied the city similar to the demand that came from the American Expeditionary Forces recently in France.

Father thereupon resigned his seat in the legislature, and together with Ben de Bar, one of the foremost comic actors of America, the only great Falstaff I ever saw, and a manager named Tom Davey—who subsequently married one of the Maddern sisters and became the father of Minnie Maddern, now Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske—reopened the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans. This was in the fall of 1863. The party took with them the Revel family, dancers and acrobats, and among others a comedian named George Chapman.

Although New Orleans had fallen a year before, the Mississippi for much of its length below St. Louis was sporadically commanded by Confederate guns, so that this little theatrical company had to run their blockades on a steamboat protected by piled-up cotton bales. There was a long, successful season at the theater, which those lessees

*(Continued on Page 66)*

# To One Thing Constant Never

## By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD L. CHASE

*Johnny Turned in Time to Grab Care, Who Was Gallantly Returning to the Fray*

PROEM

Aglaia and Thalia were gadding around somewhere, and Euphrosyne, who had been peering westward from the Olympian heights, turned to a somber but not ill-looking figure by her side. "Melly, old dear," she said, "you really ought to pay a little more attention to your property. Here's a youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown who is absolutely steeped in gloom and, so far as I can see, he bears no distinguishing marks or brands whatever; Johnny Henkin, honey. Number 1323 Doldrum Avenue. No, Chicago, my poor, bat-eyed darling! You're looking at Milwaukee. You're worse than old Polyphemus after Ulysses gouged him." She laughed merrily. Her eyes, blue as periwinkle, blue as the Ægean, danced mischievously.

Melancholy seemed somewhat disconcerted. "I always thought he belonged to you," she explained. "However, I see now that I was mistaken. Heigho!"

Thereupon she fumbled in the folds of her sad-colored chiton for a carbon crayon, and with another deep sigh leaned from her celestial perch and marked Johnny Henkin for her own.

---

JOHN WATKINS HENKIN, young and healthy, having a good job with a fairish salary attached to it, and being at that moment the occupant, or joint occupant, of an almost luxurious bachelor joint, with his rent paid in advance and eighteen dollars and fifty-five cents of his last week's pay still in his pocket with no outside claim on it, yet echoed Melancholy's pensive exhalation in a tone at least six fathoms deeper than she had been able to plunge it with all her years of practice.

"The peach crop is irretrievably ruined," he murmured. "Life is a killing frost! I'll say it is!"

It was no jocular pronouncement, this, but the expression of a serious conviction. There had been a time, it is true, when the world had seemed to Johnny a fair and radiant little bit of all right, floating merrily through the vast star-spangled universe; a world suffused with genial warmth; a sparkling and sportive world; a world of light and laughter. Horse laughter and giggles, perhaps, and the bright lights by preference, but it was a world that perfectly suited Johnny. At least he had thought it suited him. His feet, according to his delusion, had been set in pleasant places—sliding over polished floors with his sweet selection to the lascivious pleasings of saxophonic discord or comfortably planted under tables spread for sustenance or sport. Out of business hours, of course. And other places; for he was no mere loop-hound and skirt-scooter. The gatekeeper at Washington Park knew him among thousands; he had patted the red, or more properly pink, brawn of many coming champs, and patted, not merely unreproved, but to the obvious gratification of the pattee. At least once a week he put 'em on himself at the club gym, and on such occasions acquitted himself to the admiration of all beholders. In the barber shop that he patronized he was appealed to as an authority on all manly sports, and even his particular pal and sharer of the apartment, Bert Reddick, who worked in a leading sports goods establishment and, believe me, knew a thing or two—even Bert occasionally deferred to his opinion, or treated it respectfully in his difference.

But now the respect and admiration of his fellows were no solace to Johnny Henkin. He was not taking such things into account; but if he had done so it would have made no difference in the way he felt; no such trifles could mitigate his woe. He had discovered that, taking it up and down and all around, the world was a rotten place to live in and the bare thought of what had formerly delighted his soul now curled his lip with scorn or caused him to shudder with disgust. What was the use? Where did any of it get a fellow?

"Stung!" he muttered. "Stung!"

There it was. The poisoned dart of woman's perfidy had pierced him to the heart. No joshing; it really had. The venom was already coursing through his veins, releasing bile, curdling the milk of human kindness, deranging the orderly processes of the brain, affecting the optic nerves with the effect of blue-tinting his vision, creating a peculiar gastric disturbance that induced a loathing of food, and goading the solar plexus to sickeningly painful reprisals. The first numbness of the shock had passed, and all these distressing effects, and some others, had succeeded.

Thenceforward, for Johnny, existence would be joyless. A vista of murky and miserable years stretched before him; years blank and barren, devoid of interest, without savor, even if time should mercifully soften the anguish of bereavement and dull the sharp edge of despair. He had read that time did that sort of thing, and his own observation had, to a limited extent, corroborated the information imparted by books.

In that connection Johnny recalled a family tradition that his own Uncle William had simply raised the roof with heartbroken howls upon the demise of his first wife, utterly scandalizing the gentlemanly director of the subsequent obsequies by the indecorous intemperance of his grief. And the old son of a gun had married again inside of five months. But then, if you had seen poor Aunt Selina's photograph! A good, worthy woman and a Number One housekeeper, but hers was never the face to stimulate the shipbuilding industry or start raging conflagrations in the skyscraper district.

Johnny leaned back in the chair that he didn't know and wouldn't have believed was comfortable, and visualized another sort of a face. Some face! Some hair, some complexion and some eyes! Wonderful eyes! Nothing like 'em! Eyes that talked to a man, laughed at him, coaxed him, got him giddy—and ultimately got his goat. Sort of blue-gray with thin, sweetly arched brows and long lashes, quite a few shades darker than her hair, to set 'em off. And her mouth—it didn't really need a lip stick any more than her cheeks needed what she put on them. But whether it needed it or not it was—some little mouth!

Johnny groaned and opened his eyes again to seek distraction. He looked at the hunting prints that in happier days had set him back two weeks' wages without regret. The cheerful red coats of the huntsmen annoyed him; the disaster that had overtaken the sport in the middle picture reminded him painfully of the cropper that he had just come and the ditch in which he was floundering. His gaze wandered to the fishnet-draped engraving of Finny Spoil over the couch. Sure! He was the poor fish that had run his gills into the meshes. Prize sucker! He turned his heavy-lidded eyes to the authentic pair of four-ounce gloves that Pokeberry Milligan wore when he knocked out the Kosher Kid in the eleventh at Detroit. The kid was lucky. If he had got anything like the wallop, relatively, that had been handed to one J. W. Henkin, they would have carried him straight from the ring side to the undertaking parlors.

The evidences of the blow were not so apparent on J. W. Henkin just then. Not a lock, not a single hair of his glossy, dark-brown hair had whitened; he was not wan or pale, but still ruddy of countenance, and his cheeks were, as yet, full and firm fleshed. His hose were well gartered and his dress in every particular showed a decent regard for the opinions of mankind. So far it was only his attitude and the expression of his face that betokened his really pitiable condition; but then, it is only in very exceptional cases that it shows on a fellow within an hour, and not much more than an hour had elapsed since the blow had fallen. Still crumpled in his hand was Noreen's note; at his elbow was the telephone through which he had received the harshly vibrant assurance that the note was no black, diabolical forgery but Noreen's very hand of write, set to a calm and well-considered decision. This is what she had written:

*Dear Friend:* Since last night and taking effect at once until further notice, which don't hold your breath till you get, all dates are off between you and me, and I don't need to tell you why. You may think that you acted like a gentleman, but I have gotten one of these individual thinkers and it works different from yours. It may interest you and save you further trouble and maybe some damage if you try any rough-house, which I hope you will be enough of a gentleman not to start, when I tell you that Mr. Shangle and I are engaged. It was

*"Hang to Him, Boy! Sic 'im! Chew 'im Up!" His Encouraging Shout Rang Out With Astonishing Heartiness; and Then Another Voice Broke In. "Oh, How Can You! They'll Hurt Each Other. Please Go Down and Stop Them!"*

after you beat it using the gentlemanly language that you used, and if you think I care you sure need some attention right away before it gets worse. Yours cordially, NOREEN

And the telephone message:

"Hello! That you, Noreen?"

"This is Miss Gaines on the wire. Who is this, please?"

"Aw, cut that out, kid! You sore still? Listen, Noreen. About last night: Say, you know me, Noreen."

"I used to know you, but I don't believe I care to continue the acquaintance. Do you get that?"

"Aw! Say, listen ——"

"Listen, Mr. Henkin. You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Sure. But you can't fool me, girlie. I ——"

"Listen. You cut out that girlie talk. If you got my letter I guess you could make out to read it—and that will be about all from you. And say, this number's busy or doesn't answer from this on, so don't you waste time calling it. G'-by."

A sharp snap in his ear told Johnny that Noreen had hung up. The whole thing sounded rather final, in conjunction with the letter. Hope couldn't whisper any flattering tale after that and knew better than to try. As a general thing Johnny didn't know when he was beaten, but there had been something in Noreen's tone that carried conviction, and he slumped back into his chair genuinely heartsick and in the condition that Euphrosyne had noticed.

II

"THIS is indeed an unexpected pleasure," remarked Bert Reddick, entering upon the scene by means of his latchkey. "I thought you would be sitting on Noreen's doorstep by this time or footing it featly on the Municipal Pier far from your once happy home and the faithful friend that of yore you loved so well. Noreen come down with the measles?"

Johnny told him where to go to.

"That is not polite," said Bert, gravely reproving. "Not a-tall! Not a-tall!"

He regarded Johnny with closer attention.

Johnny bore the scrutiny with ill-concealed impatience for a moment or two and then exploded:

"Say, for the lova Mike, what are you gawping at? Anything wrong with me?"

"I should say there was," Bert replied. "I guess it's you that's coming down with something."

"I'll come down on you like a brick off a chimney if you don't lay off of me," Johnny threatened savagely.

"Oh, all right," said Bert. "Just as you say, bo. Excuse me. Will it annoy you if I take a barth, if you please?"

Johnny vouchsafed no reply, and a minute or two later heard his friend splashing noisily in the bathroom.

"You still there, Johnny?"

"Uh-huh."

"Jeff came across with that ten-spot."

"Uh-huh."

"'Uh-huh'! Say, did you hear what I said? Jeff Jeff Atkins. He paid me that ten. Ten dollars. Get that? The ten he borrowed. That Jeff borrowed. The ten berries he promised to pay me back. Do you hear me? He paid them back. Jeff did."

"Oh, shut up!"

"I don't think you quite hear me," said Bert. "Never mind; I'll tell you when I come out."

In a few minutes he came out, tying his necktie. Johnny had not moved, and seemed lost in unpleasant thought.

"Johnny, old sport, have you got fired?" Bert inquired sympathetically.

Johnny shook his head.

"It's something," opined Bert sagely. "Any of the folks dead? No? Not sick, honest and truly?"

"No," Johnny answered gloomily. "Nothing wrong with me. I'm a rotten fool, but that doesn't matter. The best thing I can do is go jump into the lake, but that's no particular consequence to anybody. You get on with your twilight and get out of here. I want to do a little self-communing without hearing your yawp."

Bert finished straightening his necktie and then with the same deliberation planted a chair opposite to the despondent one and seated himself in it.

"Now spill it," he requested. "Get it all out of your system and you'll feel a heap better. Anything to do with Noreen?"

Johnny nodded. He was really aching to confide his grief, and the inspired question made it easier.

*Johnny Got Up. "I Guess I'll Go and Buy a Book on Etiquette and Study the Part on How to Behave When Double Crossed"*

"She's turned me down," he confessed.

"That's good," said Bert cheerfully. "I'm darned glad to hear it."

That sounded a little harsh and unfeeling, but Bert proceeded to explain himself. "Why am I glad to hear it?" he continued. "Because it's a darned good thing for you, and a darned good thing for her, and a darned good thing for me. How do I make that out? I'll tell you. If she's turned you down it's a sign that she doesn't appreciate you. She's found something about you that she doesn't like. If she married you she wouldn't like it any better and she would be unhappy. By turning you down she has side-stepped unhappiness, and that's a good thing for her. Correct me if I'm wrong. Now if she hadn't turned you down you'd probably have married her in some moment of madness when the office raised your salary. That's where you come in as a lucky guy. Ask any married man. Finally, now that she has given you the gate you'll act like a human creature once more and I won't have to spend long, lonely evenings here wondering where my wandering boy is and praying heaven that he has come to no harm. I'll feel more settled. Am I right or am I wrong? Get up out of that chair and we'll go out and celebrate. Did you hear me say that Jeff Atkins had paid me the ten smacks of his indebtedness?"

"Bert," said Johnny with an ominous calm in his manner, "I think it will be better for you and better for me if you close your fool head and beat it out of here. I'm not feeling playful to-night."

"Sorry, old top," said Bert. "I meant well."

"Your hat's over there on the couch," said Johnny. "Certainly, sir. Thank you, sir. I shall then leave you to think over the words of wisdom what I have uttered, but if they don't appeal to you as such, you'll find the rat poison on the top shelf of the cabinet, and I think there's a little carbolic acid left in a bottle. The Jolly Roger's on the label. Any notes you want to leave you can put on the table and I'll see that they are delivered. Farewell, dear friend, farewell!" He approached Johnny with outstretched hands, but, at the look Johnny gave him, he thought better of it and made a hurried exit.

"And that's my friend!" Johnny soliloquized bitterly. "That's what friendship amounts to! What does he care? What does anybody care? I might poison myself a dozen times over and nobody would give a whoop. I'd just about as soon too."

A rotten, callous world! Friendship as hollow as everything else—mostly feigning, as love was mere folly! Stung!

III

JOHNNY arose early the next morning. He might have saved himself the trouble of undressing, so far as anything like restful slumber was concerned, being occupied through most of the night recalling the details of the trouble with Noreen and Mr. Shangle—the little rift, as it were, that had led to the big break; or, as one might say more appositely, the sizzle of the fuse preceding the hope-shattering explosion.

He had found Shangle—a total and totally unexpected stranger—already with Noreen; one of these flossy little birds that presume on their undersize privileges, fresh as a morn in May; and nobody but a big, hulking, cowardly brute or a ten-year-old kid would lay a finger on them save in the way of kindness, account of their fragile appearance.

On Johnny's arrival this shrimp had audibly remarked to Noreen, "I thought this was too good to last!"

Noreen introduced him as an old playmate of hers.

"He looks as if he would be nice to play with," Johnny observed in a kindly manner. "But you would have to be awful careful with him, I guess."

"She always used me gently, didn't you, Noreen? One treats tenderly the thing one loves."

"Is that so-o-o?"

Johnny was so amazed by this exhibition of nerve that he could only offer this clumsy substitute for his usually clean riposte. True, Noreen asked the presumptuous atom where he got that love stuff, but Johnny thought that her rebuke lacked proper force.

Shangle went on to ask her if she intended to let Johnny stay, and she replied that she supposed she would have to, giving Johnny a sidelong smile of reassurance that failed to reassure him.

"Then I suppose I shall have to talk to him," sighed Shangle.

"Don't put yourself out," Johnny retorted. "My opinion is that your style of conversation is more interesting in repose."

With such amenities the minutes passed. Shangle refused to admit the mosquitoes as a valid excuse for Johnny's brand of cigarettes. He said that he didn't like mosquitoes himself, but he didn't believe in torturing them and every other breathing thing within a radius of twenty feet with Utopias. Johnny said that of course tobacco was offensive to many people, particularly to addicts to Somoras, whose composition of dried ensilage he considered the malodorous limit.

"What is the nature of your business, may I ask, Mr Henkin?" Shangle inquired

"Wholesale hardware," Johnny told him. "Palgrave & Dolby's. What's your job?"

"No connection with tanneries, then? My job? Oh, I work in a bank. The Botanical National." He gave this information with evident pride.

(Continued on Page 48)

# COLD MOLASSES

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ONE might have expected Brantwood Gardner to be happy that morning, but he wasn't. There was something haggard about him, as though he had spent the night with his fears.

"No!" he muttered as he stared at a photograph signed "Peggy" which held the place of honor on his desk. "There isn't a girl living who can act that way with me!"

And yet if you could have seen Peggy's picture you might have wondered at his mood. The photograph showed a girl in a riding habit, and the worst that you could say about her would be that she looked rather pretty, rather thin and rather clever too.

"No, sir!" suddenly repeated Brant, unconsciously pounding his desk a little. "There isn't a girl living who can make a fool of me!"

If you had been watching him then you might have seen how deeply he was moved.

He had always been one of those earnest young men to whom conscience tolls a funereal note, and for the last two weeks he had been having a bad time of it.

"I always understood, in a general sort of way," he added as he mopped his forehead, "that a woman could play the devil with a man's life, and that probably every woman has done it to some man or other in the course of her career; but I never thought that one would come and—try it on me."

For the next few minutes he reviewed the cases which he had tried that spring, and in each of them he saw, or thought he saw, that a woman had been the first cause.

"That homicide case started in a back-yard quarrel," he mused. "Salter was short in his accounts because he had been spending more than he earned on a Broadway beauty. Then came the bigamy case, and the man who eloped with the choir girl. Yes, in every case that I've handled this spring it hasn't been a case of find the woman; it's been a case of look at the woman, confound her! There she is!"

He arose from his desk, making a sibilant sound as he did so, as though he were hissing the villainies of that great play which is sometimes called Life, and walked to the window to where he could see his car parked across the street, his suitcase strapped to the running board.

"I'll show her," he told himself, mopping his forehead again, "if it's the last thing I ever do! A nice time, though, for it to happen—just as we were ready to start!"

And yet it had all come about simply enough, as such things generally do.

"Instead of spending my vacation at Watch Hill this summer," he had decided that spring, "I think I'll tour the New England Coast—Cape Cod—Gloucester, Portland ——"

That, of course, was only the beginning, a tour nearly always growing with the planning. First the White Mountains had been added, then Lake Champlain; next came Montreal; then Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Ausable Chasm, the Berkshires.

"It sounds too good to be true—almost," he said to Peggy one night. "Don't you think I'd better keep it in reserve for our wedding tour?"

Peggy was silent for a moment, her eyes dilating as one of her self-exciting moods took hold of her.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Wedding tours are so hellishly respectable. We might as well have our marriage certificate framed and hung up over a little table with the family Bible on it."

"Peg, don't!" he pleaded, frowning uneasily, as he always did when she grew modern.

"So instead of waiting till we're married, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go now! Why, we might even start a new style," she added in growing excitement, "in—what would you call them? Yes! Antenuptial tours!"

*He Simply Said "How are You?" and Tied His Boat to a Tree*

If you had been there you might have thought that she derived some secret thrill from shocking the young man who was staring at her so.

"Oh, I suppose we shall have to take Mrs. Grundy along," she had finally admitted. "That's the devil of living in 1921. Aunt Phyllis would probably like to go. She's reached the age where travel's about the only excitement that a woman has left. And Uncle Frank too—I know he'll come—a regular old duck for the job. Gets dopey every night when dinner's over, and has to be toddled upstairs as soon as he's fed."

Brant had known her long enough to realize the wastefulness of argument.

"But what can you do?" he asked himself as he went home that night. "All the girls are acting queer nowadays, and when you've said and done, there isn't one of the lot who's as bright or sweet as Peggy."

Whereupon a wave of tenderness had swept over him, a wave so strong that he straightway forgot her strange coiffures, the carmine smear which she sometimes rubbed upon her lips, the damns and devils with which she embroidered her speech, the constant display of her legs, her one-piece bathing suit slightly modified by a girdle, and the remarkable topics which she sometimes dragged into her talk with such an amazing air of carelessness.

"Sounds crazy, I know," he finally concluded; "but if her father doesn't object to her going ——"

If Peggy's father offered any objections his daughter knew how to deal with them. They were to go in Brant's machine, and the night before their departure he had called on Peg to make sure that everything was in readiness. Peggy sat opposite to Brant, her legs crossed, and though he tried not to look for a time, it wasn't long before he became conscious that both her knees were bare.

"Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?" he asked.

"Little angel, no," she answered, guessing his meaning. "Why shouldn't I show them as well as my elbows. You've no idea how fine and free they feel after being in captivity so long! Don't you think they look cute?" she asked, shortening her dress and looking down with admiration at the result.

"I don't think they look modest," said Brant, blushing, and angry with himself because his face was red.

"Never mind; you soon will. Everybody's doing it. From now on I'm going to give them a chance to breathe."

"Not on the tour," he quickly objected.

"Naturally, on the tour more than anywhere else," she said, "so they won't think we're provincial. Cute, I call them," she added, smiling down at her knees again. "Quite a trick, too, to roll them right. See? First you get the top of the stocking like this, then you double it over—so ——"

He wouldn't look, his feeling of embarrassment growing with every breath he drew, and when he went away at last something like a fine young rage was beginning to take possession of him.

"I'll stand for a lot," he told himself, "but not for that. I can imagine myself—getting out of the car in front of a strange hotel, and then Peg getting out with her short skirt and her bare knees, and everybody staring and nudging and grinning, and me pretending not to notice it and looking like the king of the fools. No," he concluded, "if she was joking, well and good. But if she wasn't she's got to roll them up again or I won't go with her!"

So altogether perhaps you can realize his frame of mind the next morning as he stared at Peg's photograph in the office. He had only come down for half an hour to look over his mail and dictate a few letters, and it was while these were being written that he had made the remark already set down—"No! There isn't a girl living who can make a fool of me!"

Suddenly behind him the door opened and a modern Minerva briskly appeared, adorned with horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Did you call, Mr. Gardner?" she asked.

"No," said Brant, frowning for another reason now as he wondered how loudly he had been talking to himself. "Are the letters ready?"

He signed them with a quick scrawl which was far removed from his usual careful signature, a signature which more than once he had promised himself would one day be followed by the words "Chief Justice, United States of America."

"I hope you'll have a pleasant vacation," said Minerva in a coy manner, which wasn't altogether in keeping with her spectacles.

"Thank you," he shortly answered. "I hope so too."

Her words kept echoing in his mind as he guided his car through the city and across the bridge toward the fashionable end of the town where Peggy lived.

"A pleasant vacation!" he grimly thought. "It looks like it! Well, we'll soon see."

He saw more quickly than he had expected. As his car turned in at its destination Peggy was sitting on the veranda steps in the background of hand baggage. She was dressed in a sport costume—belted jacket, short skirt, hose and shoes. Her stockings were rolled as they

had been the night before, and the very first things that caught Brant's eye were her two bare knees, gleaming there like ivory in the sunlight.

II

THERE comes a time in every man's life when he must either be the mouse or the master; when he must either speak or ever afterward hold his peace. Such a time, Brant knew, had now come to him, and after a few moments of heavy-heartedness he began to feel that fine glow, that sublime disregard of what may happen next, without which the world would probably soon learn that heroism had taken its place among the lost arts of antiquity.

"You're not going like that, Elizabeth," he began, waiving all further ceremonies as soon as their greetings were over.

"No, little angel," she said. "Aunt Phyl and Uncle Frank will be out in a minute."

"I don't mean that."

"No? What do you mean then?"

He drew a full breath and then he let her have it.

"I mean that if you intend to show your knees like that all over the country," he said, "I'm afraid that I—that I'm too bashful to be a part of the exhibition."

"I suppose I could go alone," she mused. "Darned funny, though, for a girl to be on her antenuptial tour, and leave Old Nup behind. You aren't really serious, of course?" she asked, looking up at him, her head on one side.

"You know I am."

"And you really insist upon the right to tell me what I'm going to wear and how I'm going to wear it?" she went on.

"In a case like this, I do."

She breathed a sigh that seemed to have relief in it, and when she spoke again her voice was like a dove's.

"Are you good at catching, Brant?"

"Pretty good."

"Then catch this."

It was her engagement ring that she tossed over to him, and it didn't make him feel any better when he dropped it and had to find it in the bottom of the car before he was sure what it was.

"You catch about as well as you dance," she mockingly told him, "and you dance about as well as you talk. Honestly, Brant, I don't see how I've stood you as long as I have. The novelty, I suppose. Somebody ought to call you Cold Molasses—the speed you have. You're just about the darnedest old kill-joy that ever lived regular old hearse driver, crape hanger, pallbearer! I suppose it's because you're in training to be a judge. Why, I don't believe you ever took a chance in your life, or did a sporty thing! Do you know what you ought to do, Brant, really?"

He stared at her, shocked and wounded, his foot reaching for the starter.

"You ought to go and get a reputation—before people begin to call you Cold Molasses," she said. "You ought to go somewhere and come back with a picture post card of a woman in a bathing suit—something really devilish like that."

It was Brant's luck that morning that the starter wouldn't work. He stamped upon it savagely, meanwhile trying not to look at Peggy, although he knew that she had taken out her puff box and was powdering her knees.

"No, I know what you ought to do," she corrected herself, still busy with her makeup and not bothering to look up. "You ought to go and elope with that girl at the office—the one who wears horn spectacles and studies law when she isn't typewriting. Wouldn't you have wonderful children? They'd probably be born in black robes at first, like little judges ready to go on the bench; but after a while—perhaps after you'd got your reputation ——"

She went on powdering, and Brant went on trying the starter, feeling as though the back of his neck was about to set fire to his ears.

To his relief the switch suddenly took hold, and a moment later the engine was roaring as though it wanted to get away from there.

"Good-by, Elizabeth," he said, controlling his voice as well as he could. "Thanks for the education you've given me."

"Oh, that's nothing!" she brightly replied. "Primary lesson, infant class. Wait till you thaw out a little and come back for Grade Two!"

"Never again!" he muttered beneath his breath.

He threw in the gear before he might say something that he would be sorry for, and a minute later he had reached the road.

"A pleasant vacation! Cold molasses!" he bitterly repeated to himself, and anger rising within him he uttered one of those classics which were probably first voiced in Eden. "Hang 'em all, anyhow! They're nothing but a misery from start to finish! I'm through with 'em now for good!"

III

BRANT was halfway back to the city before the situation dawned upon him.

"What a fool I am!" he told himself then, he who had so lately vowed that the girl didn't live who could do it. "No sense in going back to the office—I'm on my vacation." He turned the car.

"No sense in going back home, either," he told himself. "Everybody knows that I was to start off this morning with Peg and the others. I'd never be through explaining."

Undecided, he stopped by the side of the road and looked down with a frown at his suitcase strapped to the running board.

"And that's the way they can play the devil with you!" he despairingly told himself. "I wouldn't have believed it unless I'd been through it myself. At first they seem so—so ineffective and helpless; but as soon as they think they've got you ——"

A sense of foreboding began to fall over him, as though, let us say, he had caught some cruel glimpse of man's place in Nature, and of the great doom which threatens him from every side.

"I suppose I could go to Watch Hill," he thought. "There's always room for me there."

He pictured to himself his mother's cottage overlooking the sea—a quiet place, it seemed at first, where he might find balm for a wounded heart—but soon over the lawns and over the golf course he could see menacing figures advancing upon him, long-haired and bobbed, narrow-waisted and thin-hipped, as inescapable as the plague, as terrible as an army with banners.

"Nothing doing!" he told himself. "Once is enough!"

Other places where he had spent the summer arose, one by one, to his memory—Bar Harbor, the Berkshires, Narragansett Pier, Beverly Farms—and one by one he resolutely dismissed them from his mind.

"They're all too strong for the social life," he objected. "The social life! A chance for a woman to play tricks on a man! Well, they can play their tricks on somebody else! I'm out of the game for good!"

But obviously he couldn't stay where he was all summer, a pariah parked by the side of the road and moodily scowling at his thoughts.

(Continued on Page 40)

By the Side of the Broken Buggy Lay the Figure of a Girl, Her Eyes Closed, Her Body Limp

# EUROPE IN TRANSITION

## German Finance and Reparation

### By Isaac F. Marcosson

NO ONE need be told at this late hour that Germany enters vitally into any consideration of the three principal problems that confront civilization. These difficulties are—the shortage of production, envenomed international relations and the destruction of money and credit. The United States cannot continue its economic progress without a prosperous Europe, and Europe in turn cannot return to normalcy so long as Russia disintegrates and Germany continues in a fever of uncertainty. The German situation, therefore, must not be analyzed in the heat of passions generated by the war, but in the light of its relation to a dilemma that touches every human being. Self-preservation, which knows neither caste nor creed, is the real task, and no constructive end is served by evading the issues.

Many difficulties beset an accurate analysis of the new Germany. The prevailing impression that she has become a huge workshop buzzing with production and prosperity is largely based upon superficial observation. The average overnight sojourner who gets more than 100 marks for his dollar, eats excellent food at the best Berlin hotel, finds railway transport normal and moves in an atmosphere of animation immediately concludes that the country has not only come back but is already a menace to her sister states. This is the general view held by aliens. To offset it is the incessant German propaganda which works twenty-four hours every day, projected to create sympathy and get over the idea that the country cannot possibly pay the indemnity. At once you are between two fires. The most blatant proclaimers of the rehabilitation of Germany are largely recruited from among her late antagonists on the field of battle, while the voicers of her unhappy plight are the old-line Teutonic sympathizers. It is easy to be convinced of what you want to believe.

COPYRIGHT BY P. BENNEWITZ, BERLIN

*Chancellor Wirth and President Ebert—Both in Civilian Clothes—Inspecting the Home Defense Guard*

### *Germany's One Salvation*

OF ALL the Continental nations that went to war Germany shows the most marked improvement. It is a tribute to her powers of resiliency. One reason is that the German worker is not only docile but has the will to work. Through governmental subsidy and tax concessions the formation of trusts has been encouraged. In this way industry is fortified and expanded. The chief handicap to consistent recovery lies in that eternal Continental curse, which is politics. Unfortunately for republican well-wishers, reaction did not follow William Hohenzollern into eclipse.

Just at the moment that Germany had got into the mood to be good and buckle down to the indemnity obligation the League of Nations announced the decision in the Upper Silesia tangle. It pinched off a considerable portion of the German coal, iron and zinc deposits, and the republic—to use an effective American expression—went up in the air. A government crisis followed, the mark crumpled up.

This complication, coupled with a widespread orgy of speculation, has depressed finance and partially stifled initiative. The answer lies in the low value of the mark which, at the time I write, has dropped to half a cent. So long as it remains one of the favorite playthings of the gambler, a considerable part of the German industrial revival must be regarded as just so much inflation.

The moment you have inflation you also have the constant danger of collapse. This is the cloud that may obscure the bright German industrial sky any day. Everyone is agreed that although the banks are booming and literally choked with money, the general financial situation is bad; in fact, almost desperate. The imposition of a drastic tax program this winter may lead to more economic unrest. The one salvation of Germany lies in being permitted to work out her destiny without constant prodding from the outside. It was best summed up to me by Chancellor Wirth when he said: "We can pay our way and contribute to the peace and progress of the world if our late enemies will only let us alone."

COPYRIGHT BY KOSMOS SCHERL, BERLIN

*Dr. Walter Rathenau, Minister of Reconstruction*

Despite all hard-luck stories, there has never been any doubt as to Germany's ability to come back. Her plight after the armistice was easy compared with the situation that followed the Thirty Years' War, from which she emerged in a really pitiable condition. Half the population had died from starvation and other causes, and there was a corresponding loss to industry, and especially to agriculture. The moral and intellectual progress of the people was halted. Yet she revived. After the Napoleonic era England came into a new world authority. Our Southern States got a rebirth of energy and productivity following the strife of the Secession. Disaster never means degeneration.

So far as Germany is concerned, it is merely a matter of determining just how long the progress of resuscitation will take.

In this and in succeeding articles an attempt will be made to appraise the German economic capacity in all its aspects. The measure of a nation is best expressed in her fiscal state. In the case of Germany it is complicated by the indemnity burden. German reparation has a much broader meaning than merely marking the price that an outraged world has finally fixed for stupendous folly and aggression. It enters largely into the rehabilitation of Belgium and France, and to a lesser degree of England. As these countries thrive, so does all Europe advance. Thus the penalty that Germany must pay for her shortcomings is international in its consequences. I shall therefore first take up finance and reparation.

Let me begin with a contrast. I last visited Germany in 1919, when the air was still charged with the aftermath of armed conflict. More or less subdued resentment met you at every turn. The country seemed staggered by the terms of the Versailles Treaty. Technically we were still at war. Noske was the strong man of the hour, for he was intrenched as Minister of Defense.

### *New Masters*

THEN, as now, President Ebert was a mere figurehead. The real national leader, however, was Matthias Erzberger, who had signed the armistice and who was Minister of Finance.

The absorbing question was, "How much indemnity must we pay?"

The financial and industrial captains with whom I talked were unanimous in the belief that once the amount of the reparation was fixed the country would find itself.

I went back last summer for a more protracted stay. Removed from high estate were the old masters whom I met in 1919, and with them had gone the mood of the preceding years. Again I saw Erzberger, now retired from office but still a force in the Reichstag. Fate had marked him out, for he was marching toward the assassin's bullet that was to lay him low in August. Hugo Stinnes had become industrial overlord and Chancellor Wirth was the shaper of the national policy. Practically the only enmity was towards France. The sign "Business as Usual" hung from countless doors; tourists streamed in by the thousands; the state of war with the United States was as good as ended.

More important than all this, the amount of the reparation had been fixed and part of the initial installment paid. The query that had worried all Germany two years before was answered, but indecision continued to impede progress. I found the country divided into two camps: One, headed by Stinnes, maintains that the indemnity is not only excessive but unpayable; the other, sponsored by Wirth, the optimist of the government, contends that it can be met. This was before the Upper Silesia award. Many of the adherents of honest indemnity fulfillment have since joined the opposition camp.

Since reparation is one of the keys to the German economic future, perhaps it is best to deal with it at the start. I use the word "deal" with some trepidation, because no phase of world finance to-day has undergone as many transformations as this pregnant matter of indemnity. It has passed through as many changes as there are kinks in the temperament of a grand-opera star. More than one intelligent person in Europe has nearly lost his mental equilibrium trying to keep track of its myriad evolutions.

It took Germany precisely two and a half years to find out how much she would be assessed. Many factors

contributed to the long delay in fixing the reparation. Like many other European fiscal problems, it became almost from the start a political rather than an economic measure.

The peace conference left final responsibility in determining the amount to the Supreme Council. It took half a dozen elaborate conferences—the first was at Spa—to make any sort of headway. No sooner was the original sum designated than the Germans began to protest. They recruited whole battalions of experts to confute the Allied demands. The Teutonic mind delights in discussion, and it sought by every conceivable means to inject technicalities into a negotiation that demanded speedy settlement. With characteristic mentality the Germans construed postponement to mean concession. It was not until last May, when the final ultimatum, with its various penalties, including the threat to occupy the whole Ruhr region, was put fairly and squarely up to the German Government that the wheels began to turn, and the loser in the fiercest and bloodiest game ever played realized that at last the time had come for reckoning.

This almost endless battle of proposal and counterproposal was bad enough, but it was aggravated by the launching of actual payments at a time when international fiscal conditions could not be worse. The mobilization of gold in the United States, the collapse of European currencies and the general depression in trade have combined to make a difficult problem all the more complex. It has heightened the German burden on the one hand and minimized the value of the net proceeds on the other.

### What Germany Must Pay

MOST people are familiar with the concrete details of the reparations settlement, so I will merely rehearse them in passing. The original sum demanded, 226,000,000,000 gold marks, has been scaled to 132,000,000,000 gold marks—$33,000,000,000—which is to be paid in a series of 5 per cent bearer bonds known as A, B and C bonds. Series A is for 12,000,000,000 marks, B is for 38,000,000,000 marks and C is for 82,000,000,000 marks. These obligations have a face interest rate of 5 per cent—interest payable semiannually—with 1 per cent additional to provide a sinking fund for redemption. The first two series are being delivered at the time I write this article. The third lot is to be held in abeyance. All these bonds are respectively first, second and third charges on the assets and revenues of the German states.

In order to take care of the fixed charges on these bonds Germany is required to pay 2,000,000,000 gold marks a year in quarterly installments. In addition she must levy an export tax of 26 per cent, of which 1 per cent is to be applied to amortization. Here, in a word, are the payments that the republic must meet, and they will keep the consequences of the war vividly in the minds of every citizen for a good many years to come.

The important facts that the average man wants to know in connection with the reparations are: Germany's ability to pay, the procedure of payment, and how the business of reparation, as it might be called, is administered.

Perhaps it is best to liken the payment of the indemnity to a debt owed by an immense corporation called Germany, the officers of which are the president and members of the cabinet. Every citizen is a stockholder who is liable for assessment. The creditors, who constitute the various Allied countries, have placed their claims in the hands of a body known as the Reparations Commission, composed of representatives of each one of the creditor states. The armies of occupation may be likened to sheriffs, whose presence is a constant warning to toe the mark. The United States has no share in the indemnity, save in the cost of its Rhine army, but it has two so-called observers on the commission. They are Roland W. Boyden and Col. James A. Logan. This commission is really the servant of the Supreme Council, and formulated the details of payment. The commission, in turn, has a watchdog in the shape of what is known as the Committee of Guarantees, with headquarters in Berlin, which supervises the collection and application of the indemnity revenues.

The headquarters of the Reparations Commission is in the Hotel Astoria in Paris. A complete auditing department is one of its features. Books are kept on Germany just as if she were a buying-and-selling concern. Every time the Germans send 1,000,000 tons of coal, for example, to France, a voucher is made out and Germany gets credit for it. All the German coal, cattle, raw materials and ships that have been delivered to the Allies since the armistice are duly credited. Up to the first of last May Germany had paid off more than 5,000,000,000 in gold marks in this way.

At this point, and before we go into the actual payment of indemnity, it is perhaps best to explain that there are two kinds of reparations: One is actual money, while the other is known as reparation in kind. The latter may be labor, shipping and raw or finished materials. It is something taken out of the national wealth. Germany must pay for it with marks and get the equivalent back out of taxation. There is a strong opinion, even in France, that after Germany has amply demonstrated her good will and willingness to pay in cash the bulk of indemnity will resolve itself into reparation in kind, because it does not dislocate exchange or industry. The agreement lately signed by France and Germany providing for the reconstruction of the devastated area with German materials, which I shall explain later, is a step in this direction.

### The Meaning of Payment in Cash

THE first milepost in the payment of the indemnity was set up on August thirtieth last, when Germany completed payment on an installment which was paid in five different sections. The initial reparation year runs from May 1, 1921, to May 1, 1922. Germany, therefore, has three more payments to meet before the cleaning up of the opening 2,000,000,000 gold marks.

The indemnity must be paid in cash. I can give no better evidence of the extent of the German task than to enumerate the various elements that entered into the first payment of 150,000,000 gold marks. The foreign-exchange department of the German Ministry of Finance had literally to scour the world to get the funds. They were made up of American dollars, English pounds sterling, French, Swiss and Belgian francs, Dutch gulden, Norwegian kroner, Italian lire, Swedish and Danish crowns, Spanish pesetas, and 10,000,000 gold German marks. In compliance with the terms of the Reparations Commission, these amounts were converted into dollars and paid to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which in turn credited the sum to the Reparations Commission for distribution among the Allies.

Subsequent reparations payments are not to be made in American dollars but in European currencies. This concession was made at the request of the Germans, who

(Continued on Page 28)

*The Reparations Commission in Session at the Hotel Astoria in Paris. The Third From Left Sitting is Col. James A. Logan, the Fourth, Roland W. Boyden, the Two American Observers*

# WINNIE AND THE POISON RUNNER

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

He Turned Abruptly—Dark, Raging, Towering Over the Girl

THEY—call them the Society for the Protection of Winnie's Heart—were holding a little committee meeting over coffee in a quiet corner of the big dining room at the Astoritz. The society was few in numbers but well equipped in talent. "Little, but apt in the field," as good Mr. Kipling hath it. For it consisted of little Miss Winnie O'Wynn, president, and gentle Mr. George H. Jay, vice president.

The business before the committee was, in effect, the consideration of the following points:

Why were Winnie's eyes so wistful?

Why was Captain Fairbairn, D.S.O., M.C., so invariably hard up?

What did he do with his money?

Why did he not put into words the hungry look which haunted his eyes when watching Winnie?

From all of which may possibly be gleaned the distressing knowledge that the man whom little Miss Winnie loved and who, she was quite sure, loved her was not sufficiently vocal about it; that there was some mystery or discrepancy about his financial income and its outgo; and that, clearly, if the glorious blue eyes of Winnie were to be relieved of the wistful look which now rarely left them, something drastic would have to be done about it.

That this sweet wistfulness only added to the charm which had kept so many would-be willing slaves active in their minds Winnie was well aware; but wistfulness, like milk in hot weather, can be kept too long. It is liable to turn. Of this great truth also she was well aware.

Some weeks had gone stealing by since Winnie, caressingly but firmly, had rushed Captain Fairbairn into Parliament, but he had remained quite poignantly dumb on the subject of taking his quick-witted little champion to his heart, to his church and so to his house.

They had met quite frequently, and Cecil had given unmistakable signs, by look and by deed, that she was his sun, moon and stars, but never by word of mouth. His adoration was so heartbreakingly mute that Winnie was beginning to believe he would forever fear to tread where so many other men had by no means hesitated to rush in. Hence the committee meeting.

Winnie accepted a cigarette from Mr. Jay with a sad little smile.

"I don't think I shall enjoy it very well," she said; "but you are so kind, Mr. Jay, that I will try."

She tried bravely.

"Oh, but I am so disheartened. Perhaps you think that I am looking forward very eagerly to going to-morrow with Lady Fasterton to the little house party which Captain Fairbairn is giving at March Lodge, but I don't think I am. I seem to have lost all eagerness and brightness and vivacity; sometimes I seem almost tired of it all—tired, and so old and sad."

She smiled a wistful smile at Mr. Jay's incredulous gaze, shaking her graceful little head slightly.

"Why, my dear Miss Winnie, you have never looked more lovely, more ingenuous, more fresh and flowerlike in all your life!" he declared.

She touched his hand lightly with her finger tips.

"That is your kind, kind heart," she said. Then she frowned a tiny frown and with a very palpable effort became businesslike.

"If only one could tell how it is that Captain Fairbairn never has any money. He told my friend Gerald Peel that he was always at his wit's end to pay his way halfway, and yet he should have lots of money—don't you think so, please, dear Mr. Jay? Quite enough to justify him asking me the question that is always in his eyes?"

She flushed pinkly, although her attachment to Fairbairn was an old secret between her and her agent. Mr. Jay nodded over his cigar.

"You are right there certainly, Miss Winnie. Marriage—in moderation, ha-ha—I mean in a reasonably quiet way—oughtn't to be financially out of his reach."

Winnie brightened up.

"Oh, do you think so, please? That is what I think too. You see, he isn't a bit extravagant. Gerald Peel told me he wouldn't have gone even to the modest expense of this little house party for the partridge shooting at March Lodge if his filly Nanette had not just won the Gimcrack Stakes."

"Yes, yes, quite so, Miss Winnie. I got a hundred to eight about her," said Mr. Jay absently. "A hundred to eight. I took five hundred to forty twice—ha-ha!"

He beamed, glowing at the recollection.

"How splendid, Mr. Jay! I am so glad for you," said Winnie, who in her demure little way had also helped herself to two thousand to a hundred and sixty about Fairbairn's lion-hearted little two-year-old on the occasion of her short-head triumph at York a few days before.

"So there's no doubt that the captain must have fairly scalped the ring—skinned 'em alive you may say," said the gentle George H. with zest. "As you say, Miss Winnie, he ought occasionally to be fairly incrusted with coin, so to speak. But he isn't. Why? Because more goes out than comes in—eh? That's arithmetic—accountancy, in fact; and it's true."

Winnie clasped her slender fingers and gazed across at Mr. Jay.

"You would know that, dear Mr. Jay, of course. You are Captain Fairbairn's man of business, and I don't think he would be so unwise as to conceal anything from you, please, do you?"

But the breezy Mr. Jay did not seem quite so sure about that.

"I don't handle all his business," he explained reluctantly. "In fact I only deal with his borrowing—er—department—that is to say, his London financial affairs."

He smiled upon the girl.

"His business affairs don't bring the amount of grist to my little mill that yours do, dear little lady, and consequently I don't bring the amount of anxious interest to them that I bring to yours."

He nodded warmly, his face ruddy and good-natured, for he had gazed upon the liqueur when it was green.

"In fact you are old George Jay's star client, and your interests come first, second and third. Compared with yours, my dear Miss Winnie, all others' interests are also rans—ha-ha—and old George ever transacts other people's business with an eye like a searchlight to your interests."

"I know, I know, and I am so grateful for that," sighed Winnie.

"And the reason I suggested this little lunch was because I want to break to—to tell you of something which, by chance, I found out the other day. I'll admit I have been screwing up my courage to the point all the time we've been here. For I am a tender-hearted old agent—if you ever heard of such a thing—and, my dear, I'm afraid it's going to hurt you. Miss Winnie, I know where every cent of Captain Fairbairn's money goes to. I know who gets it, who spends it and where it is spent, and I don't like the task of telling you."

He refortified himself with Chartreuse. Winnie's exquisite face paled a little and her eyes shadowed almost to violet. A tiny quiver flickered over her red lips—gone in an instant.

"Tell me, please—haven't you always been my friend? You know that I am not quite without courage, don't you, Mr. Jay? Tell me."

He fidgeted.

"Going to hurt, my dear," he warned.

Slowly Winnie took another cigarette and lit it.

"I did that because if it hurts too much I can make a—smoke screen," she said with a little laugh, perhaps a shade tremulous.

"You know, a real friend, a kind friend, tells what one should know—not only the nice things."

Mr. Jay sighed a little gustily.

"Very well, Miss Winnie. Well, Captain Fairbairn's spare money—half his income—goes to Paris."

"Ye-es?"

"To a lady!"

"A Madame Déguise—Lucie Déguise!"

"Oh!"—very sudden and soft.

The smoke screen ascended slowly. Winnie was silent for some seconds.

Presently she put the cigarette down.

"I think I want to go now, please," she said plaintively. "You see, there is something in this that I don't understand very well, and I would like to think it over. You were kind, most kind, to tell me. I appreciate it very much, dear Mr. Jay. . . . I—I am wounded. You said it would hurt—and it has."

Mr. Jay raised a large white hand.

"I am sorry, dear Miss Winnie, very sorry. It is painful to me. I don't care to hurt a lady; it's not my style. I'm a kind man; it's my nature. Let me see if I can make a suggestion. Why shouldn't I run over to Paris and see who this Madame Déguise is, and why Captain Fairbairn sends her money? I think there's some mystery. I don't like it. I don't care about it at all. Good money going to Paris this way, with money so tight in the country—ha-ha! It jars on me. Gone, you see. France is a fine country; but any money that goes there is gone—stays there, in fact. I admire the French, but I don't want them to get my money away from me; at least, I mean Captain Fairbairn's away from him. Now I know Paris like I know London, and I advise—I strongly advise you to send me over there and get this thing properly inquired into. It's a good idea—one of my best. What do you say, Miss Winnie?"

"But wouldn't that seem like spying on Captain Fairbairn, please?" doubted Winnie.

"Nuh, nuh—oh, nuh, nuh, nuh!" said Mr. Jay eagerly. "I think it would be entirely in his interests and, of course, yours."

Winnie considered. She fully intended that the gentle one should go by the next boat train; as, needless to say, he did.

II

BECAUSE Winnie was always a little subdued in manner—or, rather, gave off an impression to that effect neither her dearest friend, Lady Fasterton, nor her brotherly friend, the Honorable Gerald Peel, nor her fatherly friend, Colonel Murreys, with all of whom she motored down to March Lodge next day, noticed any sign of the wound which Mr. Jay, with quite the best intentions, had inflicted upon her. She was as sweet as ever, as trimly clad, and as gentle. Perhaps her wonderful eyes were a trifle wider and more wistful, the delicate shadows under them a little darker, the perfect curve of her cheek a shade less full; but these minute changes gave to rather than took from her beauty.

It had been a long, long séance which she had held with Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror overnight, but it had been productive. The long thoughts, stimulated by a profound and anxious study of a photograph of Cecil Fairbairn, had resulted in a certain serene belief in him. In the end Winnie had smiled very affectionately at the face of the member for Tiltonham, and said:

"I trust you, Cecil. Even if you do send half your income to a Parisian lady called Lucie, I trust you still"; and so, wistfully, to bed.

But somehow the discovery had nulled and deadened all her ambition to conceive and execute plans for the augmentation of Fairbairn's income. One must be a supergirl to remain an enthusiastic income increaser for a gentleman when one has discovered that a large 40 per cent of his income goes to Paris for Lucie.

Since Winnie had long ago learned that hasty decision is the father and mother of leisured and probably futile regret, she had not yet settled upon any particular tactics with which to combat this perfectly impossible situation. Beyond sending Mr. Jay to Paris to find out everything he could concerning Lucie, she had done nothing. Data was what she needed now.

"You must have something to go upon, dearest," she had told the little lady in the mirror of yesternight. "Lucie may be anybody, you see—his old nurse, a poor relative, or even one of those dreadful blackmailers one reads about. Perhaps it may prove to be just a kind action—a secret charity—something to do with some promise Cecil made during the war. There are lots of reasons."

And that was perfectly true, though she could not hit upon any palatable reason which sounded thoroughly acceptable.

"But I will never believe that anyone with eyes like Cecil's is not nice, and because I believe in him it doesn't hurt a bit, and Mr. Jay need not have worried about my feelings at all," she had declared finally, winking two liquid diamonds out of her eyes as she put the mirror down and switched off the light.

Each of Winnie's traveling companions had harvested a very sweet little stack over Nanette, and all were in very high spirits.

"Fairbairn tells me that the birds are plentiful, free from disease and strong on the wing," said the Honorable Gerald, generally.

"That," observed Lady Fasterton dryly, "is very jolly for them."

"Oh, but they get their chance, you know—like a fox. A driven partridge in a wind takes some hitting, what?"

"Is Captain Fairbairn a good shot?" asked Winnie.

"He's a very fine shot," said Gerald. "Bar his brother, he is about the best shot at partridges I've ever seen."

"Brother? I did not know he had a brother," exclaimed May Fasterton, who had never really cared.

"Oh, yes—Weston Fairbairn. Great wanderer; been abroad years. Remarkable chap, I believe. At least he used to be."

It was news to Winnie also, but not of thrilling interest, and when the conversation moved on to Nanette, Winnie's Lullaby—now preparing for the Middle Park Plate—and one or two of Lady Fasterton's steeds, nobody missed Weston Fairbairn's name.

It was a pleasant little run down to March Lodge, and in spite of the unforgetable Lucie, Winnie enjoyed it. They arrived at mid-afternoon, in comfortable time for the girl to see that since her last visit to March Lodge, Cecil Fairbairn had evidently been at some pains to have the place considerably smartened up. Gardeners had been busily at work, and painters too, it seemed, had condescended to while away a few hours there with the brush and can and ladder.

March Lodge had always been a jewel to Winnie, and now, with its new air of prosperity, it thrilled her. It was one of those sunny early September days which had all the warmth of summer but none of its torrid heat, all the refreshing coolness of the autumn but none of its chill, and the spirit of the place was perfect. Each of the little party liked the others, and all had brought with them a fixed intention to enjoy the change, no difficult matter to such a one as Colonel Murreys, lean, brown, correct, reveling openly if quietly in the green, breezy downland, its cleanness and spaciousness, after the brassy Indian sunshine of brown and dusty Kragpore, to which he was soon returning; to Lady Fasterton, gayly indifferent—with a little care—to the deadly lure of the cocaine, which she had conquered, who knew that the downland air, sufficiently courted, held for her charming face a gift of misty pink which rain would not wash off; to the laconic Gerald Peel, who was tranquilly happy in the knowledge that in addition to the shooting, he would have the keen delight of studying the legs, teeth and general anatomies of quite a number of horses whose acquaintance he had not yet made. And Winnie had never been quite so happy in her life, even though the name "Lucie" flickered at intervals upon her consciousness like lightning upon a far horizon.

She had stolen away alone in the garden a little before tea; not far, just down to the stables to see Nanette and Henry, the boy with the sword cut, who attended to and—Winnie suspected—secretly bowed down to and worshiped Nanette. They talked a little—gravely. For Winnie, not long before, had saved Henry from the awkward results of a seriously illegal excess of zeal in the matter of endeavoring to assure for Nanette that triumph in the Ascot New Stakes which the fates had reserved for Lullaby. The sword cut, which in the retreat had struck him permanently off the muster roll of the Third Hussars, had left him a little shaken mentally; but not so shaken that he had failed to add Winnie to the list of those for whom he cheerfully would have taken risks at which a less shaken man might excusably have flinched. He said little, but what he said sounded musical to Winnie.

"Ah, miss, it would be fine to see you and your two-year-old settled down here at March Lodge with the Captain and Nanette and me!"

*Somebody Had Asked Him About Australian Bush Life, and in His Flat, Hard Voice He Was Telling Stories of His Experiences*

"Oh, Henry!" Winnie laughed, wide eyed, and went back to the others.

Cecil Fairbairn, coming to seek her, met her under a rose pergola. Winnie caught her breath as she realized how much happier and more confident he looked now than on the day when she first visited March Lodge. They were not in sight of the others, gossiping on the lawn, and he was holding out both hands to her, smiling.

"We saw that you had disappeared, and I guessed where you were and came to find you," he said. "I am very glad. I wanted a chance to welcome you alone—away from the others."

His grip was so close upon her fingers that it hurt.. But she did not mind, for it seemed that the little quick pain at her fingers was taken from her heart. She did not withdraw her hands.

"Do you like so much for me to be here?" she said, almost whispering.

"Like this—like this, yes. To be my guest—my loveliest, most honored little guest."

"Thank you—oh, thank you so ——"

"When you came here that first time to arrange about lending me the money for the second mortgage on March Lodge I was ashamed. I had come almost to the very end of a run of bad luck, and I was almost in the mire; down and out—down and out. Ill too. Did I seem strange—uncouth? I have always wanted to explain that to you, my dear little friend. I'm not whining—only just trying to make you see from what an abyss you lifted me. Ill, disheartened, down and out. Then you came. You were different from what I had expected. Why, one man had told me to beware of you! And you were kind to me—kindest in all the world; and now"—his hands had tightened, but Winnie was aware of no pain now—"now you have saved me, and I am out of the abyss, Winnie ——"

He dropped her hands and broke off abruptly, staring past her.

"Weston!" he said.

Winnie turned. A tall man was coming towards them with outstretched hand.

"Well, Cecil!" he said in an odd, flat voice.

Winnie's wits placed him at once. Weston! This must be that brother of Cecil of whom Gerald Peel had spoken in the car—returned from his travels. And it was their first meeting for years. She knew her moment was past, so with a little smile she slipped by the newcomer and went to the others on the lawn—happy, in spite of the disappointment, for what she had long seen in Fairbairn's eyes his hands had just repeated and, but for this sudden appearance of Weston Fairbairn, his voice would have confirmed.

"There are anthems in Winnie's eyes!" said Lady Fasterton as she went up to them.

"There are wild roses in Winnie's cheeks!" said the colonel, his eyes twinkling.

Winnie blushed exquisitely. It was the first time May Fasterton had ever seen her really confused.

"And there is a large green caterpillar in Gerald's tea," said the Honorable Gerald, loyally diverting attention from his little pal. "It deliberately dived from the cedar."

By the time he was rescued from the deliberate caterpillar and allayed with cake Cecil Fairbairn and the newcomer were crossing the lawn towards them. The Honorable Gerald stared a little.

"Why, that is Weston Fairbairn!" he said, rising. "I haven't seen him for ten years—boys together, what?"

He went across—without any symptom of real pleasure, Winnie noted—and greeted the returned traveler, whom in a moment the captain was introducing to them all.

"Weston has just arrived from Australia," he explained.

"I had a sudden hunger to see the old country again after ten years out there. I couldn't resist it, and there was a boat sailing—one of those sudden impulses. It's good to be here."

He looked round at them all with a smile. His eyes lingered a little on Winnie. She returned his smile, but it was with an effort, and she was relieved when he looked away. She did not like him; and, leaning back in her chair, she studied him as he talked.

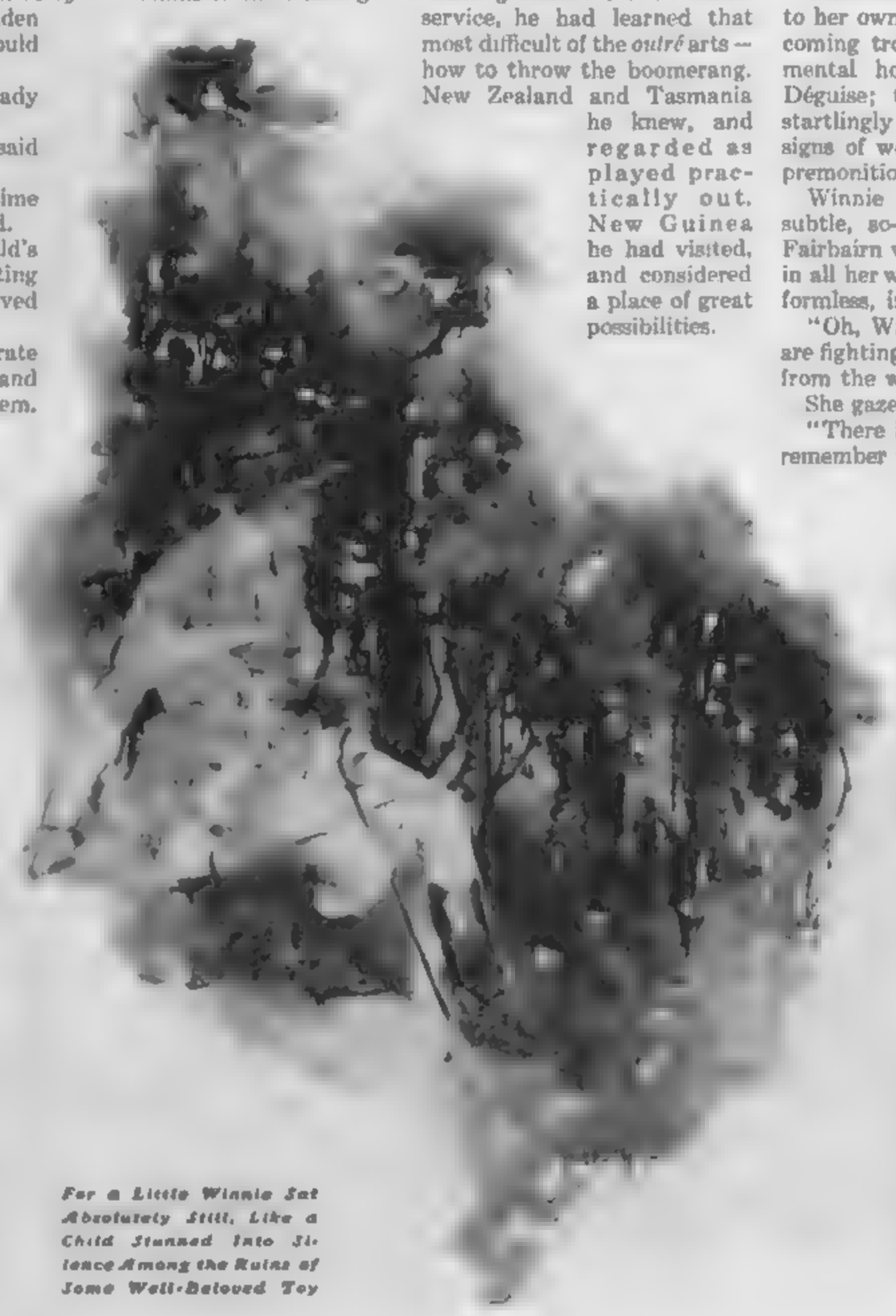
"He isn't a bit like Cecil," she told herself. "And how hard he looks! I suppose it is only because he is so sunburned that his eyes look greenish yellow instead of gray. Gerald said that he has had a hard, adventurous life, and I think that is true. It has left its mark upon him. Yet daddy had an adventurous life, and so has Colonel Murreys, but it did not seem to brand them so much. I think Cecil's brother looks cruel and harsh and—not very scrupulous."

She half closed her eyes, noting the square, heavy, clean-shaven chin, the wide, thin-lipped mouth, the heavily seamed, weather-bitten face of Weston Fairbairn; and, strangely, her dislike of this big, powerful man increased.

Somebody had asked him about Australian bush life, and in his flat, hard, rather jarring, compelling voice he was telling stories of his experiences. Responding automatically to the swift instincts which warned her against this man, Winnie studied him minutely. In the rough blue serge suit, the low collar and loosely knotted black tie he wore he looked like the hard mate of a small sailing ship, ashore for a time. His boots puzzled her a little. They were very yellow and extraordinarily pointed. She wondered for a moment where she had seen such boots before she realized that they were of a type largely worn on the Continent. As he reached for the siphon—he had declared for whisky in preference to tea—the girl noticed that his powerful forearm was tattooed, though she could not distinguish the pattern of the work.

He laughed a good deal as he talked, but Winnie thought his merriment was insincere; and his odd, fierce eyes were cold and quick and—and—yes, watchful. That was the word to which her instincts had been leading her. He was a man on the watch, on guard. She noted now that so surely as anyone of the little company made a movement the eyes of Weston Fairbairn flickered to that movement instantly. Or if a bird fluttered the yellowing leaves of the garden across the lawn; if the gardener's heavy step crunched the gravel beyond the espaliers; if one of the horses down at the stable pawed or stamped; if the trim little maid waiting on them appeared for any reason from the house—the quick ears of this man caught the sound and his cold eyes sought the explanation. There was nothing furtive in this watchfulness. It was the menacing air of one of the big Carnivora in a suspicious mood.

Yielding to the instinct of indulgence which most people feel towards one who has homed from a far place after many years, they encouraged him to talk, and he was nothing loath. He had known strange experiences, places and people in Australia. He had been on many ranges—shearing, boundary riding, storekeeping, horse breaking, rabbit trapping; he had tramped the bush as a sundowner, and pried in desert crannies for opal, ruby and gold; he had been a professional boxer; he had tried gum digging; and he had once owned a share in a pearling lugger up Thursday Island way. He knew the towns and the back blocks, he said, and added that he had learned to track with those aboriginal bloodhounds, the black trackers. He could talk with them in their own vernacular, he claimed; and, thanks to the training of a black grateful for some trivial service, he had learned that most difficult of the *outré* arts—how to throw the boomerang. New Zealand and Tasmania he knew, and regarded as played practically out. New Guinea he had visited, and considered a place of great possibilities.



*For a Little Winnie Sat Absolutely Still, Like a Child Stunned Into Silence Among the Ruins of Some Well-Beloved Toy*

"But that is enough—more than enough of me," he said presently. "It's just the record of an ordinary rolling stone, still conspicuous by a total absence of moss."

They laughed a little—except Cecil Fairbairn.

"And after all that," came the flat, harsh voice, "it is good to come home for a little and find that one's brother is an M.P. and owner of a Gimcrack Stakes' winner."

Only Winnie saw the tiny groove between Cecil's eyebrows, or noticed that some of the worry which she thought banished had crept back to his face, and she was glad presently to leave the four men to themselves while she and Lady Fasterton went indoors.

"How do you like the rolling stone, Winnie?" asked May, idly looking over the brushes and dressing-table toys which her maid had laid out.

Winnie, curled up in a big chair near the window of her friend's bedroom, looked very grave.

"I think if I liked him I should be very much afraid of him. So it's lucky that I don't like him very well."

May Fasterton nodded.

"I see, child. You mean that queer air of latent violence about him. It's funny how often a man comes back from the wilder parts of the globe like that. He is not very like Cecil, is he?"

"Oh, no, dear! No one would dream that they were brothers!" cried Winnie softly.

She went across to her friend, slipped an arm round her waist, and they looked at each other in the big mirror of the dressing table. They were oddly alike. Winnie might have been a younger sister.

"May, dearest, do you agree with me? I think he is a dangerous man—a cruel man," she said gravely.

Lady Fasterton smiled at the lovely face and its wide, anxious blue eyes.

"Well, little sister, what if he is? Need it trouble us?" she asked airily.

No man ever troubled May Fasterton. Winnie thought.

"No, of course not," she replied at last—"if he does not trouble Cecil."

"Cecil is well able to look after himself, with worse enemies than his brother."

"Then why should he look worried?" asked Winnie.

"But did he?" May seemed surprised. Then she laughed and kissed the girl.

"Those big blue eyes magnify the things they see on the bright and beautiful face of their owner's idol, my child!" she explained.

But Winnie was not so sure, and as she slipped away to her own room she recognized frankly a premonition of coming trouble. There were clouds gathering upon her mental horizon. First there had been Lucie—Lucie Déguise; then the disappointment among the roses, the startlingly swift antipathy to Weston Fairbairn, the tiny signs of worry returning to Cecil's face and, lastly, this premonition, this sudden warning instinct.

Winnie ever trusted her intuition, and because the subtle, so-far-unspoken-of link between her and Cecil Fairbairn was the most priceless thing she had, she called in all her wits to aid her in her fight against this nameless, formless, intangible menace which she sensed from afar.

"Oh, Winnie, Winnie," she whispered to herself, "you are fighting this time for something more than you wanted from the wolves, in the days before you loved anyone!"

She gazed for a while out of the window, thinking.

"There is nothing to do," she told herself, "except to remember what daddy used to say: 'When in doubt, lie doggo. Drop your chin on your little paws and keep your blue eyes wide, wide open. Don't forget that, child—when in doubt lie doggo, and say nothing.'" Winnie smiled a little and nodded.

"Very well," she said, "I will lie doggo with my chin on my paws and my eyes wide open."

### III

TWO mornings later Winnie found awaiting her a thick letter with a French stamp on the envelope, addressed in the handwriting of Mr. George H. Jay. Although apparently she was first down and therefore alone for a little in the room, she decided that study of the batch of news which the able George H. had evidently collected might be reserved until she could read it without possibility of interruption. So she slipped it into her pocket, reserving it till later.

It was a fortunate decision, for when, breakfast over, she went off to a favorite and secluded corner of the garden to read the letter, she had hardly settled down before she discovered that there appeared to be others at March Lodge that morning who desired a little brief privacy—Cecil Fairbairn and his brother.

Sitting in a deep arched recess cut in an old yew hedge, Winnie heard them approach. Weston Fairbairn was talking, and even as

(Continued on Page 71)

# ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

## By John Taintor Foote

III

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MISS PATRICIA BELDON, Spartan-like in her determination to make an early start that day, had expressed a wish that honeydew melon, mixed rolls, with several pop-overs, please, and a pot of chocolate arrive at her door promptly at 9:30.

Room service had delivered the order on the minute. She was now partaking of her frugal breakfast with a not unpleasant zest. The several pop-overs had turned out to be four. They were quite large and had an admirable potterylike glaze. They were hollow, to be sure, but this unfortunately was to be expected, and was offset by the fact that the inner surface of their crisp, distended sides proved to be just gooey enough.

She was seated in her sitting room. The waiter had placed the table at the east window, which allowed her both sunlight and a view of the buildings on the opposite side of Madison Avenue.

She was now, as she told herself, a member of the working classes. Not actually as yet, if just the facts were considered, but absolutely, so far as her viewpoint was concerned. An eager recruit for the growing army of women toilers, she would be enrolled that day if such a thing were possible.

As an indication of her new and more humble position in life the apartment she had selected was a modest one. She had insisted on this to her father's secretary, who had registered for her at the hotel.

"Just a quiet, simple little two-room apartment," she had told him.

"I want lots of sunlight, of course, especially in the morning. I'll work much better all day if I feel nice and cheerful when I wake up. Don't you think so, Billy?"

The secretary had agreed with her in a manner suggesting that he himself was anything but bright and cheerful at the moment, and had then gone to describe what she wanted to a room clerk. When he returned he seemed to have received a shock of some sort.

"They have what you want," he told her. "It's on the ninth floor, but it's—well, it's twenty-five dollars a day."

"Ask him what color the walls are. If they're green I simply can't take it. I loathe green."

Noting her entire lack of surprise, even interest, in the price mentioned, he had opened his mouth, closed it without saying a word, and returned to the room clerk. That person had explained, not without a certain hauteur, that there were five hundred apartments in the hotel and that he had little if any knowledge of their various color schemes. He had thereupon rung for a bellboy with the suggestion that the lady look at it for herself.

The lady, following this suggestion and the bellboy, had decided in favor of the apartment, and was now, as has been indicated, munching pop-overs and sipping chocolate as she gazed contentedly enough out of one of its windows.

Her placid contentment disappeared with the last morsel of the pop-overs. It was replaced by a more decisive manner. Already hatted and veiled she drew the latter over the tip of her nose and down to her chin, fastened it deftly and went to a mirror to observe her reflection for a sternly critical but pleasurable moment. Suddenly she glanced at her wrist watch and started.

"Goodness!" she said aloud.

Curving her left forearm through the handle of a green-gold bag she took a pair of gloves from a drawer and quitted the apartment. Presently she was walking rapidly west on Forty-sixth Street in an attempt to overcome the unaccountable fact that ten minutes had simply gone in a flash while she stood at the mirror.

To those she passed she seemed to be a slim, smartly dressed young person, quite anxious to arrive at a very definite place. Each member of the opposite sex with eyes sufficiently keen to penetrate the veil she wore turned his head as she swung by and wished vaguely that the appointment she seemed hurrying toward was with himself. But on she went, nor turned to right nor left until suddenly she was at Fifth Avenue, where, for the first time, she hesitated.

After Receiving a Surprisingly Large Though Haughtily Bestowed Tip He Lingered Expectantly in the Vicinity

So far as Patricia was concerned she had arrived at all there was to Manhattan Island. At theater time, of course, a region known as Broadway sprang into existence, to be noted indifferently through a limousine window. It was now early in the morning. The thought of proceeding further westward never entered her head. The point was whether to go up or down the Avenue. She decided on up for no particular reason, and swung north.

But her pace began to slacken. Her dreams the night before of taking charge of something somewhere now seemed exactly like dreams. This worried her. Also it would be better, she felt, if she knew where she wanted to go. There was such a thing as employment agencies. Butlers, second men, gardeners, chauffeurs, maids and cooks came from them. Of course that wasn't what she wanted. "Take your places in the business world." The ringing words of Miss Volitska came to her like an inspiration. Business world? Why, of course! It was down—down—well, way down somewhere. And here she was going in the opposite direction. She halted abruptly, and realized that she was in front of Madame de Moville's. She also became acutely aware of a perfect dream of a black Chantilly-lace evening gown in one of madame's show windows. Having been drawn to the window as iron to a magnet she came at last to the following conclusion: "Not a bit too old for me"; and entered the store.

She emerged an hour later, the owner of the gown in question and two others, to be charged to herself, not to her father; she had made that clear. An uneasy feeling that she had wasted valuable time was tempered by the thought that even a working woman must have something to wear. A passing taxi drew to the curb at her signal.

"Drive me downtown," she ordered, adding somewhat vaguely, "Way down."

"Yes'm," said the driver, cheered by her last two words. "Where you wanna go?"

She hesitated.

"Wall Street?" he suggested hopefully, that far district being two dollars and forty cents from where they stood.

She was about to avail herself of this unexpected aid, but remembered in time that Wall Street meant stocks and bonds which either went up or down, forcing you to do something or other in a fearful hurry. Then there was a lot about dividends and coupons and interest. Interest sounded like fractions—she had always hated fractions.

"Just drive until I tell you to stop," she told him, reflecting that this would give her time to consider her problem.

She considered it earnestly until the buildings had begun to tower so hugely on either hand that she seemed to be driving down a narrow cañon the walls of which beat back the clang of street-car gongs, the rattle of trucks and the nasal honk of motor horns.

The cañon disappeared at last and the air was filled with sunshine. Suddenly she realized that the taxi was stationary and that the driver was peering dubiously at her from over his shoulder.

"I haven't told you to stop yet," she informed him.

"I know you ain't," he admitted darkly.

"Why don't you go on?"

He now eyed her with open disapproval.

"I can't swim," said he.

With a gasp she realized that tidewater stretched before them. She opened the door and got out of the machine the better to take in her surroundings. Looking across Battery Park she was relieved to see the drumlike outlines of the Aquarium. As a member of the class in natural history she had visited the building several times. The driver's eye remaining fixed upon her with watchful suspicion, she at once put him in his place.

"I came to look at fish," she explained coldly, and opened her bag to pay him.

"Yes'm," said he, again comfortable in the assurance that she would not insist on perishing beneath the waves, accompanied by himself and taxi. "Shall I wait here, miss?"

Wishing to be rid of him she declined his offer; but after receiving a surprisingly large though haughtily bestowed tip he lingered expectantly in the vicinity, forcing her to enter the Aquarium and devote a half hour to a listless exhibition of fin waving.

Thus concluded, she emerged from the Aquarium and walked up Broadway with the idea of penetrating to the very heart of commerce and trade. She undoubtedly succeeded in doing so, for quite suddenly every building poured forth a horde of workers of both sexes, who hurried in all directions, crowding and jostling Patricia with astonishing indifference. Bumped, squeezed and shoved, she was still able to observe that the women were surprisingly young, few being much older than herself. This was encouraging. But presently she realized that the wolfish gleam in the eyes of those about her and the brutal determination of their progress were occasioned by the pangs of hunger. Her arrival in lower Broadway had been coincident with its noon hour rush.

It now occurred to her that it would be difficult to take her place in the business world while it was absorbed in the consumption of food. The pop-overs being but a vague reminiscence, she suddenly and for the first time in several hours knew exactly where she was going next. Finding near-by restaurants into which she hopefully ventured full to overflowing, and being by this time, as she told herself, nearly famished, she hailed another taxi, told the driver please to hurry, and returned rapidly uptown.

It was her thought to lunch at the hotel, but after passing Forty-second Street she recalled Rossiter's, a short distance ahead. Rossiter's enjoyed the patronage of her

particular set at Miss Jencks'. They never ate its candy, preferring Kirby's, a block further up. For sundaes, ice cream and all chocolate drinks, however, they had decided it to have that slight shade of superiority which is sought by the nicely critical. Its lunches, too, had been pronounced rather good as to salads and sandwiches, and really noteworthy in respect to nectarine cream parfaits, composed of a deadly substance concealed in spirals of thin, sugar-coated pastry. These confections were referred to mysteriously by her set as N. C. P.'s, while outsiders wondered enviously. The most dauntless feminine stomach would remain utterly subdued for one full hour after being smitten by a lone N. C. P.

Rapping on the taxi window she nodded toward the curb and entered Rossiter's a moment later. She found the place filled with lunching shoppers. It was almost as bad as the restaurants downtown, and she saw no one she knew. Going to the rear of the store she climbed a stair to a narrow balcony on which stood a few tables.

This balcony was a favorite retreat for the set, but not one of them was here to-day. There was, however, a vacant seat at a small table, the other side of which was already occupied by another girl.

She disliked lunching tête-à-tête with a stranger, but the pop-overs were now not even a reminiscence. They had been blotted out of all recollection by the ages which had rolled by since their consumption. Hastily seating herself she concentrated on a menu card for a passionate moment. Having made her selections she realized that a foot was tapping irritably somewhere below the table. She looked up and met the aggrieved glance of her vis-à-vis.

"Ain't the service here fierce?" said that person.

Patricia became interested in something just over the top of the person's head and said nothing. Five minutes passed. Five minutes more. And still another five minutes.

"It certainly is!" exploded Patricia with a sudden surprising indorsement of the comment she had ignored fifteen minutes earlier. "It's outrageous, simply outrageous! I'll never come in this place again."

She rose with the intention of shaking the dust of Rossiter's from her feet when a waitress fortunately appeared with her table companion's order.

"Say, girlie," the latter inquired, "have you been entertaining company since I saw you last, or did you take in the six-day bicycle races?"

The waitress made the statement that she was doing the best she could, and called attention to the fact that she had one pair of feet and a like number of hands.

"Try the telephone company, girlie. You could get your rest there between wrong numbers."

The waitress ignored the suggestion.

"Order, please," she said to Patricia and, securing this, left abruptly.

Her table companion gave Patricia a pitying look, advised her to notify Hoover, and plunged a fork into a chicken patty.

In a sort of agony Patricia watched the fork rise from the chicken patty to two rows of neat white teeth which parted to receive it. The lips about those teeth were beautifully shaped and a brilliant carmine, she vaguely noted. With a supreme effort she tore her eyes from the fascinating spectacle of their present employment to take in more of their owner.

The girl proved to be remarkably good-looking. She was beautifully, or, rather, expensively dressed, a shade too luxuriously for the street. She wore a wrist watch of platinum and diamonds, one bracelet ditto, another of diamonds and sapphires alternating. Across the top of a cream-colored lace fichu which foamed between the lapels of her duvetyn coat was a straight bar of platinum and diamonds. A silver fox was fastened so carelessly at her throat that it had draped itself under one ear and over the opposite shoulder. Her eyebrows were only curved pencil marks above long beaded lashes. Rouge and powder could not hide the fact that already—she was about Patricia's age—her face was surprisingly hard.

Now Patricia had cultivated for the past year a bitter cynicism much admired by her set. It was cultivated, however; that was the trouble. As she observed the face of the consumer of patties a further pang was added to those of hunger. The lines at the nostrils, the faint half sneer at the corners of the mouth, the shadows under the eyes, the brilliant direct stare of the eyes themselves as they had looked at the waitress—Patricia would have given her soul—it would have cost her that, no doubt—to have worn them all in her own countenance.

How were such tracings accomplished? By lawlessness? Obviously not, since Patricia had plumbed the depths of depravity during the school year in a vain effort to acquire a faint imitation of them. Reading of forbidden literature, eating between meals, violation of silent hour and neglect of the New Testament during that period had not done it. Even cigarette smoking and flouting of the faculty had not been enough. She forgot that she was on the verge of starvation as she studied with hopeless longing the record which sophistication had spread on the young face before her. She was almost regretful when the waitress appeared in a surprisingly short time and placed her order before her.

"Have You Been Entertaining Company Since I Saw You Last, or Did You Take In the Six-Day Bicycle Races?"

Before settling to her food she allowed herself a last envious look across the table. At that moment the stranger lifted her eyes and encountered Patricia's full and admiring glance. She mistook this for gratitude and acknowledged it.

"They need a call once in a while," she explained. "She made it snappy for you, didn't she?"

"Yes, she did," said Patricia cordially. "Thanks awfully."

A silence followed in which each was absorbed in matters of nourishment and sustenance. At last Patricia indicated the N. C. P. she was about to attack and ventured to recommend it.

"Have you ever tried one?" she inquired.

The fair stranger looked furtively at the N. C. P. and shuddered.

"Once," she said, turning her eyes quickly elsewhere. "I dragged Gus Bradley in here one day," she went on to explain. "He hollered murder, but I had to be on location by three o'clock, and you know Gus. Well, it didn't get me much—he had it on his hip. He mixed a couple and I ate some caviar sandwiches and lobster salad and wound up with one of those things—he ordered it because it was ninety cents. You may not believe it, dearie, but that night they used a stomach pump on me. I don't know what for unless they wanted the lining. They said I'd been poisoned and might die. 'I know all that,' I says, 'but can't you hurry it up?'"

Patricia was duly impressed by this harrowing tale.

"You had to have a doctor?" she exclaimed.

"A doctor? I guess you don't know Gus. I had six doctors. I'd of had more only they couldn't get in the apartment. I couldn't work for two weeks."

Patricia leaned forward with shining eyes.

"Are you a working girl?" she asked admiringly, and was startled to receive a scathing look.

"Well, I like that for nerve! I thought you were upstage when you first came in, but don't think you can insult me and get away with it, you doll-faced little boob! A working girl! Gawd, where's my check?"

For an instant Patricia sat as though stunned. What had she said to warrant such furious scorn? Doll-faced boob! In a flash her own temper took control of her.

"You're the craziest thing I ever saw!" said she, her blue eyes blazing in turn. "I'm a working girl—that is, I'm trying to be one as hard as I can. You said you worked—I wanted to talk to you about it. If you want to be insulted—be insulted! Who cares?"

Anger departed from the stranger as quickly as it had come.

"It's on me, dearie," she apologized. "I thought you were trying to hand me a society line. Let's kiss and make up." She wafted a kiss toward Patricia with the tips of her fingers, picked up her bag, took from it a thin jeweled cigarette case, opened it and offered its contents. "Have one and forget it," she urged with a friendly smile, but suddenly remembered where she was. "I forgot," she said, withdrawing the cigarette case. "We can't smoke in this joint."

Thrilled by being included in such hardship, Patricia's gorge subsided.

"Too bad," she murmured with proper regret.

"My name," said her companion in affliction, "is Trixie Angel. You may have seen me on the screen. I supported Eggleston Carroll in Love Turned to Hate and Blind Virtue. Egg's a good scout as stars go. He's a film hog, of course. If certain plans of a friend of mine goes through," she hinted confidentially, "I'm going to have a real chance next fall. Well, that's where I stand, dearie. Who are you?"

"Oh, dear," gasped Patricia, awed by the splendors just disclosed. "I'm afraid I'm nobody. My name is Beldon—Patricia Beldon. I'm looking for a position at present. I've been looking all morning. It must be wonderful to be in pictures," she added wistfully.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Angel, moved to the business of concealing a histrionic yawn behind her fingers. "Us artists lead a dog's life in a lot of ways. You can't call your soul your own when you work for the public. You can't step out on the street without they rubber at you. It's something fierce."

Once more Patricia leaned eagerly across the table.

"Could you—would you," she stammered, flushing, "give me an idea how to go about getting into the movies? A small part would do at first."

Miss Angel was on the point of an impressive insinuation as to the tremendous talent and unique ability required in the lofty beings who interpreted the silent drama, but the humility of this newfound sister of fortune disarmed her.

"Listen, dearie," she said, "how much of a stake have you got?"

"Stake?" repeated the bewildered Patricia.

A sudden suspicion chilled Miss Angel's cordiality. She had been aware of an indefinable something in Miss Beldon which did not properly belong in a true sister of fortune. She had flared out at it once, to be met by a reassuring unsheathing of claws. And now again—it might be inexperience only, she thought, but it seemed best to proceed with more caution, ready for instant retreat into the mysteries of what she regarded as a society manner.

"I meant to awsk how much ready money you have," she explained.

"Oh," said Patricia. "Why, I have about fifteen hundred dollars."

Miss Angel examined the earnest face across the table. The clear eyes which met her inquiring look were apparently frank and certainly friendly.

"I got it from a friend," explained Patricia. "A man."

"Sure," said the relieved Miss Angel, wondering at this statement of the obvious, but entirely reassured by it. "How old was he?"

"I don't know exactly; about twenty-five, I think."

Quick approval met these words.

"Say, you're a good live kid. Anybody can get it from the old ones. First I thought you were upstage. Then I thought you were a little simp. I got you wrong both times. Now listen, dearie; there's a lot of kids in this town that ain't got the half of it. You've got a swell outfit, a nice baby-doll look, and a lot of style with it. I'll tell you exactly how I put it across, and you can think it over."

Patricia exclaimed her thanks.

"I broke in through Louie Gebharte," Miss Angel went on. "I had to give him all my time for six months, and then—would you believe it?—he tried to throw me down. He stalled till I knew he'd welsh if I let him. Then I went after the bald-headed nut where he lives. 'A breach-of-promise suit for yours, Louie,' I says over the telephone.

'I've got one or two newspaper friends that advise it. What paper does Mrs. Gebharte read? Well, good-by, Louie, take care of yourself.' 'Don't ring off, don't ring off, Trix,' he says. 'Listen, I'm coming around to the partment—you undastand? I'm coming right away—you undastand? You be there sure—you undastand?' 'You have a contract with you—you undastand?' I says, the way he says it. 'Sure—sure—sure,' he says. 'It just happens I got a nice extra at a hundred a week in The Weaker Sex. Will that do, Trix?' 'Oh, I guess so, Mister Cheap Skate,' I says. 'Bring it around.' He was there in ten minutes with the contract in his pocket. That's what got me in, dearie," concluded Miss Angel. "Time and brains."

Only in the vaguest way had Patricia understood this frank account of how the foundation of a dazzling career had been laid. The one distressing fact she gleaned was that it had taken this entrancing and assured young person six months to accomplish it. Her father would return in two months. She had exactly that length of time in which to become economically independent. Failing in this she felt certain that, with his usual lack of understanding and sympathy, she would be dragged back to shameful ignominy.

"Oh, goodness," she sighed, "I couldn't possibly wait six months."

Miss Angel was piqued by an apparent lack of appreciation of her feat.

"I can name you a dozen classy kids," she said, "that have been butting their brains out and ruining their looks for a couple of years, and they ain't in yet. Six months is snappy work, dearie."

"Well, I'll just have to give it up," Patricia decided hopelessly. "Could you suggest anything else? Something that's a lot quicker, something that I could start at right away?"

"Well, I posed before I broke in," suggested Miss Angel. She might have added that except at rare intervals, one of which was the present, she had done so ever since.

"Posed?"

"I was a model."

"Oh, yes," said Patricia, glad to be again on more familiar ground. "Gowns."

"Not for mine," said Miss Angel quickly. "You don't catch this Jane among the cats. Listen, girlie. Never work for women. Scrub floors in a building first. I posed for artists."

The blue eyes of Patricia all but popped from her head. For once she felt that "thrilling" was inadequate. She probed for horrifying details.

"Weren't you—weren't you—chilly?"

"Chilly? Oh, now I get you. Not that kind of artists, dearie. I worked for illustrators—cover stuff, mostly. Magazine covers."

Patricia, dashed to earth, nodded listlessly, but became again alert.

"Why can't I do that?" she inquired.

"Sure, you could do it if you want to, but it's a fierce game. You think your back's broke in fourteen places by the time the light gives out."

"Why, it wouldn't be hard to just stand still, would it?"

"Say, dearie, have you ever just stood still?"

Patricia shook her head.

Miss Angel laughed.

"You've got something coming to you. Wait a minute." She took a notebook and pencil from her bag and scribbled for a moment. "Here's the names and addresses of the best men in town. Start at the top of the list and work down. The top ones pay the most. Tell 'em I sent you. They'll grab you with your clothes and looks. Fall for it once, anyway, and see what it's like. I've got a date for Jamaica.

"I don't know how much he'll bet for me—he's new—but I'll take a chance and see. Well, pleased to of met you. There's a lot of class to that suit of yours, dearie, but—don't get sore now—it's from the heart—your make-up's a little pale."

She pressed Patricia's hand warmly as she handed her the paper on which she had scribbled, waved as she descended the stairs, and was gone.

Patricia examined the list with a beating heart, followed Miss Angel from Rossiter's, walked diagonally across Bryant Park and was presently rapping with a brass knocker on a door in the Beaux Arts Building.

"Come in," said a voice.

Patricia opened the door and entered. For a moment she could see nothing. She had come from a dark hallway and the north side of the high-ceilinged room in which she found herself was one huge window. When her eyes had accustomed themselves to the light she observed a man—rather old, she thought—he was nearly thirty—sitting or rather sprawling in a deep chair with one leg thrown over a chair arm and the other stretched out before him. One arm hung straight down until a cigarette smoldering in the fingers of that hand was singeing the fur of a polar-bear skin spread, or rather flung, on the floor. With the other hand he was clutching the hair on the back of his head just above the top of the chair as he frowned through the window at Bryant Park.

Although Patricia had closed the door behind her with a distinctly audible sound the man continued to stare moodily out of the window. Patricia cleared her throat without result.

Then she spoke.

"You're burning the rug," she said with some irritation.

The man moved his cigarette hand automatically away from the bearskin and turned his head. His eyes traveled from the rug to Patricia's neat walking shoes and ankles. They rose until they met her glance. Suddenly he was on his feet.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

Patricia regarded him coldly. All sense of the inferiority she had felt in the presence of her breath-taking luncheon companion had disappeared. She was now confronting merely a man.

"Miss Angel told me to see you," she informed him.

"Miss Angel?" He thought for a moment. "I don't believe I ——"

"Miss Trixie Angel," explained Patricia.

"Oh, yes," said he. And now for some reason he gave her a puzzled look. "You know her?"

"She's a friend of mine," said Patricia proudly; and, with the precious list of names and addresses in her bag, added, "a very good friend."

Once more he surveyed her, this time rapidly, from tip to toe. His puzzled expression had grown to bewilderment when his eyes returned to hers and plunged into their clear blue depths.

"Curious," he muttered to himself; and to Patricia, "Well, what were you to see me about?"

"I'm looking for work," she explained. She recalled an impressive phrase and availed herself of it. "Cover stuff, you know." *(Continued on Page 35)*

*"I Can't Seem to Forget How Much You Got Out of Me, But Keeping Your Mouth Shut Helps a Lot. Most of the Simpering Idiots Try to Talk"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 17, 1921


## Parasites

WITHOUT attempting to speak for scientific medicine it will surely be granted that popular emphasis in the diagnosis and treatment of disease shifts and changes from time to time without much rime or reason. At one time fasting is regarded as the latest wrinkle, at another period raw beef has just as many partisans. Exercise and rest succeed each other in esteem, and drugs go through periods of belief and unbelief.

But curative measures for the body politic are if anything more numerous and more subject to off-and-on seasons. A recently compiled list of proposed measures, which may or may not have good features but for each of which too much of a state approaching heaven on earth has been claimed by overzealous advocates, includes socialism, government ownership, reconstruction—whatever that may be—prohibition, the abolition of money, an increase in the supply of money, free trade, protective tariffs, blue laws, universal education, psychoanalysis, the six-hour day, profit sharing, eugenics, birth control, industrial democracy and universal thrift.

To this list might be added the elimination of the stockholder, this brilliant idea being that the first thing to do to solve the railroad problem, or indeed the industrial problem in general, is to get rid of unproductive, parasitical stockholders, who are said to make no contribution to industry's actual operation and who render no individual services whatever except to supply a certain amount of capital. This would be done presumably by pensioning off, buying out or retiring the stockholder, especially in the railroads.

It is true that with the growth of large-scale industry and great corporations the owner in many cases comes in by the stock exchange or the customers' room of a banking firm, and not by the office or factory door. Investors who perhaps never see the mines or factories in which other men spend a lifetime of toil receive dividends which are sometimes fat and juicy. There is a widening breach between the persons who save capital, the absentee owners, and the managers of business enterprises.

To the extent that stock ownership is unjustly acquired or is used solely as a means to avoid work and indulge in indolent enjoyment it is an evil. Perhaps in England the owners of certain forms of property have become so far removed from the property itself that the situation is both absurd and dangerous. Property has certainly become an attenuated and phantom thing in the hands of dukes who not only do not work but whose only claim to ownership is the fact that many generations ago, long before coal had ever been heard of, an ancestor was given a grant of land by the king.

A permanent and professional leisure class is a knotty problem. But in this country a vastly overwhelming majority of all stockholders in railroads as well as other enterprises do work. There are a few sporadic cases of capitalists who live lives of idleness. But most of the large investors are active business men, manufacturers, merchants, managers, bankers and executives, many of whom work as hard or harder and put in as many or more hours of toil, even though they are known as "owners," than do many "laborers." Among the widespread thrifty, industrial middle class of business and professional men, teachers, and the like, who own stock, few are idle. And as for the millions of wage-earning bank depositors and insurance-company policyholders who indirectly own such a large proportion of all railroad and public-utility securities it goes without saying that, except for the incurably lazy, these people are not idle except when there is no employment to be had. Indeed it may be said with the most literal truthfulness that except for a minute fraction the accumulation of capital in this country is merely incidental to the working life of the stockholder class.

But even if a railroad stockholder happens to be the hardest kind of worker in a dairy or a gas plant he may seem unproductive to the railroad worker because he does not happen to be employed on the railroad. But the railroad, like any other industry, must seek capital where it is to be found. If the railroad man doesn't supply it the dairy worker must. Nor has control of industry ever been successfully divorced from ownership. Those who would cure all the troubles of industry by getting rid of stockholders try to convey the idea that control by stockholders or by the bankers who represent them is something foreign or alien, a recent abuse, which has crept in to disturb former ideal relations.

In the guilds of the Middle Ages the craftsmen controlled the industry, but this was because they owned the tools and not because they were craftsmen. It was easy then for those who worked the tools to own them, for they were few and simple, no other capital was required, markets were local, and there were none of the complications and ramifications of modern industry. But in modern times enough capital can be obtained for an enterprise of any size only from men and women in every walk of life and from a variety of institutions. Capital must be obtained from those who have it, from those who save it.

If the workman at the bench, the foreman in the shop or the salesman on the road chance to have available savings and is attracted to the securities of the company for which he works, then we have, at least in theory, an apparently ideal combination. Nor indeed is such a combination rare in the fields of industry. Many hundreds of large concerns, in recent years especially, have induced their employes to become shareholders. Though the outside stockholder still dominates in the great corporation, nevertheless there are several such enterprises in which tens of thousands of employes have become investors and hold scores of millions of par value stock.

These are but random instances, to which hundreds might be added, all showing that any generalization concerning the ownership of industry by nonproductive, absentee stockholders is far from fact. The truth is that the industries of this country have been financed in a bewildering variety of ways. In some there are no absentee stockholders, and in others there are many. There are stockholders who have been overpaid and others underpaid. There are stock issues which are inequitably watered and others which are undercapitalized. There may have been railroad stockholders in the past who took an unmerited toll, but for quite a number of years now the railroad shareholder has been neither a tax nor a burden upon the public, for the simple reason that he has received few or no dividends. It is a poor sort of parasite that gets no food.

But assume that the glorious day has arrived when the last absentee stockholder has been bought off To prevent outsiders from getting a large return on their money or having any voice in control their capital will have been borrowed only in the form of bonds or other fixed, low-interest-bearing obligations. The employes will have furnished as much capital as possible and they will be getting the large dividends which previously went to absentee stockholders.

But unfortunately even the best managed of industries lose money at times. This country has just gone through a period of tremendous loss on the part of corporations which were supposed to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Thousands of employe stockholders have seen their holdings depreciate in value. "I have no doubt that in very many industries it will be unwise for employes at the present time to attempt to acquire a substantial ownership," says the vice president of a corporation which has gone as far as any in enlisting its workers as owners. "The majority of business concerns are of such a nature that employes will not risk their jobs and their savings by investing in the company. And the attitude of many employers is such that if I were a workman at their bench I should not care to own stock in the business."

Now it is a fundamental principle of corporate administration, known to all men except those who have mush where their brains ought to be, that no business is safe unless it has a margin or buffer to absorb shocks and losses. Every concern must have elasticity in the form of an equity, or, in the everyday language of business life, a stock issue upon the owners of which the losses fall rather than upon the bondholders. Or put in another way, a large part of a company's capital should be in stock, and preferably in common stock, instead of bonds. By way of illustration consider the statement made by an authority on gas and electric companies: "It is comparatively easy to market underlying senior securities of such properties with a good earning record and capable management, but the securing of the 35 per cent of margin between the cost of construction and the proceeds from bonds is a problem of the first magnitude."

But if all outside stockholders are to be bought out, retired and pensioned off, who is going to take up this margin, this shock-absorbing equity? With the possibilities of loss from wars, crop failures, business cycles, panics, famines, and the countless changes which may be brought about by new inventions and processes, is it fair that wage earners should assume the entire risk? Is that what the know-it-all persons desire who advocate getting rid of stockholders? If the outside investing class absorb no losses and if it is manifestly unfair to place them all upon the employes, where are they to fall?

There is only one other place or agency left, which is the Government; and that means taxation, and taxation means the people. Of course that ought to please the stockholders who are bought off, for then they would always be sure of getting the interest on their bonds. Also of course it would please the employes of any industry whose risks are assumed by the Government. There is considerable talk at times about the solidarity of labor. But this solidarity collapses completely when railway workers want government ownership in order that the workers in other trades should make up through taxes what the railroads themselves are unable to earn. But though particular groups, both of workers and capitalists, may see their selfish interests advanced by the government assumption of business risks, it is a mighty rough deal to hand to the public at large.

The stockholder has absorbed some big profits in his time, but likewise he has assimilated tremendous losses. Even if the public at large were willing to take the risks there is nothing to show that the average taxpayer would be anything like as vigilant as even the absentee stockholder in securing capable management, which is the only element that reduces or can reduce risk and loss. Getting rid of the stockholder merely means putting the taxpayer in his place; it means government ownership in one or another form, and less instead of more direct responsibility for getting results. When there is reason to believe that more great industrial leaders of capacity are likely to be developed under government ownership in either its open or its disguised form than at present, then it will be time to talk about abolishing the stockholder.

# SCRAPS FROM A WANDERER'S NOTEBOOK

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

## Shipboard Pests

EVERY steamship bound for Europe carries a number of pests who would never be missed if they were to be washed overboard some night. It may be useful to mention in passing that almost anyone could get along without the superlatively healthy passenger who longs loudly and repeatedly for a heavy storm; without the noisy gentleman who stands over a group of rather pallid women and regales them, between puffs on a large and oily cigar, with quip and crank and breezy anecdote; without the man who engages other people in conversation for the purpose of telling how many times he has crossed the ocean and the salient features of each trip; and without the merry souls whose idea of humor at the dinner table is to give slight imitations of imminent seasickness whenever the ship rolls.

## Inside Information for Tourists

PRICES in England, France, Italy, Constantinople and Athens are fairly high for Americans. Generally speaking, one person pays approximately fifty dollars a week for a room with a bath and his meals in the good hotels. At the noisiest and most richly decorated hotels in London, Paris and Rome—hotels, for example, like the Savoy in London, the Ritz in Paris and the Excelsior in Rome—one pays a great deal more. At smaller hotels in those cities one can be comfortable and have good food for about twenty dollars a week. I have in mind a hotel in Paris that is typical of the small hotels. For a single room without a bath one pays twelve to fourteen francs a day. Breakfast costs two and a quarter francs a day. Then one has his choice of lunch or dinner for eight francs a day, leaving the third meal to be eaten at a restaurant. Since one gets about twelve francs for an American dollar this means that one pays about two dollars a day for a room, breakfast and one other meal. Restaurant prices, generally speaking, are only a little lower than prices in corresponding American restaurants. At one of my pet Parisian restaurants, which is neither large nor fashionable nor high priced, one pays the equivalent of fifteen dollars for a simple but excellent dinner for four people, with a couple of bottles of wine to help things along. Hotel and restaurant bills in most countries are augmented by several additions and taxes—a 10 per cent charge for service, a luxury tax, and similar little pleasantries which cut heavily into the tourist's pocketbook.

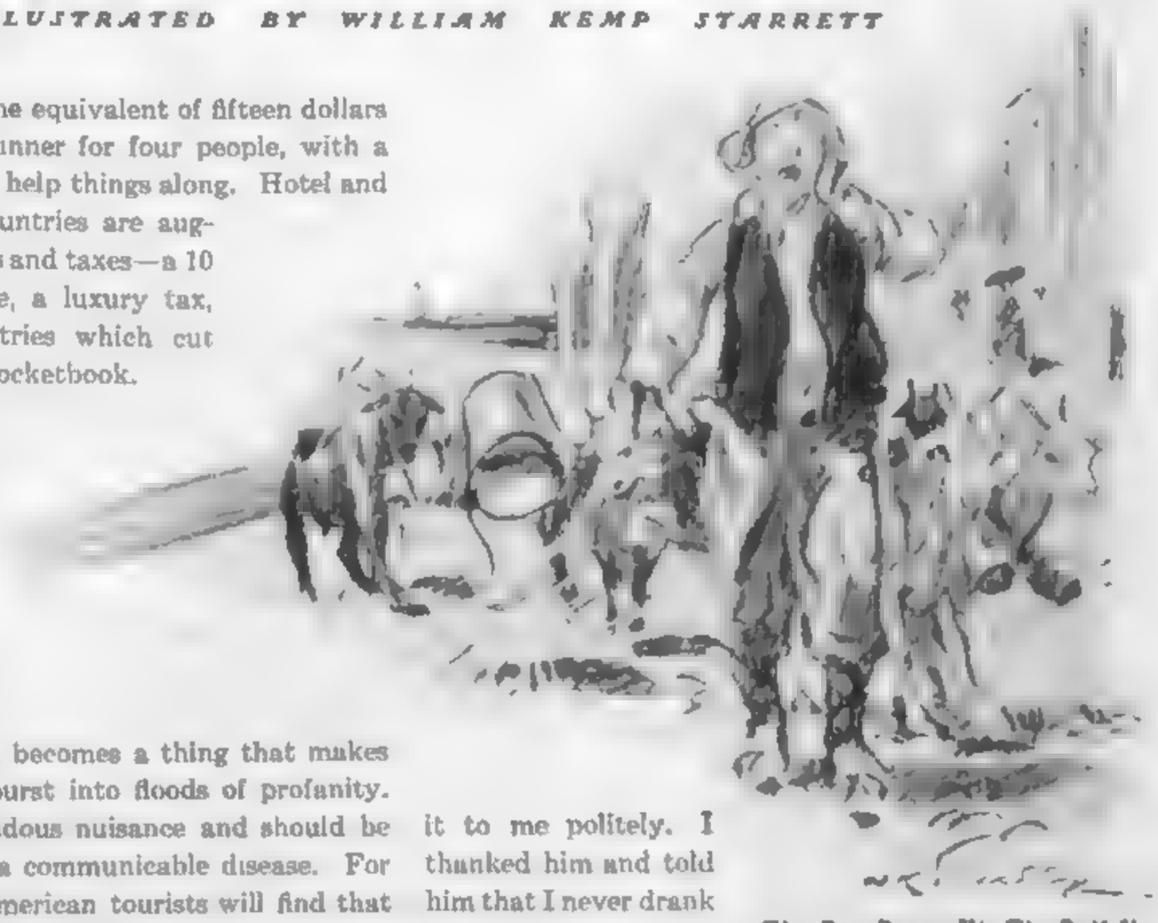
Train travel is about as expensive as in America, and almost as easy and comfortable as it was before the war, unless one happens to run into one of the railroad strikes to which European railway employes devote so much of their time. Then travel becomes a thing that makes the saintliest of travelers burst into floods of profanity. Heavy luggage is a tremendous nuisance and should be avoided as though it were a communicable disease. For still a few years to come American tourists will find that European travel sets their nerves on edge, depletes their pocketbooks to an unexpected degree and fatigues them excessively. Outside of that, it's a pleasant way to spend a vacation.

*The Gentleman Who Stands Over a Group of Pallid Women and Regales Them, Between Puffs on a Cigar, With Breezy Anecdote*

## The European Sleeping Car

THE European sleeping car is known as a wagon-lit, which means bed wagon. It is divided into small staterooms, each of which holds two people. Between Stateroom Number One and Stateroom Number Two there is a neat and compact washroom. There is another between Numbers Three and Four, and another between Numbers Four and Five, and so on. In each washroom there is supposed to be hot and cold water, but usually the hot water is "feeneesh." Sometimes the cold water is feeneesh also. In that case one washes in mineral water unless the passengers have drunk it all, which is not uncommon. Such things, however, do not bother the European, who often has a strong prejudice against the use of water for any purpose whatever.

The experienced European traveler carries a large bottle of strong-smelling liquid which he puts on his face, hands and hair instead of washing. I shared a compartment in Poland with a young Dutch courier, who carried a satchel filled with butter, white bread, mellow cheese and other knickknacks. In the morning he opened the satchel and produced a quart bottle full of a golden liquid. He drew the cork with his teeth and handed it to me politely. I thanked him and told him that I never drank before breakfast. With a puzzled look he poured some of the golden liquid into his hand and sloshed it on his face, dashed a gill or so in his hair, and then rubbed himself briskly with his towel, smelling all the time like the perfume counter of a drug store. He wound up by putting some of it on his handkerchief. Water, however, never touched him.



*The Boy Drags His Tin Pail Up and Down the Water-Front*

The bunks in the wagon-lits protrude a little from the wall when they are opened. The bedclothes are a trifle scant, and can't be tucked in on either side. Consequently, when one rolls to the left his back protrudes from the clothes and is thoroughly chilled; and when one attempts to remedy this by rolling to the right his back protrudes again, and becomes entirely frozen. The floors are covered with warm and mottled-looking carpets, in which lurk the hungriest and most industrious fleas known to science.

## Notes on English Costume

THE Englishwoman has developed a national costume in the past few years. This is known as the jumper—probably so called because it frequently makes the beholder jump, though some claim that its name is due to the fact that it can be jumped into quickly. The jumper is a low-necked affair that hangs down to the hips, and is worn in place of a blouse, a shirt waist or a coat. It has elbow-length sleeves and a belt around the waist, and it is made of all sorts of materials, from the thinnest silk to the heaviest wool. Englishwomen wear jumpers for breakfast, lunch and dinner. They wear them when at home and when traveling. Owing to the fact that all jumpers have the appearance of half-portion dressing sacks, Englishwomen who wear them look at all times as though they were just about to comb their hair or had just finished doing so. Englishwomen also like to wear mannish walking suits made of Scotch tweed. The Englishwomen's tweed walking suits invariably look as though they had been constantly slept in for the past three years.

## Harris Tweed

ONE of the pet suitings in England is Harris tweed. The true Harris tweed is woven on hand looms by the natives of the double-jointed island of Harris and Lewis, which is off the northwestern coast of Scotland. The cloth is always woven in little cottages which are filled all day and all night with reek from peat fires; and when it is

(Continued on Page 36)

# MEN OF AFFAIRS

*Mrs. Barraclough's Hands Went Round the Girl's Shoulders and Held Them Tight. They Were Shaking So*

XII

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE room in which Richard Altar found himself was of modest size and unpretentious in decoration. Its walls were paneled in white, and beside the fireless grate was a second door leading to a small bedroom. There were no curtains to the windows, which were closely shuttered, the shutters themselves being made of steel plates riveted together and held in place by a series of dropping bars. Apparently some system of burglar alarm had been installed, an exceptionally large electric bell being fitted in the framing where normally the cornice poles would have run. Glancing over his shoulder Richard observed the absence of a handle to the door through which he had been admitted. A plain deal table occupied the center of the room, with a couple of hard upright kitchen chairs, one on each side. There was no carpet nor any rug upon the floor. A single unshaded electric light bulb hung from the ceiling.

"Hospitable sort of place," he remarked, and passed through to the bedroom, the door of which was on a spring and closed behind him.

Beyond the presence of a bed of extremely uncomfortable appearance the same severity confronted him. There was neither washstand nor dressing table, chair nor picture. Nothing to read, nothing to look at. The windows were shuttered and, as in the other room, a single light point was the only illumination. High up above the bed was the mouthpiece of what looked like a motor horn. This and an iron ventilating register let into the wall a couple of feet away from the pillow were the only objects that provided any variety in the way of decoration.

The atmosphere of the place, though chilly, had a distinct sense of oppression. There was no vitality in the air—it breathed mossy and damp.

"Do with an open window," said Richard, and moved toward the shutters.

He had hardly covered half the distance when the light went out with startling suddenness. There was something distinctly odd and eerie in the absolute darkness in which he found himself. He stretched out a hand and felt for the nearest wall like a blind man, groped his way to the door and opened it. But the other room was also in pitchy blackness.

"Fuse gone somewhere," he conjectured. "May as well try and get to a chair and wait till the lights come on."

Roughly memorizing the position of the furniture, he made for the center of the room with hands extended. The effort was a failure and brought him to the opposing wall. Accordingly he turned and tried again on a slightly altered course. He had hardly taken three steps when he received a shock. His left hand touched something rough but soft. There was a sense of warmth about it but no movement. Richard started violently and caught his breath.

"What's that?" he cried.

But there was no answer.

Standing very still, he listened. The house was deathly silent and he could almost hear the pulsing of his heart. Then very faintly he became aware of another sound, the gentle hiss of a man breathing.

"Now we know where we are," thought Richard, bracing himself up. "Sneaked in while I was looking at the bedroom, I suppose. Not going to let those idiots frighten me with bogy tricks."

As quietly as possible he went down on all fours and ran his fingers across the floor boards in a semicircle. They had not traveled very far before encountering the hard edge of a boot sole. That was good enough for Richard. Judging the distance nicely, he seized its owner's ankle in an iron grip and springing to his feet lifted it high into the air and flung it backward. There was a squeal and a crash as the chair went over, and Richard broke into a laugh.

"Look here, Laurence," he said, "I've had enough of your practical jokes to-night. You'll get hurt one of these days if you go on being so funny."

And without warning the lights went up.

Laurence was scrambling to his feet, rubbing the back of his head ruefully, and there were two other men in the room. The first was a stranger to Richard, and the second, who stood by the door, was one of the servants. The stranger was a shrewd-looking young man of moderately prepossessing appearance. He nodded to Richard as to an old acquaintance.

"We meet again," he remarked affably, "though you don't appear to recognize me."

"Well, you're not much to remember," replied Richard, whose temper was a little frayed.

"My name is Smith. Had the honor of sharing your taxi to Hendon the other day. You were good enough to ask me in for a drink."

It was clearly the moment to be noncommittal.

"If you've come to get it," said Richard, "you'll be unlucky."

"Just thought I'd like to take a look at you, that's all."

He rose to his feet, for he had been occupying the second chair, and scanned Richard's face closely. A shadow of perplexity showed in the wrinkles of his forehead.

"Sorry I'm not looking my best," said Richard with an uneasy feeling of having been detected.

"H'm!" said the young man called Smith. "I'm not very often wrong about things like that, but I can't remember those humorous lines at the corners of your eyes."

"Ah," said Richard, "but I hadn't seen the humor of the situation when last we met."

"Bad light, I suppose," the young man nodded. "Still, it's rather surprising. Thanks, Mr. Laurence, I think that'll do. Good night, sir."

"Oh, good night. Drop in whenever you feel like it."

"I may." He moved toward the door, then turned suddenly. "By the way, I've a message for you."

"Yes?"

"Pineapple." He spoke the word incisively.

Richard shook his head.

"Haven't the smallest idea what you mean," he said; "but not to seem lacking in appreciation, bananas or any other fruit you've a fancy for."

(Continued on Page 24)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

# How good they taste!

Added to the rich, full bean flavor you like so much, is the spicy tang from juicy tomatoes! When you eat Campbell's Beans you completely satisfy your hunger and enjoy a deliciously tasty dish. Beans of best quality are slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible and wholesome. And then made doubly appetizing by their famous tomato sauce.

## 12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

The door opened and closed behind the three retreating forms, and once again the room was plunged into darkness.

The business of getting into bed was embarrassed by the constant reverses of light into darkness and back again. There appeared to be no specified period for either—sometimes the light would burn ten minutes, sometimes two, and sometimes would merely flash up and down. A more successful irritant could hardly have been devised. The shock of the extreme contrast was in itself enough to infuriate an ordinary individual. Richard would gladly have accepted total darkness in preference to the blinding changes. This, however, was no part of his tormentors' program; it was clearly evident they intended to prey upon his nerves as actively as possible. He reflected that no doubt many other devices were in preparation to induce him to speak. There was this talk of pineapple, which appeared to carry with it some kind of threat.

"Pineapple. Why the deuce should pineapple loosen a man's tongue?" he said aloud as he struggled into a pair of pajamas that had been laid on the bed. "Might make his mouth water perhaps, but——"

At this particular moment the lights came on and he was able to finish undressing and nip between the sheets before the darkness fell again.

He observed with satisfaction that there was nothing funny about the bed. It was soft and cushy, and there were ample coverings. It was vastly more comfortable than the bench which had supported him during the preceding nights, and this in itself was something to be grateful for. After all, even if these earnest financiers perpetrated a few ill-humored practical jokes upon him, he was being absurdly overpaid to endure them.

Five thousand pounds for a fortnight's badgering. Who wouldn't put up with a bit of discomfort for that? The wily Hun had handed him over far more substantial terrors than these gentlemen were likely to command, and his pay for enduring them had worked out at approximately three pound ten a week. He fell to considering in what manner he would invest his earnings, and a very attractive farming scheme in New Zealand began to formulate prettily. Farming had always appealed to him, and there was a spot in the Canterbury district which had taken his fancy when he had visited the South Island. There were green plains there and lettuce-green woods, and it was watered by a network of fast-running streams, great and little, where fat rainbow trout sunned themselves in the shallows or leaped and jostled where the water tumbled creaming over rock and bowlder. Gad! it would be something like to build one's house in such surroundings—and maybe later on to marry and ——

It was the word "marry" that switched his thoughts up another channel, and in imagination found him once again standing beside the girl with the splendid eyes who had called at Barraclough's flat two hours before.

"Wish she wasn't mixed up in this outfit," he said to himself. "A girl like that! Perfectly ripping creature. By jing! Put her alongside a man after her own heart—some decent fellow with the pluck to stand up against that wayward strain—and there might be a good deal of happiness knocking around for the pair of them. I suppose that ass Barraclough turned her down. Pretty hard to please. Wonder if he got away all right. Ripping scent she used. Coty, I believe, something Jacqueminot."

As a man will who is trying to revive the impression of a scent, he sniffed the air gently with his eyes shut, only to open them with an expression of surprise. Surely it was no imagination, but the odor of Rose Jacqueminot, faint and exquisite, seemed to hang in the air. Thin waves of it growing and diminishing in intensity were wafted across his head almost as though directed from a spray.

"If that isn't the oddest thing!" he gasped. "Now I wonder ——"

The light flashed up for a second—just long enough to reveal the fact that the room was empty.

"Damn funny!" he said, and sat up in bed puzzling.

He remained thus for several minutes, but no solution to the mystery presented itself. Moreover, the scent had gone from the air and nothing but the memory remained.

"Suppose I can't have been fool enough to imagine it. Never heard of a man being haunted by a perfume."

He lowered his head to the pillow, feeling, for no explainable reason, strangely disquieted, only to rise again almost instantly, exclaiming: "'T any rate, this is no imagination!"

For the reek of onions was in the air—gross and nauseous. You could have cut it with a knife.

Probably Richard's most violent antipathy was for the smell of onions. He abhorred it as the devil abhors virtue. With an exclamation of disgust he disappeared beneath the bedclothes and stuffed the sheet into his mouth. He lay thus for a long while before venturing to emerge and sample the air. To his relief he found the detestable taint had vanished and the atmosphere had recovered its original slightly tomby flavor.

*"Oh, Lord Almont, Wish You'd Explain the Situation to Me—Can't Understand it at All"*

"That's a blessing, anyway," he said. "I suppose it's no use wondering how it's done or why it's done. Better get to sleep and ask questions in the morning."

And quite unexpectedly he found he was afraid—filled with a kind of nameless dread, a horrible prescience of some villainy about to happen. There was a motive in this program of changing scents, a deeper significance than the mere will to annoy. He knew, without even asking himself how he knew, that the smell of pineapple would be next. But why he should fear pineapple was not at the moment apparent. He only knew that when it came he would have to command every nerve to prevent crying out.

Sitting up in bed he sniffed the air tentatively.

"Nothing!" Sniff. "No, nothing." Sniff. "Wait a bit; wasn't that —— No." Sniff. "No."

And then it came—pungent, acrid, bitter-sweet, gathering in intensity second by second.

With a stifled cry he clapped both hands over his mouth and swung a leg to the floor. His eyes wide open in the dark began to sting violently. He caught his breath and burst into a spasm of coughing. Somewhere from the wall by the bedside came the faint sound of gas hissing from a cylinder.

"Phosgene!" shouted Richard Frencham Altar. "You dirty swine! Phosgene!"

It is a smell that once learned can never be forgotten—a smell pregnant with memories. As it invades the nostrils the doors of a dreadful past fly open. The white mist hanging over the sunken road, the clangor of beaten shell cases ringing out alarm, the whistle of the warning rockets and the noise of men choking in the spongy fog.

Richard struggled back to the farthest corner of the room. He had picked up his shirt and thrust it over his mouth and nostrils, but even so, his lungs were nearly bursting. "You rotten, rotten swine!" he repeated. "I'll make you pay for this."

And a voice answered out of the dark:

"If you find the atmosphere oppressive, Mr. Barraclough, why not go into the next room? It's perfectly clear in there. But don't wait to collect your blankets, because we're going to intensify this little lot."

There followed a louder hissing from the cylinder, and Richard waited for no more. Somehow he located the door, dashed through into the adjoining room, and fell gasping on the uncovered boards. For several minutes he made no effort to rise, then he sat up and shivered. The air was like ice. A bitter freezing draft swept across him, cold as a winter spray.

His inquisitors were following up an advantage. There was to be no remission in the warfare. Dark, poison and cold. These were the instruments of torture devised to make him speak.

Richard struggled to his feet and stood with clenched hands.

"All right, my lads," he said. "You go ahead, but I'll see you damned before I talk."

He could hear the ice-cold wind whining through the registers as though in derision of his boast. It cut him to the bone through his thin silk pajamas.

For the rest of the night Richard Frencham Altar paced the floor, stamping his feet and beating one hand against the other.

### XIII

WHEN the young man named Smith left Laurence's house after his interview with Richard he was slightly angry and not a little puzzled. The cause of his perplexity was the humorous lines around Richard's eyes, and the cause of his anger was his failure to have noted them when first they met in the taxi and traveled home together on the Golders Green tube.

He had remarked on the peculiarity of this circumstance when he found Hipps and Van Diest in the dining room, and had received no other comment than a snub from the American for his lack of observation.

These two gentlemen were in a state of exaggerated well-being induced by enthusiasm over the capture they had made. Hipps was laying odds that after a course of treatment Anthony Barraclough would not only give away the secret but would breathe his first sweetheart's pet name. Van Diest was more concerned with details for the flotation of the future radium company.

They appeared to regard the intrusion of Mr. Smith as a nuisance.

"Seems to me, gentlemen," he said, "there's something queer about the whole business. Barraclough was known to be starting to-night—and instead you succeed in laying him by the heels."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing—except that it was all so infernally easy. Then again, the fellow seems in such high spirits."

Van Diest wrinkled his forehead and nodded at this, but Hipps waved it aside.

"Take it from me, he's in darn sight lower spirits than he wants us to think. Anthony's a sport, and he'll sure pull the cucumber act as long as the cool weather lasts."

"You may be satisfied, but I'm not! You don't think he'd have given the information to anyone else?"

Van Diest looked at the young man with a pitying smile.

"If you wass possessed millions and millions of pounds, my friend, iss it very likely you would trust anyone to look after it?"

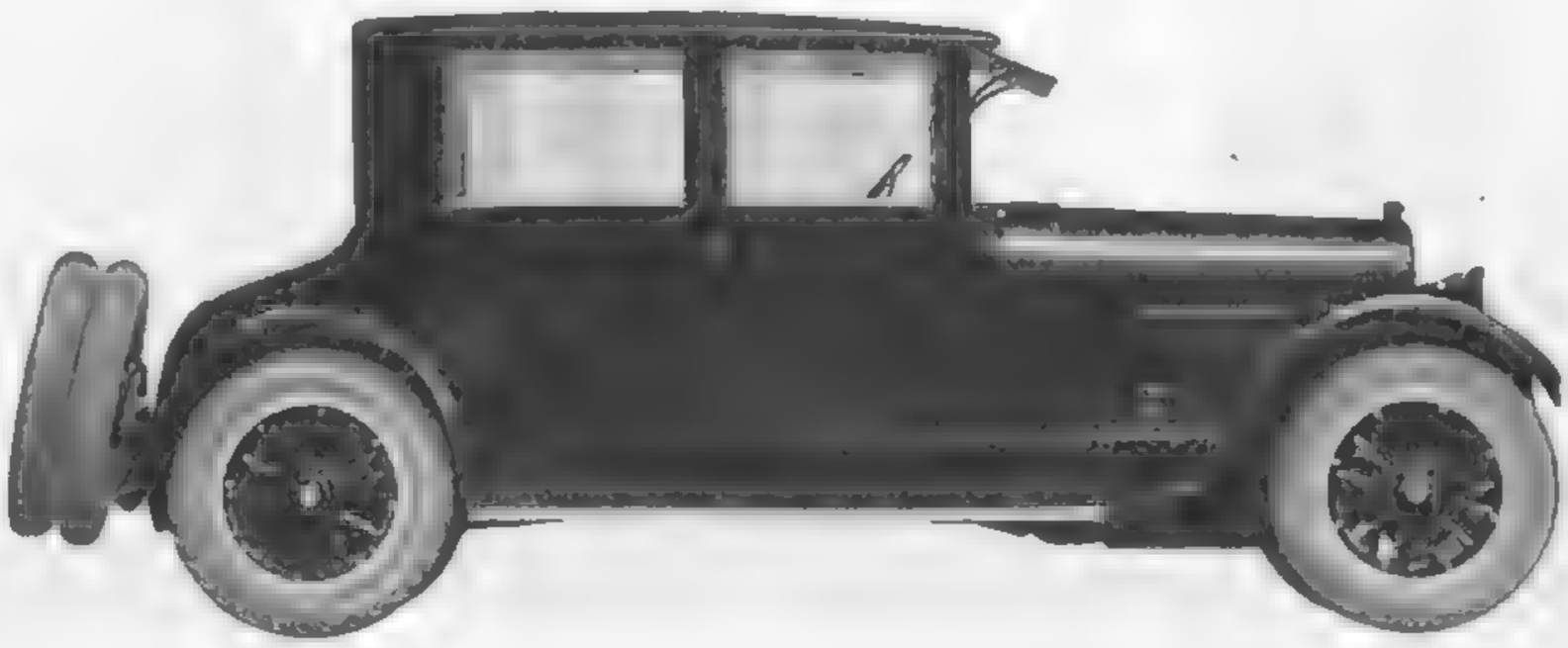
"Perhaps not."

"Very well, then."

"Still, I'm sure there's something fishy. If I might be allowed to investigate ——"

But Van Diest negatived this suggestion very heartily. He argued that persons prying about at this stage of the game would bring suspicions on themselves.

(Continued on Page 26)



THE CADILLAC FIVE-PASSENGER COUPE

The Five Passenger Coupé, a newcomer in the Cadillac line, has won enthusiastic popularity.

The pronounced ease and riding qualities, which are so highly perfected in the Type 61, are enhanced to a marked degree in this car.

The seating space is cradled between the axles, and the sensations of smooth comfort and steadiness, so characteristic of the Cadillac, are greatly emphasized.

The new car is noteworthy because of its companionableness for the small intimate group.

The front seats are individual chairs, and the one at the driver's right tilts to provide very ample entrance space through the wide doorway.

It is roomy, yet it is compact and cozy. It provides the greatest comfort for four, but is commodious enough to accommodate five.

Its well-balanced design has occasioned favorable comment everywhere it has been shown.

There is no doubt that this is one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful Cadillac models; and underneath the handsome exterior are the many mechanical refinements and the bed-rock dependability, characteristic of the Cadillac.

# CADILLAC

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

*The Standard of the World*

(Continued from Page 24)

"Mr. Torrington and all those peoples are very happy to believe that Barraclough hass given us the slip. 'S no goot to make them miserable."

"Still, if—without attracting attention ——"

"You run along and play," said Hipps.

And so the interview ended.

Smith was heartily offended to be brushed aside in this fashion. He had served his employers faithfully and with sound intelligence. Practically the entire control of the ring which had prevented Barraclough's escape on the preceding days had been in his hands. Earlier in the night he had received telephone instructions to call off his watchers, and having done so he had driven over to Laurence's house to satisfy himself that all was in order.

It was quite absurd he should be assailed by these feelings of doubt. Barraclough had been caught and there the matter ended. But in his own mind it refused to end. Why hadn't Barraclough put up a fight, and how had Barraclough grown funny lines round his eyes? These were mysteries which for his own peace he was bound to elucidate.

It was four o'clock when he got to bed, but he was up again in good time next morning, roughly sketching out a program for the day.

At 9:15 precisely he was standing by the ticket barrier at Liverpool Street Station awaiting the arrival of the Woodford train. Presently it steamed alongside the platform, and one of the first persons to get out was Nugent Cassis.

He was swinging his cane and, *mirabile dictu*, he was whistling. In his buttonhole he wore a flower.

From a distance Smith had studied Nugent Cassis on many previous occasions and knew his peculiarities by heart; also, he knew that there was no single precedent for this rare display of jauntiness.

Smith shook his head hopelessly. It was inconceivable with all their immense resources that Torrington's crowd had set no watch on Barraclough's movements overnight. Surely they must be aware that his intended flight had been frustrated. Why, Barraclough's servant Doran would surely have rung up and informed them. He was confident that somewhere a breakdown had occurred.

As he passed by, Nugent Cassis said good morning to the ticket collector—a thing he had never done before.

Harrison Smith got into a taxi and drove to Shepherd Street, Mayfair. He sent up his card by the parlor maid with the request that Miss Craven would grant him an interview. He was asked to wait and was kept waiting the best part of three-quarters of an hour while Auriole completed her toilet. When at last she entered she did not show the least enthusiasm for his presence but asked rather shortly what he wanted.

"I'm tired," she added, "so be as quick as you can."

"All right," he said "It's only this: You were an old flame of Barraclough's?"

"Well?"

"How long is it since last you met?"

"Until last night—four years, I suppose."

"H'm! Had he changed at all?"

"Changed?"

"In appearance—er—manner."

She tapped her chin thoughtfully.

"Bit more amusing perhaps; less of a prig."

"Ah!" said Smith "Go on—anything else?"

"He seemed to have learned how to smile."

Harrison Smith leaped to his feet and paced up and down.

"I knew I was right," he said, "but what the deuce does it mean? Anything else to tell me?"

"Yes. Sit down, for heaven's sake. My head's aching and you irritate me walking about."

He obeyed and continued his interrogation

"In love with him once, weren't you?"

"Once," she replied.

"And you've no very good reason for wishing him well?"

"I've a very particular reason for wishing him ill."

"H'm! His engagement to Miss Irish?"

"Perhaps."

"How did you come to be mixed up in this affair?"

"I happened to know Mr. Hipps and heard what was going on through him. It was my idea—kidnaping Anthony. Doubt if they'd have had the nerve to think of it for themselves."

"D'you think they'll get him to talk?"

"I don't think they will get him to talk," she replied; "but ——"

"Yes?"

"But I could. He's a tough proposition among men, but a woman can worm a secret out of him. At least ——" She stopped and shook her head.

"Yes?"

"That used to be my impression."

"Has it altered, then?"

"I'm not quite so certain as I used to be. He was different last night."

Harrison Smith leaned forward. "Tell me," he said very earnestly, "did you notice anything queer about his eyes?"

"I don't know."

"Try to remember."

"Four years is a long while."

"But to a woman like you."

"I believe something struck me; they puckered at the corners a bit—rather attractively."

"That's it!" said Harrison Smith. "That's exactly it. Lord, I wish I could understand."

"What's troubling you?"

"Just a crazy idea—probably it's nonsense. By the way, I've had orders from our employers to leave it alone, so you'd do me a kindness by saying nothing of this visit."

"All right," she replied listlessly. "But I don't see ——"

"It's solid in my head that a muddle has been made; and between you and me I'm going to sift it out."

"I shouldn't," said Auriole. "You won't be thanked for disobeying orders."

"Must take a chance of that," he answered. "Only learned yesterday what it was all about, and the size of the deal has got me gasping."

"Pretty tremendous, isn't it?"

"Big enough to be worth taking some private trouble over. You don't imagine Barraclough would have deputed anyone else to get the concession?"

She shook her head.

"Neither do I. But if it isn't that, why does his crowd sit still and grin?"

"I suppose they don't know of his capture."

"Maybe. 'T any rate, it's what our folk believe. I have my own views."

"Tell me."

"They're a trifle too fantastic for publication yet a while." He rose and buttoned his gloves. "There's to be a meeting at Lord Almont's flat this morning. I'm going to hang about and study character."

"Better not be seen."

"Trust me. I'll take cover in the motor showrooms on the street level and watch 'em as they come out."

"H'm! Good-by." And she held out her hand.

"*Au 'voir.* You look a bit down this morning."

"Don't feel up to much."

He scanned her face quizzically.

"Those tender feelings haven't revived, have they?"

"What do you mean?"

"For friend Barraclough."

"Idiot!" she retorted. "As if I had any feelings."

"He's a decent-looking chap."

"Oh, go away!" she said.

And he went, smiling.

Auriole waited until the front door closed, then picked up the telephone receiver and gave a number.

"I want to speak to Lord Almont Frayne. . . . Oh, is it? . . . Good morning. . . . Yes, that's right. A B. was kidnaped last night at 12:30. They've taken him to Laurence's house in Totteridge. . . . What? . . . Yes, perfectly satisfied. One of their agents, a man named Harrison Smith, has been here a minute ago. He seems to be suspicious about something. Thinks you all seem too contented. He'll be hanging about outside your flat this morning. . . . Yes, that's all. Oh, Lord Almont, wish you'd explain the situation to me—can't understand it at all. Wouldn't make any difference. . . . No, but what was to be gained by letting Anthony Barraclough be kidnaped? If you won't say it doesn't matter, but it seems stupid not to trust one's own side. . . . Oh, Mr. Cassis. I doubt if he'd trust himself. 'By!"

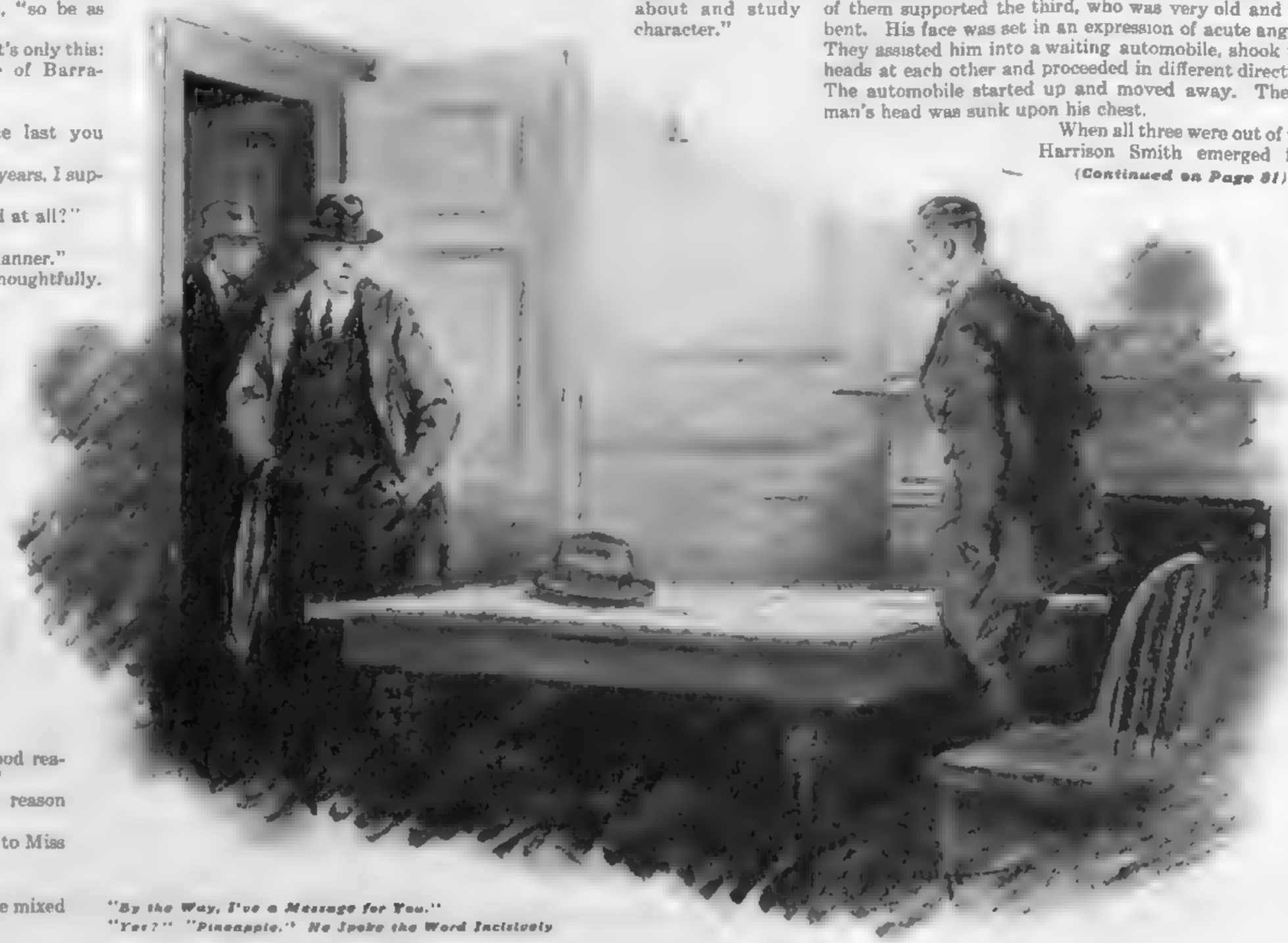
She hung up the receiver with a little gesture of annoyance and crossed to the writing table. From a small drawer above the pigeonholes she took a photograph of a man in flannels. It was signed "Yours for keeps, Tony." She read the inscription and smiled—and it was not a very kindly smile.

Harrison Smith, as a prospective buyer, proved extremely tiresome to the staff of the motor showrooms in Park Lane. He shilly-shallied from one car to another, asking rather stupid questions for the best part of two hours. The exquisitely dressed salesman poured forth his eulogies in vain. Nothing could make Mr. Smith decide. He would listen attentively to long recitals of the respective virtues of this make and that, and then would gaze out into the street as though lost in contemplation. In the midst of listening to a highly technical discourse on the subject of cantilever springs, without a word of warning he leaped into the interior of a big limousine and closed the door behind him.

The salesman looked at Mr. Smith in amazement, but Mr. Smith was looking into the street, along which three very serious-looking men were slowly progressing. Two of them supported the third, who was very old and very bent. His face was set in an expression of acute anguish. They assisted him into a waiting automobile, shook their heads at each other and proceeded in different directions. The automobile started up and moved away. The old man's head was sunk upon his chest.

When all three were out of view Harrison Smith emerged from

(Continued on Page 81)



*"By the Way, I've a Message for You."*
*"Yes?" "Pineapple." He Spoke the Word Incisively*

# Two constant dangers—

## *We now know that food must protect us against them—*

## How science has revolutionized the selection of the food we eat • •

IT is now known that there are two dangers constantly threatening our health—not having our body tissues built up and not ridding the body of poisonous waste matter.

Science has discovered that medicine cannot do this for us—that it is our daily food which must supply these great body needs.

But many American meals lack the life-giving elements which build up body tissues and the elements which eliminate waste matter.

Statistics show that every year thousands of men and women still young die of old-age diseases. Scientists say that faulty habits of eating deprived them of the food factors necessary to build up health and maintain resistance to disease.

*A familiar food with wonderful health-giving properties*

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For yeast is the richest known source of the new-found vitamine which experts maintain is lacking in many of our foods. Because of its freshness it helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

There are many delicious ways of serving Fleischmann's Yeast. It combines excellently with jams as a sandwich or cracker spread. It is good in all kinds of soft drinks. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.* Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to serve.

Fresh yeast has received general attention from the public since recent scientific tests have proved that fresh yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast. *Beware of untested yeast-vitamine preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures.* Fleischmann's Yeast (fresh) is a pure food, rich in vitamine, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals. *The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.*

*Eat Fleischmann's Yeast spread on bread, dissolved in milk or water, or just plain.*

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon at the right, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. RR-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.

### *Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food*

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

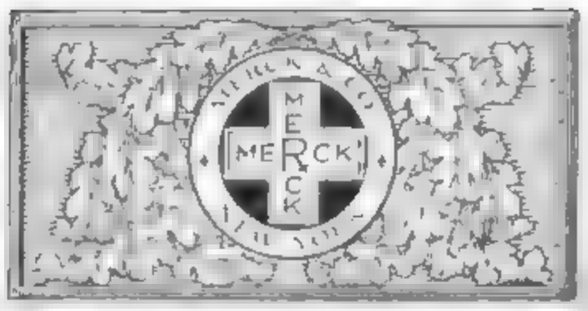
Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

### *Skin disorders cleared up*

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Mail this coupon with 4c in stamps

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. RR-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly)
Name
Street
City — State




*For a Real Antiseptic Shampoo*

Use a quart of warm water, any good toilet soap, and Creolin-Pearson (half a teaspoonful). Mix well. After the shampoo, rinse thoroughly in fresh warm water.

*Cleansing Soothing Invigorating*

Combs and Brushes are often neglected. Wash them every week in Creolin solution to keep them sanitary.

Get an Original Bottle of

CREOLIN-PEARSON

*The Household Antiseptic*

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

# EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 13)

maintained that since they have to buy the indemnity money with new German marks, the operation automatically sends the mark down and the dollar up. Right here you have one of the principal contentions that German financiers make against the existing indemnity system.

France's share of the reparation is 52 per cent; England's, 22 per cent; Italy's, 10 per cent; Belgium's, 8 per cent; Japan's, .75 per cent; and Portugal's, .75 per cent. The remainder will be held as a sort of reserve fund and will in time be allocated among Greece, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia. A considerable portion of the first 1,000,000,000 has been devoted to paying the expenses of the armies of occupation.

In connection with the overhead cost of these armies is a grimly humorous fact. Germany is the only one of the important European powers without an immense expenditure for army and navy. The peace treaty restricts her land forces to 100,000, and this is largely constabulary. Her sea influence is practically wiped out. The irony of the situation is that although she has no armed forces herself, she is paying the upkeep of an immense army quartered on her soil. The Reparations Commission has estimated that up to May first last the total cost of the French, British, Belgian, American and Italian armies in Germany was approximately 5,000,000,000 French francs. At normal parity this would be $1,000,000,000. The cost of the American forces is put at $278,000,000, or an average of $4.50 a day for each man. Great Britain has rolled up a bill of £53,000,000; France, 2,300,000,000 francs; Belgium, 379,000,000 Belgian francs; and Italy, 15,000,000 French francs.

### Industrial Handicaps

It is one thing to fix reparation and another to collect it. Hence the vital question arises: Can Germany pay all that is demanded of her?

Obviously Germany's ability to pay rests largely upon the expansion of her foreign trade. A favorable balance, combined with taxation, is the logical asset available for indemnity settlement. In order to meet the fixed charges, which with amortization aggregate 3,000,000,000 gold marks a year—$750,000,000—she must more than treble her exports and at the same time greatly curtail the imports of 1920.

Let us consider the trade item first. The difficulty here was best expressed to me by one of the leading German manufacturers, who said:

"If we pay all the indemnity that the Entente demands we shall become the most powerful industrial people in the world, and must do approximately 60 per cent of all the foreign trade. In one sense the Allies rendered us a great service by imposing this indemnity. If they had said to Germany 'Plant potatoes,' we should perish.

"But how can Germany restore or even expand her old foreign trade when England and France enact drastic antidumping legislation and America puts up a tariff wall. In addition we will have to contend with a strong anti-German sentiment for many years to come. With these obstacles our foreign trade is more likely to be reduced than to be expanded. If we are to be reduced to a third-rate productive power, how can we pay with production?"

This matter of foreign trade in its relation to reparation bristles with difficulties.

When Lloyd George was giving his pledge before the British election of 1919 he made the following statement in connection with the German indemnity: "We are not going to allow Germany to pay in such a way as to wreck our industries."

Here you have a fine opening for further entanglement.

If Germany is to increase the volume of exports so as to enable her to meet the indemnity installments, she automatically becomes the fiercest competitor that the Allied governments could possibly have in the markets of the world. I could illustrate with a dozen items. The all-important commodity of aniline dyes will serve. England, France and the United States developed a considerable dye industry during the war. In all these three countries it represents an investment to-day of considerably more than $1,000,000,000. Hundreds of factories have sprung up. Germany leans heavily on dyes to build up the proceeds of her foreign trade. The Allies must therefore decide between curtailing their own dye business and eliminating one bulwark of the indemnity. What is true of dyes is equally true of potash—the French now have a big field in Lorraine—magnetos, optical glass and instruments of precision.

The second item in the category of handicaps to expansion of German exports is to be found in coal. If Germany continues to supply France and Italy with this all-essential mineral, as she is required to do under the treaty, it will cut a big hole in the British export. It means that the Welsh product, for example, must seek new and more remote markets. Already American coal has put a dent in the British coal trade in the Mediterranean and in South America. France has had the unique experience of having so much German coal that she has been forced to sell some of it to the producers at a greatly reduced price.

So much for what might be called the purely industrial aspect. A far more serious obstacle to Germany's ability to continue the reparation installments lies in the fiscal system employed. Instead of raising money through a surplus of production and taxation, as sound economics dictate, she has done it so far with the printing press. Every dollar paid to the Reparations Commission has been bought with new marks that have flowed in a steady stream from the printers. These presses cannot be worked all the time, and when the halt comes something that resembles repudiation is likely to follow. Already the mark has gone down to half a cent, and it is almost directly due to the incessant manufacture of new money.

When I discussed this problem with Hugo Stinnes in Berlin his comment was:

"The system of paying reparation with new German marks will inevitably lead Germany into bankruptcy. It must be changed if the Allies expect to get anything like the reparation they have demanded. Every time we buy foreign exchange to meet an indemnity installment the mark sinks still lower and the dollar and the pound go up. It is not only economically unfair to us but it will keep European finance in a perpetual state of disorder."

It is not surprising that with the completion of payment of the first 1,000,000,000 gold marks of indemnity the Germans began to raise the cry, "We have reached the limit and must default most of the subsequent payments." What they call a moratorium for reparations is suggested, and the German propaganda machine is being enlisted in the cause. The Silesian decision and the crisis that followed gave the moratorium crowd a good talking point.

### An Indemnity Holiday

The German is one of the prize imitators of the world, and perhaps he got the idea of an indemnity holiday from the widespread talk of a naval recess. Anyhow, a strong body of opinion, in which the monarchists and junkers have a conspicuous part, is working tooth and nail to obtain a rest from reparation.

The plan, as the Germans see it, is extremely simple. They maintain that their effort to pay the first 1,000,000,000 gold marks, though successful, sent the paper mark way down. Every successive attempt to fulfill a similar obligation will be accompanied by the same strain. Sooner or later complete financial collapse will ensue. This is against the Allied interest, since Germany's purchasing power shrinks with the falling mark. Therefore, the stabilization of the mark demands what the Teutonic bankers unite in terming a breathing spell. Such a respite is to be had through a reparation moratorium for a year. The more modest of the Berlin financiers will be satisfied with a six months' vacation.

There can, of course, be no moratorium of this kind without the tacit approval of the Reparations Commission. In view of the collapse of the mark they might give the Germans a brief respite to enable them to get their bearings.

A real impediment to indemnity payment is the problem of finding a market for the reparation bonds. England, France, Italy and Belgium, as well as the smaller Allied countries, each receive a proportion of the bonds equal to their share of the indemnity. These bonds, however, must be sold. This is the task that confronts the various governments to-day. The Allies need ready money, and it is therefore important that purchasers be found without delay. Where are they to come from?

The British do not burn with desire for them, because they do not want to strengthen their industrial competitors in Germany. The French and Italians are shy of funds, and they, too, are eliminated. The opportunity, therefore, narrows down to the Germans themselves, who may buy for patriotic or other reasons, and finally investors in neutral countries. These neutrals, however, would want some concession in the shape of an attractive price. To lower the price would reduce the proceeds. It is a case of being between the devil and the deep blue sea.

On the other hand Germany has large assets, and with the exercise of the ingenuity to which her people are no strangers she can pay the price of her folly. The Wirth taxation program will help considerably. It provides for a gross revenue of approximately 85,000,000,000 paper marks. Since the expenditures for the fiscal year, including the reparation installments, will be considerably more than 100,000,000,000 marks, it is expected that the deficit can be met by increasing the export tax on coal and taxing the difference between the home and foreign coal prices.

### The Asset of a High Birth Rate

Taxes are tripled and in many instances quadrupled. The heaviest burdens are placed on incomes, sugar, beer, tobacco, matches, mineral waters, bets on races, automobiles and coal. One novel feature is what has come to be known as the expropriation of private property. Under it all property will be compelled to give a bonus to the state. It comes dangerously near to confiscation. Altogether there are fifteen different tax bills, each worked out with a multitude of detail that would be baffling to anyone but a German.

German industry can well pay its share of the overhead, whether exports increase on a large scale or not. Every German trust, to say nothing of independent concerns, reeks with orders for goods. The low price of the mark is an advantage rather than otherwise to Teutonic production, because it lessens the price of labor. Magnates of the Stinnes type have so far been able to evade drastic taxation, as their expansion was looked upon as a patriotic contribution to the general national welfare. They will now have to come across.

A third source of income is the German customs, now augmented because the Allies have lifted the so-called sanctions, or penalties, imposed last spring when Germany balked at reparation payments. These sanctions not only included the occupation of Düsseldorf and Duisberg but established a customs barrier on the right bank of the Rhine.

It made the Allies economic dictators of the Rhineland. The Germans have always called the left bank of the Rhine the Hole in the West, for the reason that so many dutiable articles were smuggled through from France and Belgium. The sanctions only widened it. This hole is now practically closed, and it means a considerable addition to the German revenue.

No German asset, however, is comparable to her tremendous birth rate. You cannot walk a step on a German street without tumbling over half a dozen tots. Last year added nearly 1,000,000 babies to the population. The German child is trained for his task early in life by the best vocational system yet devised. No time is lost in making him a productive member of society.

In this connection I am reminded of an apt retort made by a clever American woman to former Premier Viviani last summer.

The French statesman declared that Germany must be humbled and reduced to a third-rate industrial power, whereupon the lady replied:

"You can never humble Germany until you sterilize her birth rate, and by the same token you can never raise France to

(Continued on Page 30)

# fresh from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Unless stamped like this it is not an Educator
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes

A Real Christmas Idea!

GIVE them a thing they can't see, touch, hear, smell—and yet something that can bless them all their lives.

Give them *foot-freedom.*

Make them immune from corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches by giving them Educators, the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should."

Anyone—young or old—will be grateful to receive a pair of these well-bred, well-made shoes.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

*Smart little Educator for a young miss.*

N. B.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a startling booklet, free. Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 14 High St., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 28)

a first-class commercial nation until you increase hers."

It sums up the difference between the German and French industrial advance.

From this mêlée of conflicting opinion about Germany's ability to pay the cash installments it is refreshing to turn to a really concrete and cheerful sign of progress. I mean the historic agreement made early in October of this year between Louis Loucheur, French Minister of the Liberated Regions, and Dr. Walter Rathenau, the German Minister of Reconstruction. Through this undertaking Germany obligates herself to pay France the equivalent of 7,000,000,000 gold marks during the next five years, which will in the main take the form of machinery and building materials to be devoted exclusively to the reconstruction of the devastated area. The contract dates from October 21, 1921, and is a striking expression of reparation in kind.

This arrangement has a far deeper significance than the handing over of many actual billions of marks in cash payments. First of all it aims at the root of the sorest spot in all Europe, which is the enmity between France and Germany. It also shows that they are at last reaching a state of something like accord.

Germany gets double relief, for she finds at once a field for the employment of her labor and at the same time launches a big program to pay her debts with goods instead of gold. France, in turn, is enabled to make a definite start in the restoration of the battle-torn regions.

### The Loucheur-Rathenau Pact

It is no exaggeration to say that the final meeting of Loucheur and Rathenau at Wiesbaden, where the undertaking was signed, not only sets up a permanent milepost in after-the-war history but marks the beginning of the first epoch in the long-delayed recuperation of Europe. As a French statesman—and it is especially important as coming from one of his race—put it: "It means the beginning of international coöperation, and is perhaps the symbol of universal reconstruction."

The details of the Franco-German arrangement are thorough, as the exact text of one annex to the agreement will show. It reads:

"Germany engages to deliver to France upon her demand all machinery and materials which would be compatible with the possibilities of production in Germany and subject to her limitations as to supplies of raw materials. Such deliveries will be in accord with the requirements necessary for Germany to maintain her social and economic life."

The plan of operation represents what might well be termed the autonomy of reconstruction. A central clearing house will be established in France where all demands for material needed in the devastated region will be mobilized. From this place the orders will be sent to a bureau in Germany which will distribute them to German industries. The German Government will pay the manufacturers. In order to prevent useless and indiscriminate purchasing by the French Government—and useless buying works day and night in most governmental operations—the inhabitant of the devastated region who needs German goods has the right to choose the manufacturer himself, and by getting a permit can order direct. He must, however, send the invoice and the certificate of damages to the central French clearing house, which keeps a check on all operations. The buying department of an up-to-the-minute American corporation could not improve on this precaution.

A court of arbitration to settle all disputes is provided for. The commission will be made up of one Frenchman, one German, and a third member chosen by common consent or appointed by the president of the Swiss Confederation. This board will adjust the price lists every three months, and the lists will correspond to normal prices in the interior of France, less customs duties and transportation charges. The principal items to be dealt with are cattle, machinery, coal, rolling stock and building material.

Since the 7,000,000,000 in gold marks, which expresses the sum total of the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement, exceeds France's reparation quota, Germany will technically only be credited with 1,000,000,000 marks a year. By a system of book entries the surplus will be refunded annually to Germany in the shape of a credit against future reparation payments.

The United States has a definite stake in this transaction. Any step that tends to minimize Continental animosities is a decided advantage to our business. A harmonious Europe means a prosperous Europe. With German labor busily engaged in providing the sinews for the rehabilitation of France the hazard of Teutonic competition in world markets is reduced. Moreover, it guarantees the payment of at least one kind of reparation every year for five years. It relieves France of the necessity of filling the vacuum of Northern France, as the devastated area is often called, with goods that she should use to reëstablish her world trade.

This seems the logical place to present Rathenau, who, with the possible exception of Hugo Stinnes, is the most interesting personality in German public life to-day. Between Stinnes and Rathenau there exists a marked contrast. I talked with both men within the space of a few days, and am perhaps able to make some measure of them. Stinnes marshals a far-flung power for power's sake, while Rathenau employs authority for a reconstruction not unmixed with idealism. Stinnes has an insatiable lust for millions, whereas Rathenau incarnates that miracle of miracles—a rich man who knows when he has enough money. He is seer as well as doer.

A knowledge of Rathenau's career is essential to some understanding of his work, particularly his activities since the outbreak of the Great War. He is the son of Emil Rathenau, who founded the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, the famous A. E. G., which contributed a fruitful chapter to the story of German industrial development. On leaving school he hesitated whether to take up art, literature or natural science. Eventually he decided on practical science and business. After completing his studies in the universities of Berlin and Strasburg, he devoted himself to applied chemistry and mechanical engineering. Although he could easily have entered the A. E. G. near the top, he preferred to go on his own. He therefore started a company to exploit an electrolytic process which he had discovered and perfected. Like Westinghouse and Marconi, he at once demonstrated that he could combine creative effort with sound business sense, for he established factories in Germany, Switzerland, Poland and France, and built up a considerable fortune.

After six years, and when he was still in his early thirties, he became a director of the A. E. G. By this time he was regarded as one of the youthful industrial wizards of the empire. Soon he acquired the American habit of joining the boards of huge companies. At forty he was a director in a great many different enterprises.

### Business Man and Author

With the outbreak of the World War he entered upon a new phase of his life. Unlike the optimists who surrounded the Kaiser, and who filled the royal ears with hot-air assurances that the conflict would be short and decisive, Rathenau insisted that it would not only be a long struggle but that Germany would suffer from a lack of raw materials before it ended. He proposed a scheme for organizing all the natural resources of the empire. His logic eventually won over the objections of the militaristic ring, and he was intrusted with the task of coördinating and conserving the physical potentialities. What came to be known as the Raw Materials Bureau was organized under his direction. His rule was too firm to suit the militarists, and in the spring of 1915 he had to give way to a soldier. It was just about this time that Stinnes began to associate himself with the Raw Materials Bureau and laid the foundation of the vast empire of business which he now dominates.

Like Ballin, the director general of the Hamburg-American Line, who killed himself when he saw Germany's defeat as inevitable, Rathenau opposed the unrestricted submarine campaign, which did not add to his popularity. After his retirement from the Raw Materials Bureau he devoted himself to the war output of the A. E. G. and the numerous other enterprises with which he was connected.

Now we come to the curious manifestation of the Rathenau mind. Although he had written prolifically on scientific subjects before the war, he turned his attention to serious authorship in 1917. Between that period and the present time he has published five volumes. They range in subject from an analysis of modern society in its relation to industry to a dissection of spiritual life. In his most widely read books Rathenau, although a disciple of mechanics, maintains that what he calls the age of mechanization is merely a means to a larger world spiritualization. Strange stuff is this to emanate from a hard-headed manufacturer who has put through unemotional deals involving millions of dollars at a crack, but it is Rathenau the idealist speaking. Put these words into the mouth of Charles M. Schwab and you get the American parallel.

We can now get on to the practical Rathenau, Minister of Reconstruction. He had held the office for only two months when I saw him in Berlin. At Wirth's urgent request he had entered the government at the end of the crisis precipitated by the allied ultimatum. Wirth stood for payment in full and Rathenau backed him up.

I found Rathenau at the Ministry, which is located in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin's historic official street. Directly across the way is the rambling pile of the Foreign Office, the sinister institution which formulated the scheme for the Germanic conquest of the world, and where political penetration reached the nth degree of acuteness. Rathenau's office reflected the man, for it was a long, high-ceiled room, bare of adornment but almost breathing efficiency.

### Rathenau's Personality

At a plain flat-topped desk which held only the usual writing materials and a single white paper pad sat Rathenau. He is tall, bald, wears a Vandyke beard and has the face of a student. There is an almost dreamy look in his eyes. The moment he begins to walk or talk the academic atmosphere that appears to invest him is dispelled, and he becomes a galvanic entity who almost snaps out words. When I addressed him in German he replied in English that lacked the slightest trace of accent. His first remark was characteristic of his idealism, for he said:

"When I became Minister of Reconstruction I ended a career that covered thirty-five years of business development. I signed my name exactly fifty times, which means that I retired from the fifty corporations with which I had been associated. I did this with the knowledge that I might only be in the cabinet three days, three weeks or three months. I have severed all my big connections because I wanted to give an absolute guaranty of faith in the task that I have assumed."

Rathenau had just returned from the first conference with Loucheur at Wiesbaden, which he had initiated. Like Cecil Rhodes, he believes that five minutes of conversation about a business deal is worth a month of correspondence. It was Rathenau who convinced the German Government that the French were anxious to rebuild Northern France. It is an illuminating sidelight on the German national mind that until he came into office the general feeling throughout Germany was that France desired to keep the devastated region in ruins in order to foster world sympathy.

When the appointment was made for me to see Rathenau it was with the distinct understanding that he was to give no formal interview on political subjects, and I, of course, assented. What I have reproduced was regarded as permissible for publication. It is a small part of a long conversation which covered many subjects, including the minister's books. When I dilated on the fact that he had deprecated an age of mechanization, when he and his father had built huge fortunes out of industry, he rejoined in this wise:

"That is perfectly true, but the mechanics in which I have been interested merely gave me the opportunity to think and write as I please now. The same thing applies to the whole world. The Great War was a war of mechanics, but out of it will come lasting good for all mankind."

Scarcely was the ink dry on the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement when the Upper Silesia decision was announced. It precipitated a crisis that will probably retard the German recovery for a time at least.

The limitations of space prohibit any extensive explanation of the Upper Silesia

(Continued on Page 33)

# WHO PAYS FOR THE SPECIAL DISCOUNT?

Maybe your dealer has offered you a "special discount" on this or that make of tire.

Think his proposition over.

Ask yourself who pays for this sales inducement.

Is the dealer generously sacrificing his profit—the manufacturer his?

Or is the equivalent of the discount being taken out of the tire?

Think it over.

The immense popularity of Goodyear Tires has been built up without the aid of fictitious sales inducements of any kind.

The extra profit we might have allowed the dealer for the purpose of "special discounts," we are putting into the tire in extra value.

Wouldn't you rather have it there than in a "special discount"?

Wouldn't you rather buy mileage than a "bargain"?

We are building Goodyear Tires better today than ever before.

We are making them larger, heavier, stronger, more durable.

Are *you* using them?

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
*Offices Throughout the World*

*Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are especially thick, sturdy and long-lived. They come packed in a heavy, waterproof bag. More people ride on Goodyear Tubes than on any other kind*

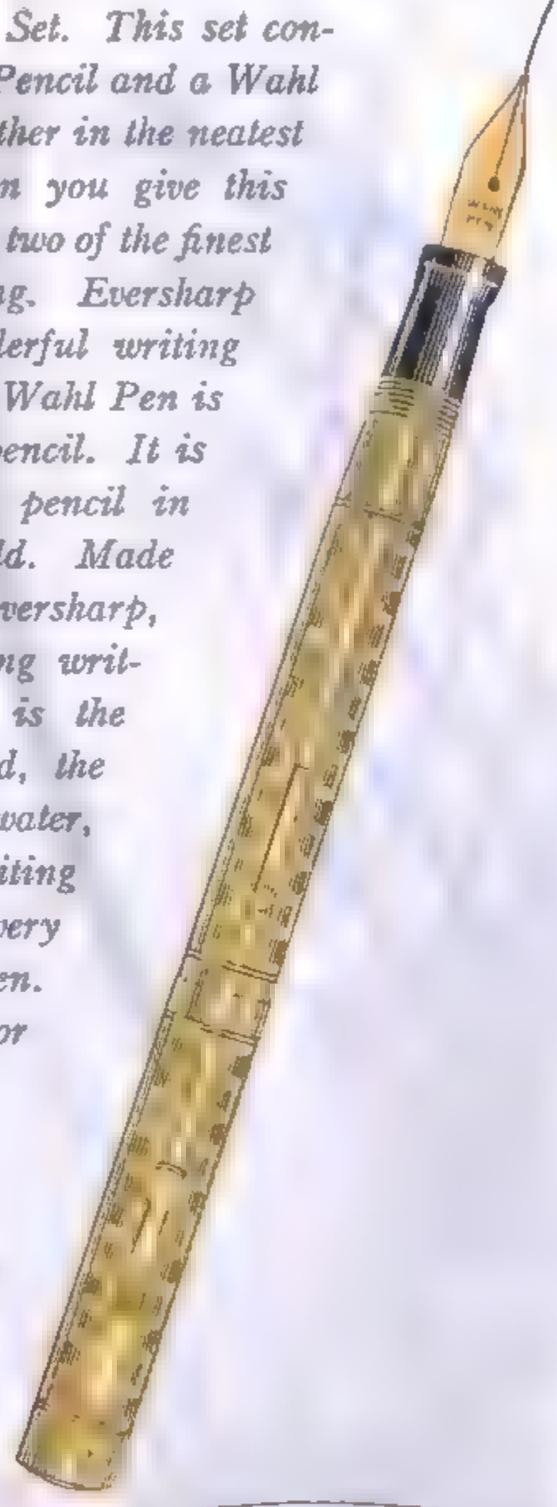
GOODYEAR

Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

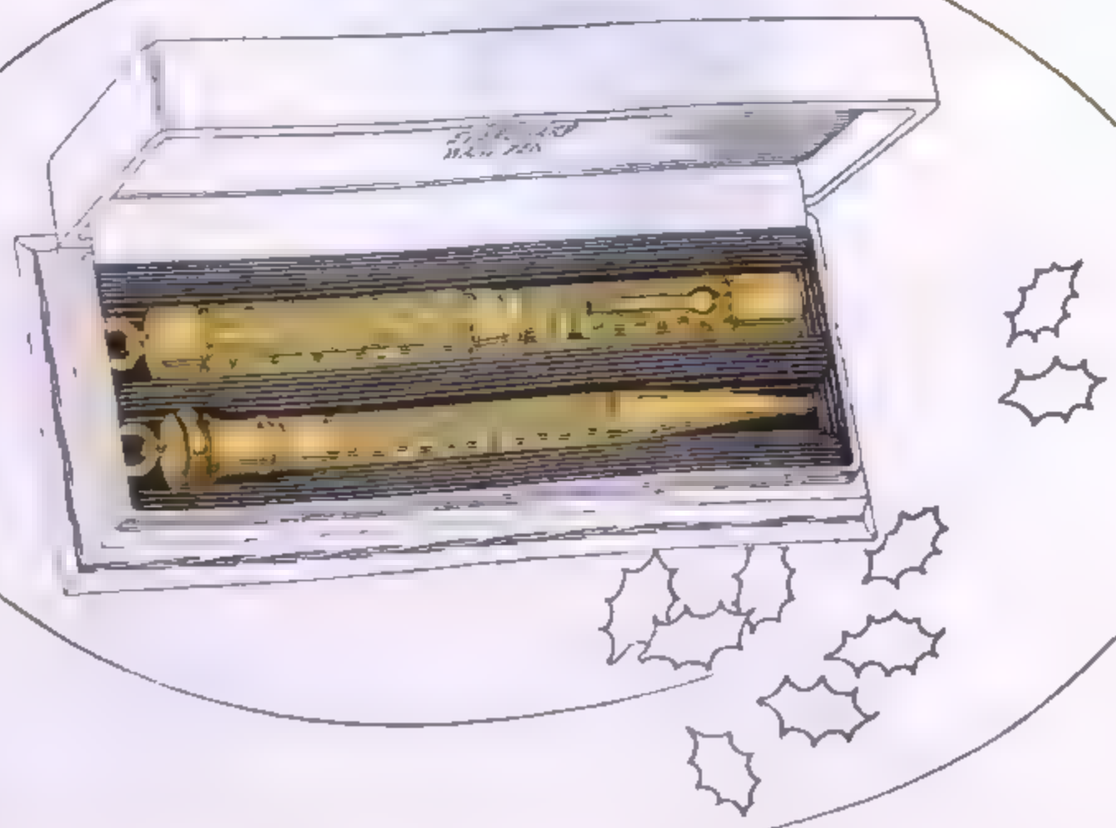
# Give the kind of Present You'd like to get

*ONE of the most attractive Christmas presents you can give to anyone is the beautiful Wahl Combination Writing Set. This set contains a handsome Eversharp Pencil and a Wahl Pen to match, both nestled together in the neatest gift box you ever saw. When you give this present to a friend you are giving two of the finest instruments ever made for writing. Eversharp needs no introduction. Its wonderful writing record is known to everybody. The Wahl Pen is as good a pen as Eversharp is a pencil. It is beautifully designed to match the pencil in sterling silver, gold filled or solid gold. Made with the same jeweler precision as Eversharp, to match the Eversharp, it is a fitting writing companion for Eversharp. This is the pen with the famous Wahl Comb Feed, the device that holds ink as a comb holds water, permitting it to flow perfectly to every writing touch. This Combination Set makes the very best kind of Christmas gift for men or women. For sale by Eversharp dealers. Eversharps for gifts, $1 to $65; Wahl Pens, $6 to $50.*

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago



WAHL PEN
Matches
EVERSHARP



(Continued from Page 30)

affair. Since it will loom large in European affairs for some time to come, the chief facts must be set forth. Before the war Upper Silesia was under German sovereignty, although a large part of the population was Polish. The Germans owned or controlled most of the mines and industries, though a considerable portion of the workers were Slavs.

Upper Silesia has always been one of the apples of the German industrial eye, because in what is known as the industrial triangle, one side of which abuts on the Polish frontier, lies a vast treasure of coal, iron, zinc and lead. The maximum coal output of the area is more than 40,000,000 tons a year. With the Saar Valley, it produces over a quarter of the whole German coal supply. It also gave Germany fifty per cent of her entire zinc production.

With peace the Poles set up a claim for a large slice of the territory. Under the Versailles Treaty a plebiscite was held last March to determine whether the population wished to remain attached to Germany or preferred to unite its fortunes with the revived state of Poland. A majority of sixty per cent was registered for Germany. The Germans immediately concluded that everything was over but the shouting. The Poles, however, disputed the verdict of the plebiscite. They claimed that the Germans had voted floaters. Under the leadership of Korfanty, they organized a force of irregulars and sought to take possession of the triangle. The Germans sent troops into the field and a small-sized war developed, which had to be suppressed by French and British soldiers. The final decision was put up to the executive council of the League of Nations.

### *Wirth's Faith in Germany*

The league award blasted German hopes, for it divides up the famous triangle. Germany loses a considerable portion of her coal and zinc deposits. She retains the rich agricultural area and also a region where new coal mines can be sunk. A succinct German comment on the decision was "We keep the turnips, while the mines go to the Poles."

Immediately after the award the Germans did a characteristic thing. They placed a virtual boycott on all the districts that they had lost and refused to ship goods and supplies to the merchants. Coming from the people who had protested so loudly against the blockade during the war, it did not lack an element of the ironical.

The decision staggered Germany. Something like the reaction that followed the announcement of the Versailles Treaty terms developed. The episode was called a catastrophe crisis. The mark collapsed, business flew into a panic and the Wirth government tottered. Practically the whole country became united in a state of mind which found expression in the protest: "Upper Silesia is essential to our industrial recovery. Without it we cannot pay the indemnity."

The central figure in the Silesia crisis as well as the whole reparation picture, as affecting Germany, is Chancellor Karl Joseph Wirth. He has a double burden, because he is also Minister of Finance. Like Woodrow Wilson, he entered public life by way of a college, having formerly been professor of economics in the high school of Freiburg. His first important post was as Finance Minister of Baden. After the Kapp fiasco in 1920 he became head of the finance department of the republic. He is the youngest man who has yet held an important chancellorship in Europe, for he has just turned forty-one.

I interviewed him in the Reichkanzlei, as the palace of the German Chancellor is known. Like most of the other important official structures of Berlin, its imposing façade fronts on the Wilhelmstrasse. It is rich with tradition and packed with history. Within its walls was held the Congress of Berlin, which partitioned Europe and laid the foundation for all the Balkan mess. Here lived Bismarck at the high tide of his authority, and in the lovely garden that covers a whole city block in the rear he walked every day with his favorite mastiff.

Wirth shed his academic investiture just as soon as he got into politics. Like Rathenau, he is alert and aggressive. Tall, keen of eye and broad of shoulder, he looks more like a prosperous banker than a Chancellor. He speaks no English, and the conversation was in German.

At the time of our meeting the Silesian problem was still unsolved. As a sort of preface to his remarks, Wirth made the striking statement that I used in the second article of this series, which was in effect that his government was the only possible democratic administration that Germany could have, and that its life depended upon a favorable Silesian award. In discussing Silesia he further declared that the industrial triangle was absolutely essential to the economic life of Germany.

"If we lose it," he added, "I cannot answer for the consequences in the matter of the reparation."

On the larger subject of Germany he said: "I have great faith in the rehabilitation of Germany if we are allowed to work out our own destiny. If our enemies persist in nagging us we cannot prosper and will therefore be unable to fulfill the reparation obligation. I signed the ultimatum in perfect good faith, believing that we would not be interfered with. Most of the outside obstacles to our recovery are due to politics.

"Germany cannot get back to normal, however, without American help. We need credits for raw materials. My idea is that all raw materials that come into the country must be controlled so as to standardize the price and prevent profiteering."

At the conclusion of the interview the Chancellor asked me if I would like to go over the palace. It was just the thing that I wanted to do, since only the week before I had seen Friedrichsruh, near Hamburg, where Bismarck had lived and died. I was naturally eager to behold the background of his great era of power. Accompanied by an under-secretary of finance, I inspected the building.

It is a shrine of Bismarck memories. You see, for instance, the desk at which the great man wrote his resignation as Chancellor, just about the time that the then young Kaiser made the first of his many costly ventures into megalomania. This occasion was immortalized by Punch with the cartoon that showed Bismarck leaving the German ship of state. The caption read, "Dropping the Pilot." Bismarck would turn in his grave if he knew of the incompetents who followed him and the mess they have made of the German Empire he fashioned out of blood and iron.

In his old office, which was the anteroom of the stately chamber where the Congress of Berlin sat, hangs the original of the well-known full-length portrait of him by Lenbach. Over the mantelpiece, and directly opposite, is a picture of William Hohenzollern. When I asked my guide why it still hung there, his naïve reply was: "We keep it for historical purposes."

### *Erzberger's Views*

With Wirth must be linked both the name and the memory of Matthias Erzberger. He was not only the Chancellor's closest adviser but an earnest advocate of full reparation payment. Erzberger was one of the last men I interviewed in Berlin. Before I set sail for America he was murdered by a reactionary. What he said to me is therefore invested with a sort of tragic significance.

The first time I talked with Erzberger he ruled at the Ministry of Finance and Germany hung on his every word. When I saw him last July he was out of office but not out of power. I went to see him at his flat in the Letzenburger Strasse, which is in one of the best residence sections of Berlin. He was probably the leading Catholic layman of Germany, and headed the Centrist Party. Over his desk hung an autographed picture of the present Pope, and the adjacent room was fitted up as a small chapel.

When I remarked on the difference in station of the Erzberger whom I met in 1919 and the Erzberger I encountered in 1921 he replied with real Rooseveltian force—and he was not unlike the lamented Rough Rider in vigor of speech and action—"Come back in six months and you will find me again in power."

In less than four weeks he was numbered among the departed.

Erzberger always had something worth while to say. In this he also resembled Roosevelt, for he invariably went straight to the heart of the matter. Among other things he said:

"The Allies won the war, but apparently they are not able to win the peace. Europe at peace is in reality a Europe at war. Poland is in chaos, Austria is being strangled, Czecho-Slovakia is full of trouble and Silesia seethes with unrest. The politician and not the business man determines the course of economic events.

"The irony of the industrial situation is that, while America is encumbered with raw materials that are not being employed, our artisans are idle because they can get no materials with which to work. Germany's real economic hope is Russia, which will overcome Bolshevism not through counter revolution but through evolution. The economic rehabilitation of Russia must come about under German technical initiative, financed by British and American money. The Germans understand the Russian people better than any other aliens, and they are the logical persons to stabilize her. Germany can pay the indemnity; and more than that, she will come back to world power again. You cannot kill efficiency."

All trails lead to the box office, so to speak. What then is the German balance sheet?

To get a true line on it is really like trying to find a needle in a haystack, so complex have been the changes that have crowded thick and fast in national finance. Perhaps the simplest way to explain the fiscal situation would be to make a comparison between 1913 and 1920, for here we have complete fiscal years to reckon with. The statistics for 1921 would bear the same general relations.

### *Germany's Revenues*

Since the figures for 1913 are in gold marks I will reduce the 1920 data to the same denomination, at the rate of fifteen paper marks for one gold mark, which is an arbitrary figure but one generally used by economists. As a matter of fact, the discrepancy should be much wider just now.

In 1913 Germany's foreign trade—imports and exports—amounted to a total of 20,800,000,000 marks. For 1920 the corresponding figures were 11,000,000,000 marks. Her adverse trade balance has risen from 673,000,000 marks to 1,840,000,000 marks.

The total revenue of the German Government has shrunk by nearly 200,000,000 marks—this does not include the Wirth tax scheme for 1921–22—while the total expenditures, even though there is no huge army and navy budget, have risen from 3,500,000,000 marks to nearly 9,000,000,000 marks, a state of affairs which produced a deficit in the budget for the 1920–21 fiscal year of 5,780,000,000 marks. The 1921–22 deficit will be larger on account of the reparation payments. Germany's floating debt has soared from 914,000,000 marks to 13,200,000,000 marks. The only item that has decreased is her funded debt, which has been reduced from 20,000,000,000 marks to 5,000,000,000 marks. This makes the total debt about 18,000,000,000 marks, and it does not include reparation.

In considering these figures it should be kept in mind that they are all reduced to gold marks, and that the actual amounts to-day in the paper currency are more than fifteen times as much. There is little to cheer the German in a contemplation of his national finances.

Despite the chaos that marks the general German fiscal situation—and I refer especially to the slump in the mark—the banks almost drip with prosperity. As in all other countries where currency is depreciated, they thrive because, no matter what happens to money, they get a rake-off on every deal. To-day they are almost bursting with cash. An index to what they are doing is in the increase of more than 80,000 depositors during 1920.

Take, for example, the four famous D banks—that is, the Deutsche, the Dresdener, the Disconto-Gesellschaft and the Darmstaedter. Each has increased its dividends, net profits and surplus. The Deutsche Bank will illustrate: During the past twelve months the dividend rate has been raised from 12 to 18 per cent. The net profits went from 64,000,000 marks to nearly 200,000,000 marks, while the realizable assets expanded from 12,000,000,000 marks to 22,000,000,000 marks.

In no other country are the banks such potent factors in the national industrial development. They have always been political and economic partners of the German Government, for they provided the sinews and much of the brains of the world-wide penetration that planted the made-in-Germany brand wherever the trade winds blew. They are the bulwarks of the inevitable revival of German overseas commerce.


# Relax

The great national need today is the ability to relax and relieve tension. Every man, woman and child should relax at least 15 minutes each day.

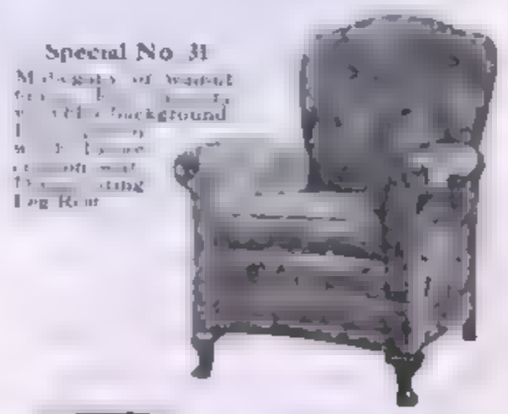
## *Just Push the Button*

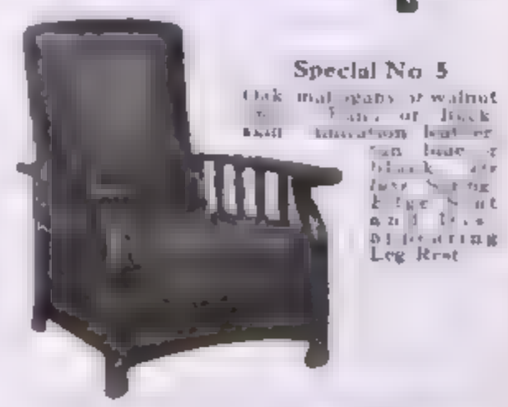
This famous "Push-the-Button" chair encourages restful relaxation. You sink into it gratefully. Pull out the Disappearing Leg Rest — push the famous "Push Button"—and recline to a position of perfect rest. Release the button and the back locks. No strain—to any position. Just "Push the Button"—a patented and exclusive Royal feature.

Modern or period designs—oak or mahogany finish — tapestry, fine leather, velour or fabricated leather coverings. Prices moderate. Fully guaranteed. See a demonstration at your dealer's. Attractive Booklet sent *free* upon request.

**Royal Easy Chair Company**
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

# Royal
## EASY CHAIRS
*"Push the Button—Back Reclines"*


Special No 31


Special No 5

Special No. 1

14

bright

French

Ray-O-Lites
and
Dry Batteries

LET Mister Ray-O-Lite be your guide when you buy flashlights and batteries.

French Ray-O-Lite Batteries burn brighter and last longer. They are rugged, always ready for service, quickly recuperate after hard work. No noticeable deterioration between flashes.

You'll find French Ray-O-Lites and Batteries at your dealer's. Look for Mister Ray-O-Lite in red on the blue package. Your flashlight troubles will be ended.

FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON, COMPANY, Madison, Wisconsin

New York Chicago Kansas City Dallas
Minneapolis Atlanta

-light

First among them is the Deutsche Bank, one of the most powerful in the world. Its 15,000 employes are housed in a succession of buildings that spread over three Berlin streets. From the brain of its founder, Georg von Siemans, emanated the idea for the Germanic conquest of the Near East. He secured the concession for the Anatolian Railways, upon which was reared the vast and now vanished Teutonic dream of the Berlin-to-Bagdad route, which was to tap Middle Europe. Following Von Siemans came Arthur von Gwinner, who, with Helfferich, dominated German finance before the war. It was Von Gwinner who made the classic remark that "talent is necessary for everything, but borrowing requires genius."

Von Gwinner has retired, and in his stead reigns Dr. Emil Georg von Stauss, who bears the same relation to German capital that the late J. P. Morgan bore to American finance. He is still well under fifty. His is a self-made career, for he rose from humble clerk to the most commanding executive position in all German banking. I wanted to get an authoritative expression that would embody the German financial point of view, so I naturally went to him. He has a good deal of the Morgan briskness and brusqueness and minces no words. He said:

"The United States won the war but lost the victory. They threw away their arms and left Europe to the mercy and rapacity of the politicians. Had these politicians been statesmen Europe would not have been dismembered without regard to the continuation of economic life. If they keep on their work they will bring about a complete Balkanization of Europe. Formerly the Balkans began at the Serbian border. Now they begin, or will soon begin, at the frontier of Eastern Germany."

### An Economic Vacuum

"The gist of the whole situation is this: A vast economic vacuum exists in Europe. The purchasing power of Russia is for the moment out of consideration. Linked with this is the lack of buying in Poland, Austria, and to a very high degree in Germany. Thus you have nearly 300,000,000 people practically removed from the world's trade, or at least excluded as consumers from the world's markets. It makes a great gap, and until the gap is filled the economic structure of the world can never be stabilized.

"The warehouses of Germany are proving this story. They are selling only about 18 per cent of what they sold before the war in weights and measures. To be sure, the profits are higher to-day because of the paper mark; but our business, like our currency, is inflated, and if it continues indefinitely there is bound to be a collapse.

"Let me illustrate with a concrete article. Just before the war Germany was the largest importer of American kerosene; indeed, we consumed more than 750,000 tons a year, most of which was imported from the United States. To-day that import has shrunk to a little more than 10 per cent. Why is this so? Simply because the people cannot afford to buy. The constantly diminishing purchasing power will cause a general shrinking in commercial intercourse throughout the world.

"There is an important element in German life driven to desperation by the existing economic conditions. I refer to what in England might be called the lower middle class. This includes certain groups of officials and employes, old army and navy officials, a considerable part of the intelligentzia. They either live on salaries or pensions, which have not been increased to any degree or proportion with the high cost of living or the inflation. Their plight, like the plight of the respective classes in Austria and Hungary, is pitiable. They have been compelled to sell part of their effects, however badly they may want them, and it is this class, and especially the men, who must prove as time advances the easiest victims of Bolshevistic propaganda. During the last Bolshevistic uprising it was not surprising to find that the operation plans, from the military point of view, were drawn up in a scientific and most efficient way. If Bolshevism comes again there will be many more such recruits, who would bring to the movement efficiency and organization.

"America must see that she has a common economic cause with Germany, which up to the war was one of the most important consumers of American products and American goods. There can be no standardization of recovery in Europe without a productive Germany, but it seems to be well-nigh impossible for the Entente politicians to realize this fact, or at least to admit it. Yet if any Entente power were under the obligation to pay the indemnity which Germany is called upon to pay it would confess bankruptcy before turning a wheel. In short, there must be, so to speak, an armistice in reparation. We will do our best, but we must be given a reasonable period of recovery and we must get some sort of cooperation.

"I have only to speak now of the financial situation to give just one more evidence of the way Germany has become the plaything of the politician on the one hand and the speculator on the other. I am not exaggerating when I say that the German mark to-day is the medium of the world's most violent manipulation.

"France says that she is ruined if Germany does not pay. But France has won the war, and save for her devastated regions—a loss which on her own books is set down as not more than 10,000,000,000 gold marks—she has gained immense riches, for she has Alsace-Lorraine, a vast colonial empire, an enormous number of ships, and she will get a huge sum of money.

"As a matter of fact, before the war every Frenchman was 50 per cent richer per head than the average German, and if it would be correct to say that France is ruined if Germany does not pay, Germany, of course, would have to be considered as being bankrupt from the very start.

"Some of our large banks have calculated that about 40 per cent of their deposits are now owned by foreigners, and it is further estimated that at least 20,000,000,000 marks are held by foreign speculators in bank notes. If this process, as a direct consequence of the Treaty of Versailles, goes on, and if foreign capital owns from year to year more and more of German factories, real estate and bank deposits, Germany will have no heart to work for recovery. She will become tired of being the slave of the world. Frankly, in the long run such a course would necessarily lead to conditions such as prevail to-day in Russia.

"Our financial plight could hardly be worse. We have a paper-mark circulation of more than 80,000,000,000 marks, of which nearly half was issued in 1920. This year may easily witness the addition of some 40,000,000,000 more paper marks, considering that the deficit in the budget was about 80,000,000,000 marks last year, and it will again be enormous this year. The note circulation, however, is only one phase of our financial trouble. There is a funded debt of 78,000,000,000 paper marks, and a floating debt in treasury bills of 199,000,000,000, which makes a total debt of 277,000,000,000 marks.

"I have every confidence in the reconstruction of Europe—if Germany is permitted to work and is not crushed by excessive demands. Let me say in conclusion that Germany is willing to pay, and that she will pay to the limit of her ability; but she must be allowed productive elbow room, and, I repeat, an armistice in reparation. Otherwise the effect will be as bad or perhaps worse for the other countries than for Germany. We have lost so much that there is not much left to lose."

### Money on the Toboggan

It only remains to speak of the future of the German mark. Here you touch the index to the German economic status. With the exception of the English pound sterling, the mark bears a more important relation to world enterprise than any other European money. People are amused when they read that the Austrian crown, for example, has sunk so low that shoppers must carry their money around in suitcases.

With the mark it is a far different proposition, because German trade and finance enter potently into the international stabilization. Since the beginning of actual reparation payments and up to the time I write, which is the middle of October, it has been on the toboggan; and, as I have already pointed out, went down below half a cent, where it halted and made a slight recovery. At parity the mark is worth a little over twenty-three cents. Hence the tumble is considerable.

Up to October first the total circulation of the mark had reached approximately 87,000,000,000, of which 4,000,000 were issued during the preceding fortnight. This immense flood of money is covered by just a little more than 1,000,000,000 gold marks. It means that the German printing presses are working overtime, and unless they are stopped the mark will dwindle almost to nothing.

There is no doubt that the Germans themselves have on occasion deliberately debased the mark. A low mark has distinct advantages for some of them. It cheapens the cost of production and enables the manufacturer who buys his materials at home to undersell his competitors in the markets of the world. This is one reason why Germany has been able to put such a dent into Belgian commerce. The continuous mark depreciation has also provided the Teuton with an argument against reparation payments, and he has harped on it to the limit.

The astonishing thing about the widespread speculation in the mark is that it violates the traditions of the game. Ordinarily unstable money is mostly owned at home. The entire world, however, has tried to speculate in German money. The purchase of it has, in the main, taken two forms. One is the buying of foreign exchange, the purchase being credited to the buyer by a balance in a German bank. The other is the possession of the actual currency. Literally, whole bales of it are now reposing in safety vaults in England, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark and—to the sorrow of many Americans—the United States. Billions of real marks were snatched up when it went to six cents, for in the opinion of the wise ones it looked like a good buy. It is estimated that not less than $100,000,000 of American cash is tied up in marks, and this figure is conservative.

### The Crown Prince After a Job

Of course, the low mark is working a considerable hardship for the Germans who are required to purchase their raw materials abroad. These transactions must be in dollars. The real victim is the German who lives abroad on marks. Since the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, it is interesting to observe that the former Kaiser has been forced to retrench as a result of the slump. He gets an allowance from the German Government in marks, and this appropriation, together with the income from his investments, provides his meal ticket in Holland.

Practically all his securities are in German companies, and while most of them continue to pay dividends, their buying power is greatly curtailed.

Perhaps in course of time the fallen monarch may be put to the unromantic necessity of having to earn an honest living.

The Crown Prince candidly admits that he is broke. When I was in Berlin he wrote to a former aide-de-camp that he would take any job. He favored the cinema as the most likely field for his talents, but so far as I was able to find out he failed to make a connection. At that, the German exiles have all the best of their Russian colleagues, whose ruble has practically reached the vanishing point. I know of half a dozen Russian princes who work as clerks in London banks at salaries of £200 a year, and they are glad to get it.

Will the mark come back? Even the most optimistic German has no idea that it will return to its normal value for many years to come. The general impression is that it can be stabilized.

This can be achieved only by a stoppage of the printing presses and the elimination of the grouch that the German has against most of mankind ever since the Silesian partition. Just as the Hungarians are wasting a lot of time and money in fruitless propaganda when they ought to be at work, so are the Teutons expending energy on a resentment that is unproductive of anything but further trouble.

What was said in the beginning may now be repeated at the end. Germany has ample resources and a thrifty population, not only efficient but willing to labor. Although her finances are in a desperate state, they are far from hopeless. If she gets the hysteria out of her system she can not only pull herself together but again become a tremendous factor in the work of the world.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to German industry

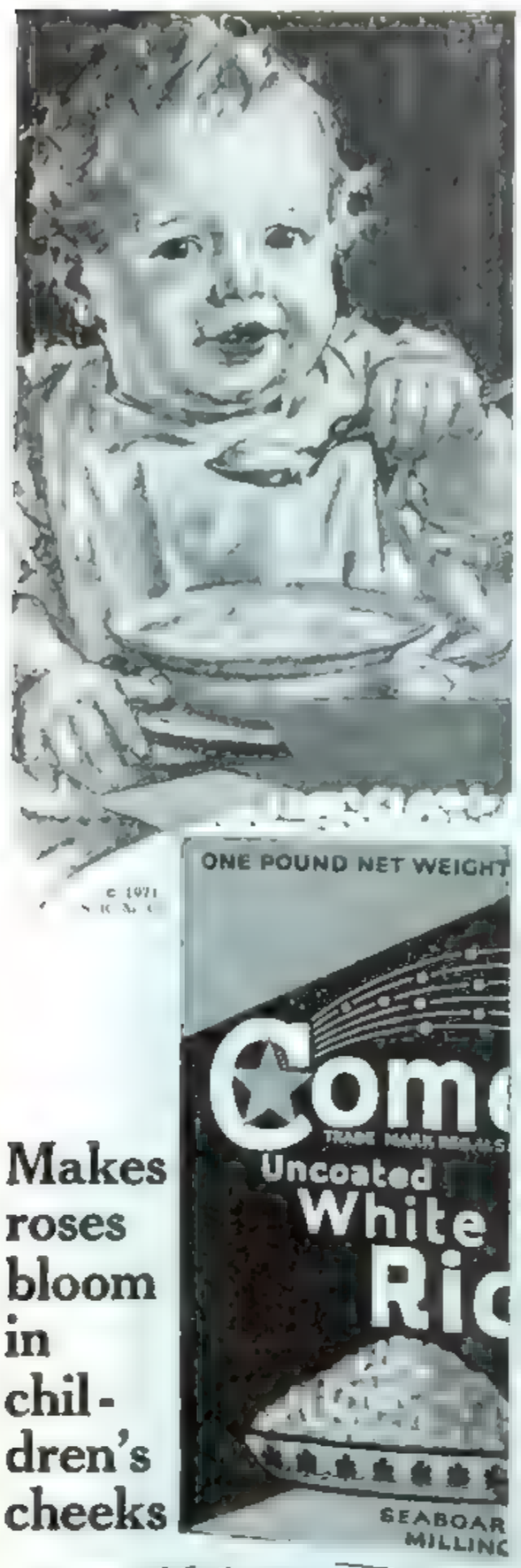
*"Jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be."*

From a Kodak Negative

# *Keep the Christmas Story with a KODAK*

*Autographic* Kodaks $8 up—*at your Kodak Dealer's.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *the Kodak City*




Makes roses bloom in chil-dren's cheeks

Comet
Uncoated White
Rice

COMET RICE makes healthy, happy children, rosy cheeked and alive with vitality. The little ones love the delicious flavor—and Comet Rice is so nutritious.

Grown-ups, too, as well as children, will like rich full flavored Comet Rice.

It cooks up pure white—separate grained. Get a package from your grocer today. Look for the Comet on the yellow package with the red band.

**COOK RICE RIGHT—*the Comet way***

HEAT 6 cups water with pinch of salt in large sauce-pan. When boiling vigorously add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Cover and boil 20 minutes or until grains are soft. Drain in colander; set on rack of stove until grains fall apart. *Do not cover*—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

*BROWN RICE.* Doctors recommend *whole* rice with the natural outside coating retained. Try *Comet Natural Brown Rice.*

**Seaboard Rice Milling Co.**
Galveston and New York

# SCRAPS FROM A WANDERER'S NOTEBOOK

(Continued from Page 21)

finished it is dyed with a dye made from seaweed. Consequently, genuine Harris tweed has a peculiar combination smell of smoke and beach fires and the sea, which cannot be removed from the cloth, no matter how often it is steam-cleaned or dipped in gasoline. A person who is hunting for Harris tweed uses his nose first and his eyes afterward. Nobody should try to buy Harris tweed when he is suffering from a cold. When the natives make the wool into cloth they neglect to remove from the wool the twigs, whins, thistles, old leaves and bits of hay that the sheep picked up in their wanderings over the moors. Consequently a piece of Harris tweed feels like a piece of coarse sandpaper against the skin. The Scotch people don't mind it, because their skins are well preserved and toughened by the action of Scotch whisky. In appearance Harris tweed looks like a horse blanket. It brings a high price in the best tailoring shops, however, for it is considered very nifty for golf suitings. The Harris Islanders sell bolts of cloth to the captains of trading schooners for next to nothing, and the captains sell the bolts in Liverpool and London for several hundred per cent profit. Of late years, however, the islanders have been learning to send their cloth to coöperative stores in Edinburgh and London. I have bought the best Harris tweed at the Highland Home Industries Shop in Edinburgh for ten shillings a yard, or about one dollar and seventy-five cents. The same cloth, in America, is cheap at five dollars a yard. Three cheers for the tariff.

### *Little Parises*

ALMOST every country in Europe boasts a city which it calls the Little Paris of something-or-other. Thus, Copenhagen is the Little Paris of the North; Brussels is the Little Paris of Belgium; Belgrade is the Little Paris of the Balkans; Bukharest is the Little Paris of the East. There are other bush-league towns that are honored by their own citizens with this Little Paris stuff; and in every instance the prospective visitor should realize that, like all imitations of something very good, they will be a bitter disappointment. About the only thing they have in common with Paris is their prices. In Paris you can go to a little restaurant and pay fifty francs for a dinner that makes life seem like a grand, sweet, rosy, ecstatic dream. In Belgrade when one pays the same amount he almost invariably gets a meal that makes one long to go out and kill a half dozen cabinet ministers, shoot up a flock of railway officials and disembowel the cook.

There is only one Paris, and that is the one that serves the snails, that makes the gowns that almost put out the beholder's eye, that sells the imitation jewelry and the penetrating perfumery and the near-antiques and the ravishing wines and the soul-stirring sauces—that has helped to make famous the midinettes and the manikins and Montmartre and Mont Parnasse and Mon Dieu. All imitations of Paris are worth nothing except to make visitors appreciate the genuine article.

### *Parisian Hat and Dress Prices*

IT IS seldom that salesladies in Parisian hat shops or dressmaking establishments are able to tell, offhand, the prices of their wares. A *vendeuse* in a celebrated Rue St.-Honoré shop brought me a gray cloak, and then almost knelt down in front of it and worshiped it in her enthusiasm. "Observe," she cried, making gestures with her hands as though she were about to pluck off her waist and throw it against the ceiling—"observe the poetry of the lines; observe the harmony of the color! It is a song; it is a creation; it is a masterpiece. Ah, heaven, but how it is beautiful! And how it is chic, yes, no? It fills me with emotion, that cloak there!" She pressed her knuckles to her eyes and then threw out her hands weakly and pathetically, as if to intimate that the cloak had so exercised her emotions that she was utterly spent.

"How much is it?" I asked her coarsely.

"Pardon, m'sieu?" she asked blankly, coming up slowly for air.

"The price," I repeated; "what is it that it is?" The *vendeuse* struck her brow with her fist and stared helplessly at the cut-glass chandelier.

"*Mon Dieu,*" she declared at length, "I must ask Gabrielle!" So she went and stood in the doorway and bawled for Gabrielle; and other shop assistants took up the cry, so that the entire establishment reverberated with piercing shrieks of "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!"

Gabrielle at length appeared, and the two of them gazed at the cloak with a baffled air. Gabrielle in turn was forced to admit defeat. Two or three other saleslaadies were called into conference. Each one admired the cloak from every angle, mauled it gently, straightened plaits in it and pulled them a little out of line again, and then went away without contributing to the solution of the problem.

"Ah," said my *vendeuse* finally, with an air of having made a great discovery, "I will ask madame!"

Thereupon she disappeared for a matter of five minutes. When she returned the owner of the establishment was with her. Madame ignored the cloak and directed a piercing glance at me. Then she smiled coldly on the waiting *sendeuse*, remarked "Seventeen hundred francs," and vanished from my sight forever.

The system has great possibilities.

### *French Baths*

IN THE small and reasonably priced French hotels bathtubs are as difficult to locate as the trailing arbutus or a disobedient puppy. It is probable that all these hotels possess rooms that are near the bath; but no American ever gets them. There seems to be a rigid formula for finding the bath in these hotels, and this is it: Emerge from the room, turn sharply to the right, walk down a long, dark corridor until you reach a short flight of stairs. Climb these stairs, turn to the left along another dark corridor smelling of Roquefort cheese and cabbage, descend two steps, turn twice to the left and try the knob of the door just around the second turning.

The door is always locked. Return every fifteen minutes until it is unlocked. The bathtub within is made of tin that was excavated by the ancient Phœnicians from the tin mines in Cornwall. The Romans stole it from the descendants of the Phœnicians, made the tub and brought it to Paris during the reign of the Emperor Julian. At any rate, that's the way it looks.

The bathing business is not very well understood in small French hotels. A bath means hot water, and it is impossible for the French to connect cold water and bathing. One summons a gloomy servitor, for example, and announces that a bath is desired.

"But no, m'sieu," declares the servitor regretfully, "it is impossible. There is no bath. The water is feeneesh."

"What!" you exclaim. "No water? Get me, then, but a teaspoonful of water, no?"

"No, m'sieu," says the servitor firmly. "For bathing there is no water. For drinking, yes; but for bathing, no, m'sieu."

"Ha!" you say, having had a brilliant thought. "How much drinking water can I have?"

"All that m'sieu wishes," replies the servitor.

"Then bring five pitchers of it to the bath," you say calmly.

"What, m'sieu! To drink?" asks the servitor, aghast.

"No, camel," you reply. "To bathe in."

"But, m'sieu!" protests the servitor in horror, "you cannot! Name of a name, m'sieu, it is impossible! It is cold water! M'sieu will be ill! M'sieu does not understand! The water for bathing is feeneesh, yes! No water runs in the tub save cold water! M'sieu should understand that the only other water which exists is drinking water, and therefore cold also. Wait but three hours, m'sieu, and the water will be hot so that m'sieu can bathe in safety."

"No," you say. "Cold water's all right. It may cause me suffering, but we are brave, we Americans."

So the servitor goes away scratching his head and muttering ferociously about these crazy Americans.

The bathrooms in the large French hotels make a brave attempt to counterbalance the lack of similar equipment in the small hotels, and their trick tubs and basins of numerous shapes and sizes leave Americans dazed and agog as to their reason for being. It's too bad that France can't effect a more equable distribution of bathroom equipment.

### *"American Dollar Chasers"*

THE peculiar delusion still exists among certain classes of Europeans that America is almost entirely inhabited by what they are pleased to call dollar chasers. All decent Americans are always greatly intrigued by this delicate epithet, especially since a very large percentage of European children were kept from starvation by American bounty for two years after the war was over, since American tourists form an enormous source of revenue for several European countries, and since it has been America's fortune or misfortune to receive from Europe millions upon millions of immigrants who possess a money lust that no native-born American seems to have.

Grafters and bribe takers exist in all countries with great profusion at the present time. England and America have their profiteers and bootleggers; Germany and Austria have their *schiebers*; Italy has her *pesce cane*, or dogfish. In that respect every nation is tarred with the same brush. But as a general rule, all European officials will accept little bribes and tips and render obsequious service for them. If the same bribes and tips were offered to corresponding American officials the offerer would be running a serious risk of having the money thrown in his face or of having his jaw bent around against his right ear. Generally speaking, moreover, our business men work no harder than European business men; but they take more pleasure in their work. By comparison with European methods, Americans regard money-making as a game, while Europeans regard it as something far more serious and weighty. Americans like to make money and then spend it—in traveling to Europe, for example, or giving to organizations for the relief of hungry Russians or Chinese or Hungarians or Czechs or Belgians or Poles or other people. Europeans like to make it or take it away from Americans and stick it away in the old sock. If Americans are dollar chasers they do their chasing for the pleasure of making the dollar jump. Europeans chase their peculiar money in order to get it by the throat and choke it half to death. An American in Europe nowadays spends a lot of time wondering how they get that way.

### *Touring Devastated Areas*

LARGE numbers of tourists have been keenly disappointed during the past year by the ruins of the war. Several have gone so far as to say that they were persuaded to visit the French battlefields by fraudulent statements. Not only do they find the battlefields a mere few miles in width in spots, but they find grass and flowers growing all over them, so that in many places they seem quite cheery, instead of having the offensively desolate appearance that one is led to expect from reading war books. Some tourists have been so sadly disillusioned that they say they will never believe anything else they hear about the war; while others speak of the war with open contempt. Conservative students of the tourist problem agree that a new war ought to be staged for the special benefit of these people. Unfortunately they are of a type that is never seen on battlefields until wars are over.

### *All About Holland*

HOLLAND is one of the few countries in the world that live up to the expectations of the traveler so far as looks are concerned. The landscape is heavily sprinkled with windmills, canals, and men and boys in overgrown bloomers. Storks sit around carelessly on the house chimneys in very melancholy attitudes. Life in Dutch cities is greatly slowed up by the canals. The natives of Rotterdam, for example, spend eight hours a day in sleeping, two hours and a half in eating, six hours in working, and the rest of the time waiting to get over the bridges across the canals. Taxicabs are seldom out of work in Rotterdam, for once a person gets into one, he spends the rest of the day in front

(Continued on Page 39)

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 386—Wood pattern in tones of brown. For the 6 x 9 ft. size the retail price is only $9.75
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

# "DEM chilluns sho' am 'joyin' dat birfday party."

AND there's no need of mother's worrying about spilled things ruining the new Congoleum Rug. Unlike woven floor-coverings, a Congoleum Rug with its firm, smooth surface makes the mother's work easier. A few moments with a damp mop and away goes the dirt—back comes the pattern bright and smiling.

Another big feature—Congoleum Art-Rugs lie perfectly flat without any fastening. There are never any curled up edges or corners for little ones or grown-ups to trip over.

You'll find Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are remarkably low in price—really cheap, when you consider their good looks and the almost unlimited service they give.

### *Wonderfully Beautiful Patterns*

All Congoleum patterns are the exclusive creations of some of the best carpet and rug designers with studios in Paris, London and New York. Unless you are familiar with the genuine material you probably have no idea that such pretty patterns could be produced in anything but expensive woven rugs. Wherever used in the home, their lovely designs lend a cheerful note of color. Among them you will find just the coloring you adore at the price you can afford to pay.

### *Popular Sizes—Popular Prices*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1½ x 3 | feet | $ .60 | The rug illustrated is not made in sizes smaller than 6 x 9 feet. However the smaller rugs can be had in other designs to harmonize with it. | 6 | x 9 | feet | $ 9.75 |
| 3 x 3 | feet | 1.20 | | 7½ x 9 | | feet | 11.85 |
| 3 x 4½ | feet | 1.80 | | 9 | x 10½ | feet | 16.60 |
| 3 x 6 | feet | 2.40 | | 9 | x 12 | feet | 19.00 |

*Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted: in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.*

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," showing our line in full color, will be sent free upon request. Don't fail to get a copy.

### *Always Look for the Gold Seal*

The Gold Seal shown above identifies the genuine Congoleum. It means exactly what it says—"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." Don't be satisfied with an inferior substitute or something "just as good."

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM Art-Rugs

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago Boston San Francisco
Dallas Minneapolis Kansas City Pittsburgh Atlanta Montreal

Buy your lamps five at a time in the blue Convenience Carton

# Entertain!
## —with the aid of Right Lighting

The quality of lighting—like the quality of music—can make or mar enjoyment! It can spoil the dancing party, or add that finishing touch which makes the entertainment a triumph.

Likewise it can make the neighborly evening call enjoyable, or the reverse. It can make relaxation more restful by its soothing quality, or it can so irritate that all rest is out of the question.

Thus, lighting—in our everyday lives—plays a part far greater than it usually gets credit for.

Right lighting in your home is mostly a matter of common sense, but is as surely worth having as right lighting in the store, the factory, or the office—where its value can be definitely reduced to dollars and cents.

Plenty of light, properly shaded: that's the starting point for right lighting in the home! The NATIONAL MAZDA dealer will gladly help you select your lamps, and tell you how to shade them.

You'll know the store where NATIONAL MAZDA lamps are sold by the Blue Convenience Cartons on display.

For holiday decoration, be sure to ask for NATIONAL MAZDA Christmas Tree Lamps. Supplied in all colors. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 111 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

*Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service*

# NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 36)

of open canal bridges. Americans who are weary of hearing Europeans speak sneeringly of American dollar chasers will be interested to hear that Holland's coat of arms is said by resident Englishmen and Americans to represent two lions fighting over a gulden.

### Giving a Country a Bad Name

A FELLOW traveler on the Orient-Simplon express devoted twenty minutes to cursing Finland. Finally I asked him what his chief objection to the country was, and he replied that he was once stuck in a small Finnish hotel for eleven days, and there was nothing to read in the whole place but three books, to wit: Marriage Ceremonies Among the Moroccans, The Birds of the Bible, and Little Chats on Pewter. So far as he was concerned, that finished Finland.

### The Patriotic Triestians

TRIEST used to belong to Austria-Hungary. Now it has been given back to Italy. The population of the city is largely Italian, but there are many Austrians there, and a great many Austro-Italians, who long for the old days before the war when Triest was a flourishing seaport. So every little while there is an outbreak of gunplay, or the young and rowdy Italian element tosses a few bombs through the windows of people whom they suspect of being unsympathetic.

I reached Triest on the day when a large portion of the Italian Navy steamed into the harbor by way of celebrating the return of Triest to the Italian flag. Triest is a large city and literally every window in it was decorated with an Italian flag. I had never seen a city so beflagged. The reason for the unanimity of the display soon became evident, for every blank wall and signboard was decorated with a large green poster reading: "Every good Italian will display his country's flag. We know how to deal with those who do not display it." A young Austrian was employed as an interpreter at the American consulate. Being a patriotic Austrian, he had hung no flag at all in his window.

First his wife telephoned him that several persons had advised her to put Italian flags in the windows. Then his landlord telephoned him and begged him in anguished tones to come home and hang out a flag before the bombs began to fly. Then a strange voice over the telephone suggested peremptorily that the flag be displayed within twenty minutes. So the patriotic young Austrian made a bee line for home and decorated all his windows.

A visitor to the city could tell from the magnificent flag display that Triest was about 123 per cent Italian.

### Lark Shooting

ONE of the most popular sports in Italy is lark shooting. The larks, like so many other birds, come north from Africa in the spring, and return to Africa in the autumn. Italy forms a natural bridge for the birds in their flights between Africa and Central Europe, and there is something doing on the bridge almost every minute. The shooting season in Rome, for example, runs from the middle of August through the autumn and winter and down to the last day of March. In addition there is another open season on quail from the middle of April to the end of May; so that, in all, Italy has a nine months' open season. The quail come first, then the pigeons, then the larks, then ducks, geese, snipe, plover, partridge and grouse, with innumerable little songbirds, always considered fair game by Italian sportsmen, scattered among them.

As winter turns the flights pass over again in the opposite direction. Out of all these birds, the true Italian gets perhaps his greatest sport out of lark shooting. The basis of lark shooting in Italy is an owl. A stuffed owl with trick wings that can be manipulated with a string is all right; but a tame owl is better, because he can talk to the larks more fluently.

One can rent a stuffed trick owl for lark shooting in almost any Italian hardware store for about seventy-five cents a day. A tame owl can be hired for a dollar and a half a day; but it's worth paying the extra money for the tame one, because he makes the larks madder, and they can be shot more easily.

The hunter takes his owl out in the country and anchors it near the top of a prominent tree. Soon a lark comes and looks it over. If it is a stuffed owl with trick wings the hunter, who is concealed at the foot of the tree, pulls on the string and makes the wings flap in a manner which the lark seems to find offensive. If it is a genuine trained owl he moves his wings of his own accord and presumably addresses a few insulting remarks to the lark. In either case the lark becomes violently excited and hastens away to spread the news in neighboring lark circles. In a short time large numbers of larks begin to flock toward the tree where the owl is located. They take front-row seats around the owl and begin to swear at him feelingly. At this juncture the huntsman rises to his feet and opens fire on the larks.

The Italians say that it is one of the most fascinating pursuits in the world of sport. I recently received a letter from an ardent sportsman in Rome. "Let me know," he writes, "whether you can come to Rome next October to shoot larks; and if you can I will secure a first-class owl."

### Quiet Hotels in Italy

I HAVE made frequent attempts to secure quiet rooms in hotels in various parts of Italy, but all attempts have been in vain. Evidently the nearest thing to a quiet room in an Italian hotel is a room on the inevitable court. In such a room one is disturbed only by the wild screams of the servants as they converse with one another; the frequent clatter of the tinware, which seems to be constantly dropping from window ledges in Italian hotels; the ear-piercing wails of hungry-looking Italian cats, and the monotonous squawking of the English sparrows that infest the country. Outside rooms in so-called quiet Italian hotels are enlivened by the noisy whip-crackings of Italian cab drivers—a form of activity which apparently provides relaxation and amusement for them at all hours of the day and night; the passionate shrieks of passers-by indulging in casual conversation, and an occasional blood-curdling scream which always sounds like a woman being murdered, but which usually proves to be a street peddler advertising the strawberries he is selling.

### The Noisiest City in the World

BRINDISI is the port on the east coast of Italy where one gets a steamer for Greece, Turkey, Egypt, India, the Black Sea and Adriatic ports. It is the noisiest city in the world. There are only two decent hotels in the place, and both of them front on the big stone deck which forms the foreground and the front yard for all Brindisi's activities.

Every citizen of Brindisi seems to own a dog, and all the dogs come down to the waterfront at midnight and bark hoarsely at one another. The waterfront is lined with saloons, and each saloon supports an orchestra which plays the sourest music ever heard. From midnight until two o'clock drunken sailors clatter from saloon to saloon, bawling at one another. At three o'clock a couple of steamers get away for Constantinople and Egypt, letting off a few blasts from their whistles that almost jiggle the windows out of the hotels. Directly afterward a mob of laborers gather and scream frantically at one another for an hour. At five o'clock a launch comes and gets them and takes them, still screaming and waving their hands, to their work down the harbor.

Then comes the milk dealer—a boy about fifteen years old—with a flock of eight goats. The boy drags a tin pail at the end of a string, so that it clatters interestingly over the stone pavement. The goats have church bells attached to their necks, and their hoofs on the stones sound like a troop of cavalry horses climbing the back-stairs of an apartment house. The boy drags his tin pail up and down the waterfront, followed closely by his troop of goats, until someone leans out of a window and howls deafeningly for milk. Then the boy shrieks an acknowledgment of the order, squats down beside a goat and milks her into his battered pail.

After the milk boy has passed on, the cab drivers begin to gather, howling at one another and cracking their whips viciferously. Then the steamer from Triest comes churning in, blowing off steam and letting off whistles; and with that, Brindisi really begins to wake up for the day.


THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

A variety of attractive sets—$5.00 to $25.00. Set shown at left—silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades in compact case—

$5.00

A gift for any man on your Christmas list

*A safety razor that saves constant blade expense*

Greater by far than in any other month of the year—that's what dealers everywhere report about their Christmas sales of Valet AutoStrop Razors. And they say that *enthusiastic users* are the big buyers, that they choose it for the men on their Christmas lists.

No poor shaves, no fast dulling blades, no constant blade expense! *In ten seconds* a man gets a new, keen edge. Morning after morning he enjoys the same comfortable, smooth shave.

No knack is needed. Just a few strokes on the strop—and the blade is keen again. Strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade. Ask any dealer for a demonstration today. It will settle one or more of your gift problems.

*Gold plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, brush and soap in gold plated tubes, mirror—all in black leather case*

$13.50

*Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in flat, silver plated, engine turned case—*

$10.00

VALET AutoStrop Razor

*See Today's*

# FRANKLIN

*Planned and Built---*

--*for the man* who wants to be able to travel farther in a day than other cars will permit—yet with comfort and safety. (Shock-absorbing, full-elliptic springs and wood frame, four-point body suspension, light unsprung weight.)

--*for the woman* who wants a car that is reliable and does not take strength to handle it. (Cold-weather starting devices, non-stalling engine, sensitive brakes, less weight, less friction.)

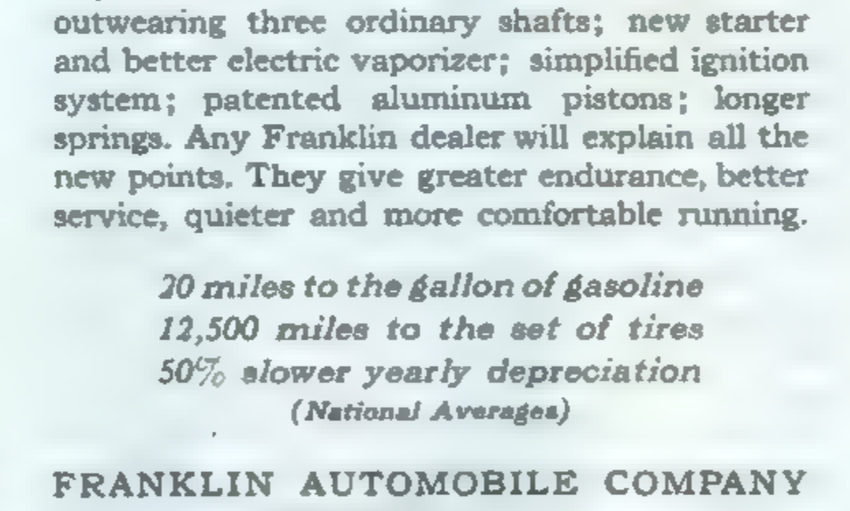
--*for the family* which takes care of its own car. (Air-cooling, no water to boil, freeze or leak, automatic oiling, only three grease cups.)

--*for the owner* who is tired of having to add accessories to his car to make it give approximate satisfaction. (The Franklin is built correctly and completely at the outset—needs no afterthoughts.)

See today's Franklin with its score of recent improvements—new case-hardened crankshaft, outwearing three ordinary shafts; new starter and better electric vaporizer; simplified ignition system; patented aluminum pistons; longer springs. Any Franklin dealer will explain all the new points. They give greater endurance, better service, quieter and more comfortable running.

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline*
*12,500 miles to the set of tires*
*50% slower yearly depreciation*
*(National Averages)*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



*Touring Car $2350 Brougham $3200 Sedan $3350 Demi-Coupé $2650*
*Runabout $2300 Demi-Sedan $2750 (All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse)*


# COLD MOLASSES

(Continued from Page 11)

"If I could only get away from everywhere," he told himself, "and just have a real rest, the way a man ought to rest on his vacation—swim and fish and walk and loaf and sleep a hundred miles from the nearest post office and a thousand miles from the nearest pair of bare knees!"

Moved by a sudden idea, he reached for his blue book and began to study the sparsely settled regions.

"There must be some place here," he said, "that's farther away from a good road or a railroad or a town than anywhere else in New England."

It didn't take him long to find it. It was in Maine, an irregular, bald-looking area with a lake and a river in the center of it like a fisherman's float in the middle of a quiet pool.

"'Nearest settlement Peacedale,'" read Brant, growing fonder of his notion with everything he saw. "About four hundred miles away—or a little more. I could do it in two days easily."

For nearly a minute he reflected, his foot lightly resting on the starter.

"At least it would be a tour," he finally told himself.

His foot pressed down, his gear shift moved, the clutch engaged; and with something like a shudder the car moved forward and gradually gathered speed. He hadn't gone far when three girls, walking by the side of the road, looked over their shoulders at his approach with that mute glance which every motorist knows—the glance which says, "Do you want to give us a ride?"

"Fat chance!" muttered Brant to himself.

And, oh, but didn't he step upon the accelerator then!

IV

IT WAS on the afternoon of the second day when Brant approached the region of his destination. Early in the morning he had left the state highway, and for the last six hours he had been bumping over ruts which seemed to grow worse at every crossroads.

"Not much social life here," he told himself with a wry smile. "People don't even paint their houses along this road, let alone their faces."

With every passing mile the houses and farms seemed to grow more discouraged—chimneys half down, windows broken and stuffed with paper, fields overgrown with brush, barns sow-backed or bending over until they looked as though they would surely collapse with the first good wind that blew.

"The pioneers," thought Brant. "God help them! Founders of the republic—and this is what they've got!"

A rabbit raced down the road and aroused a tingle of excitement in him; a flock of pheasants, taking a dust bath, suddenly whirred up and made his heart beat faster; and a distant lake shone at him like a sparkling sapphire when he reached the top of the next hill.

"I've come to the right place," he told himself with a nod of contentment. "Can't be far from Peacedale now."

At one of the houses where he stopped to inquire his way a shrewish-looking spinster came to the door to answer him.

"Good!" thought Brant, and if he hadn't been driving his car he might have rubbed his hands together.

A few miles farther on he saw another woman standing in her doorway, a shapeless female whose apron fell to the toes of her shoes. His feeling of contentment grew.

"No bare knees around here," he thought. "Seems to me we're coming to somewhere."

Half a dozen weather-beaten tenements stood by the side of the road around the ruins of a gristmill. Over the doorway of the second house hung a sign, "Post Office, Peacedale," and on the step sat a little old man in felt boots and rubbers, his dirty face nearly covered with a dirtier beard, but who, nevertheless, looked up at Brant with a twinkle in his eye that drew an answering smile from the young man in the car.

"Are you the postmaster?" he asked.

"Nope," answered the other. "I'm Lem Brown."

"Live around here?"

"So they tell me."

"Know the country?"

"Ought to."

His answers were as quick as cheerful sword play, each one delivered almost before Brant had finished his question.

"Perhaps you can help me then," said the latter. "I want to rent a place on the lake for about a month. Do you know of any?"

Lem lit his pipe, never once taking his eyes off the younger man.

"By gosh," he suddenly exclaimed, "I've got a farm that might suit you! Nobody living there now."

"Is it far?"

"'Bout two miles. Used to be a good farm once. House right on the lake."

"How much rent do you want?"

"Well, now, I dunno. Don't want to stick you. Don't want to stick myself. How's ten dollars a month strike you? Somewheres about right?"

"Come in," said Brant, opening the door and trying not to smile. "We'll go and look at it."

It proved to be a venerable dwelling nearly hidden from the road by the elms which drew gigantic fiddlesticks against its ridge boards. In the kitchen was an old-fashioned fireplace, and standing with his back to this Brant could look through the windows at the sapphire lake which he had seen from the distance, and the pine-covered hills beyond. It was a view that kept him quiet for a time.

"Kep' my furniture, you see," said Lem—"what there is of it. Never had much. The more you have the more you've got to tend to. Wood's in the shed just opposite the kitchen door. Ain't much, but you can easy cut some more."

"Is there a boat?"

Lem gave him a shrewd glance—a glance which Brant remembered later.

"No," said he, "but I could git you one."

"Could I get a guide?"

"Guide? What you need a guide for? I know the country all round here. I'll give you all the guiding you want."

"Know how to cook?"

"Ought to. Been an old bach all my life."

They looked at each other then—clean youth and unkempt age—and whatever they saw they cheerfully grinned at each other. Within five minutes Lem had hired himself out for a month and they were on their way back to Peacedale for groceries and other supplies.

There is always a pleasant excitement in setting up camp for the first time and sitting down to the first meal, and by the time the supper things had been cleared away Brant wouldn't have changed places with any man on earth.

"This is fine—fine!" he told himself as he strolled down to the lake and drew deep breaths of the bracing air. "Clean—big—noble!" For a time he watched a sunset which might have been flung across the sky for his special benefit, and then he started a thought which ages of dreamers have never quite finished. "I don't know what it is," he said, "but there's something about solitude ——"

When it grew dark he returned to the house, and watched the fire on the hearth, and listened to Lem. Brant, of course, was virgin soil to Lem, and the old-timer was able to spin his best: Uncle Mun and the Seven Skunks, The Pension Agent and the Half Wit, The Bear That Got in Widow Riley's House, What Welcome Hazard Found in His Grandfather's Clock ——

"This is fine—fine!" Brant told himself again. "Now if I was at Watch Hill tonight ——" A feeling near to disgust swept over him.

In the next lull of narrative he said, serene in his security, "Ever get any city girls up here, Lem?"

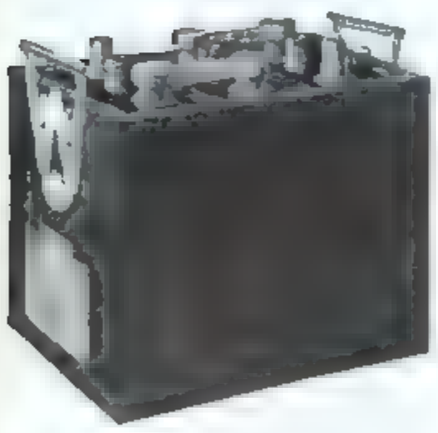
"Gosh, no, not many!" said Lem. "Had one come through here a couple months ago with one o' them high-toned Boston millionaires. Stopped at the post office and gave me a chance to look 'em over. Him—he weren't due to live long, though he had a proud way of walking as if he had a bellyful of buttermilk. She—by gosh, she had some sort of red paint on her mouth, and I said to the postmaster when they'd gone, 'Tom,' says I, 'I know what's the matter with him. He's got painter's colic.'"

"Fine—fine!" thought Brant again with a cheerful laugh.

The bunks had been filled with fresh pine needles, as fragrant as a frosty dawn in the

(Continued on Page 42)

# When you buy a battery buy a GOOD battery



Buy a reputable battery made by a reputable manufacturer. Get dependable performance. Consider the fact that such a concern as Westinghouse could not, for the protection of a half-century-old reputation, make a battery that did not reflect the supremacy Westinghouse achieved in other things—notably the air brake and kindred railway safety appliances.

Don't measure battery cost by the purchase price. But by the thousands of miles or the years of service the battery can be relied on to render; by the money it is going to save you in repairs, rentals—by the peace of mind and contented assurance it can give you.

In Westinghouse you'll get a battery built by minds long trained and hands especially skilled in battery construction. A battery that is vigorous, powerful, long-lived, resourceful—capable of meeting even the heaviest winter demands.

Behind it, and behind the dealer who sells it, stands WESTINGHOUSE with a factory guarantee that is unequaled in meaning—unequaled because the Westinghouse policy insures the conscientious fulfillment of the Westinghouse guarantee. While Westinghouse Attention, for *all* makes of batteries, will appeal to you as a battery service that is unusual in policy and unique in its standard of fair dealing and courtesy.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY COMPANY, SWISSVALE, PA.

# WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

# Prospectus FREE
*To every*
## HOME BUILDER
*who mails the coupon*

*There is no added cost for "Morgan-Quality"*

Building a home, whether the first or not, is always a serious problem. A lot of your money and years of comfort and happiness rest upon your judgment. Once the last nail and board and brick are in place the die is cast. You cannot discard it like an old piece of furniture. You cannot tear down and rebuild without great expense. You may not be able to sell except at a sacrifice. You must live in it. How important it is then for the happiness of all concerned to "be sure you are right" at the beginning.

"Building With Assurance," a product of 2 years' labor and over $150,000 in money, is designed to *start* you right and to keep you *right*. To have this great book as your guide may mean a saving of many hundreds of dollars.

**Read the Contents**

First, there are many colored illustrations of bungalows, cottages and [illegible] to aid you in selecting a type that appeals to you. Then comes page after page [illegible]. These include halls and [illegible] dining rooms, dens, bedrooms, [illegible] In addition "Building With Assurance" contains several most priceless [illegible] of prominence—such as "Interior Decoration and Floor Coverings," by Marshall Field & Co., "Modern Plumbing," by Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Other subjects covered are "Home Heating," "Hardware That Harmonizes," "[illegible] Gardening," "Paints and Finishes," etc. [illegible] information been presented in book form.

**Mail the Coupon Below**

We wish this wonderful book, "Building With Assurance," to go only to those who are seriously interested in home building or home improvement. So we have prepared a beautiful prospectus—in which the Master Book is very fully described. Actual pages are reproduced, the contents given, etc. This prospectus tells clearly how you may secure a copy of the big book. We will gladly send it FREE to any person who mails us the coupon.

**Morgan Woodwork Organization**

MORGAN QUALITY
STANDARDIZED
WOODWORK

COUPON
Address Nearest Office Dept. N 12
Morgan Sash & Door Co., Chicago (Branch) — Morgan Mill work Co., Baltimore, Md.
Morgan Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
Gentlemen: Please send me, at once, copy of your beautiful Free Prospectus which describes "Building With Assurance."
Name
Address
Town

110


(Continued from Page 40)

woods, and over these Lem had spread the blankets which they had bought in Peacedale that afternoon. At ten o'clock they turned in and darkness fell upon the scene.

"'Sleep, Lem?" asked Brant after turning his thoughts over for a while.

"Gosh, no!"

"This afternoon I heard you say you were an old bachelor. Didn't you ever marry?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

Although it was dark, Brant knew that the old man had raised himself on his elbow and was looking toward him across the room.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he said. "I was real loving with a girl once, but she stung me."

"Stung you? How?"

"Threw me over without any warning and married a 'Roostook 'tater farmer—darn his dirty hide!"

"And you never tried again?"

"Gosh, no! Once stung, twice shy—that's me!"

"He's right too," thought Brant, and aloud he added in a gentle voice—a voice that had more than a touch of friendliness in it—"Good night, Lem. I hope you'll have a good night's sleep."

■

A WEEK went on, and Brant began to learn how soon Nature can strip civilization of its thinner veneers. On his first day at the lake the sun had blistered him so that he couldn't shave. He had started to keep his shoes clean, but after jumping into the water a few times to draw the boat up on the beach he gave no further thought either to the shine of his shoes or the crease of his trousers. Easy—so easy is the descent to Avernus. Before the week was over Brant was sporting a pair of khaki overalls, a brown flannel shirt and a pair of Indian moccasins which Lem had stirred up for him in the village.

"Now you look like something," said Lem. "That's the best of having no women round. Plague take 'em, they keep a fellow dolling up all the time!"

Brant had his first glimpse then of a truth which was probably shrouded in antiquity when Homer sang soprano.

"I wonder if that's what girls were sent for," he mused, "to keep a man on his toes all the time so he won't start slipping back. Perhaps that's what's the matter with Lem."

Unobserved, he studied that ancient bachelor—his dusty eyebrows, his beard which served as a bib, his frankly dirty face and neck, the felt boots in which he slept, his Rabelaisian manners.

"Perhaps men would gradually get that way," he thought.

But his wound still rankled.

"Some cures are worse than the disease," he darkly told himself; "and I don't believe that a month like this is going to have any permanent effect."

Along in the second week, though, he began to find that Lem was palling on him at times—he could hardly have told you why—and more than once he sent him on errands to the village in order to get him out of the way. Vaguely, very vaguely, something seemed to be wanting—some illusory ingredient which he had never missed from life before, and now and then he had to fight back a feeling of irritability.

"I've read of men getting this way when they're shut up together for a long time," he told himself one afternoon. "I didn't take much stock in it at the time, but I can see that I've got to be careful."

More and more often he found that his thoughts were turning to Peggy.

"I wonder if I ever really loved her," he sometimes asked himself, and presently discovered that he was answering in the negative.

"It's hard to love a modern girl," he told himself on another afternoon. "They are too—too public. It's something like loving a chorus girl who wears her tights on the street. There's something common about them; every young loafer and every old bum can look and wink his eye. I never liked to see her smoke either. Of course, she had a perfect right to do it, the same as she could have chewed tobacco if she had wanted to; but it isn't a thing that makes you love a girl. Nor her swearing. It always seemed cheap, somehow, like a boy who goes around spitting between his teeth. Nor the way she talked; nor the things she laughed at. I was interested in her, of course," he admitted, "but when it comes to that deep love which they say will send a man to heaven or hell, lead him to make any sacrifice, do anything, dare anything, it simply wasn't there, that's all!" To which, after a thoughtful pause, he added: "She probably thinks that I'll be going back soon for my second lesson—but never again!"—and added another of those famous formulas which have probably come echoing down the ages from time immemorial, "You can't fool me, young lady!"

There had been thunder in the air all day, but now coppery clouds had appeared at the head of the valley, and another bank was gathering over the foot of the lake.

"Going to be a storm," he thought. "I hope Lem won't get caught. He'll probably stay at the post office till it's over."

All at once the wind started blowing, and he nearly had to fight his way down to the lake to pull the boat farther up on the beach. When he turned to go back to the house the world had grown dark. Lightning streaked the sky. The thunder rumbled nearer. Suddenly a flash seemed to leap from the clouds directly overhead, followed in the next breath by a peal that shook the earth, and a moment later the rain was coming down in a flood.

As long as he lives Brant will remember that storm—a tempest of superlatives, as though Vulcan had gone stark staring mad, and Pluvius and Boreas were bearing him dreadful company. The last thing he remembered when he recovered consciousness he was sitting in the kitchen, and when he came to himself again he was lying in the hallway with his head against the door.

"Lucky it didn't kill me," he thought, rising shakily to his feet. "The house must have been struck."

Still half dazed, he made his way outside to look at the damage; but the sight that met his eyes soon steadied him. The lightning had split an elm tree. One half was still standing; the other had fallen across the road, where it had caught the wheels of a buggy which had evidently been trying to pass through the storm. The split singletree and broken harness showed that the horse had run away, probably spurred by one of Vulcan's lightest kicks. But it wasn't that which made Brant hurry over to the wreckage. By the side of the broken buggy lay the figure of a girl, her eyes closed, her body limp, and on her face the mortal pallor of those whose race is nearly run.

VI

BRANT carried her into the house, and not knowing what else to do he drew from the classics and started to chafe her hands.

"Probably struck by the same flash that got me," he thought and, alarmed by the apparent absence of her breathing, he felt her pulse. At first he thought it had stopped for good, but presently he caught a feeble ticking against his finger tips. "If I can only keep her breathing until she gets over the shock!" he told himself.

He stopped his chafing then and began to raise and lower her arms, as he had once seen done to a man who was nearly drowned. It was an awkward thing to do—perhaps a silly thing to do—a grotesque struggle with possible death, or a mere clownish disturbance of an insensible body, but knowing that if he stopped he was at the end of his resources he kept pumping away until first a sigh and then a gasp arose from the helpless little body on the couch.

"That's better," he thought. "Now if I can get her warm —— She's wet through."

A fire was burning on the hearth to boil the water for supper. He put on more wood, and then, after pushing the couch close to the fire, he fetched all the blankets and rugs he could find and carefully spread them over his patient.

"When Lem comes back I'll find out where to go for a doctor," he thought, and looking down at the quiet little face on the pillow he added, "I wonder who she is."

It was just then that the girl opened her eyes and looked up at him, at first blankly enough, but soon with growing fright.

"She thinks I'm a hobo in this rig," thought Brant, and possibly piqued a little because she couldn't see the man beneath the costume he said aloud: "It's all right. There's nothing to be frightened at. I found you in the road. The tree had fallen on your buggy and I'm trying to get you straightened out again—that's all."

"I remember," she said after a wide-eyed pause, and the color began to come back to her face. "Do you think I could sit up now, please?"

He moved the couch and took some of the covers off her, meanwhile unconsciously noting the pansylike depths of her eyes as she looked at him, the moss-rose smoothness of her skin.

"Older than I thought," he told himself as she sat up. "But then they generally are—nowadays."

"It's lucky for me that you happened to find me out there," she said, and shivered slightly, partly perhaps from the excitement of her adventure, and partly from the drenching which she had received in the storm.

"That's the reason I put the blankets over you," he said as gruffly as he could—"to try to get you warm."

"You are awfully kind," she said.

It wasn't merely a voice that she used. It was a bar of gentle music, such as an inspired composer might write to accompany a rose petal falling through moonlight.

"Peg used to talk like that at times," he told himself with a shrug. "You can't fool me, young lady!" But seeing that she was still cold, he asked aloud, "Would you like something hot to drink?"

"I'd like some tea if you've got any."

"She thought I meant whisky," he sourly tried to tell himself. He had never made tea, but Lem had brought home a half-pound package the day before, and with the idea of not having it too weak, Brant emptied the whole package into the empty coffee pot and was about to pour the boiling water on it when the girl cried out in alarm.

"Let me do it," she said, getting up. "I feel better now."

As she busied herself around the fireplace Brant noticed her clothes for the first time. She was wearing a khaki skirt that matched his overalls, and a man's coat with sleeves that were much too long. The skirt had been torn and mended more than once, and the stockings were of homespun wool.

"Funny," he thought. "Her dress and her looks don't correspond. But then, hang it, they're all funny, and none of 'em's worth a second thought!"

For all that, he watched her—her graceful attitudes, the angle of her head as she poured the tea, the deep light in her eyes when she chatted or smiled—and if you had been there it might have struck you that he didn't appear to be exactly relieved when she looked out of the window at last and said: "It's clearing up; I think I'd better be starting."

"I'll take you in my car," he said.

"No, no," she hurriedly remarked. "I won't trouble you"; and although he told himself that it was imagination, he thought he caught a note of fear in her voice.

"No trouble at all," he said. "Do you live far?"

"No, no, you mustn't," she said, and this time there was no mistaking her alarm. She held out her hand with a hurried "Good-by—and thank you so much."

It was on the tip of Brant's tongue to say, "At least you will tell me your name." But he didn't say it, his recent education being too fresh in his mind. "What do I care what her name is?" he asked himself. "What's her name to me?" And shook hands limply, as though it were a bore. She was going out as Lem came in, and when he saw her the old bach's eyes stood out of his head as the crab's are said to do in moments of excitement.

"You know her?" he asked after the girl had gone. "I mean, had you heard tell of her afore you came up here?"

"No," said Brant, puzzled by the old man's manner. "Why? Who is she?"

Lem stared hard before replying.

"Let me tell you something serious now, young man," said he. "You don't want to fool with that young woman."

"Why not? Who is she?"

"That's just what I'm going to tell you," said the old bach, and speaking with the shining eyes of those who explain a mystery he added: "That's Robinson Crusoe's daughter. You want to look out for her!"

VII

BIT by bit it came out, Lem letting each morsel roll on his tongue as though he loved the flavor. It wasn't a story he told—it was an epic; one of those stately affairs in which the armor bearers are described, and how the Hellespont raged on the night when Leander was born. Before Lem was through he had introduced into his narrative nearly all the inhabitants who lived within five miles of Peacedale, and

(Continued on Page 45)

# The Miracle of the Golden Bar

*Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor and the work it does*

***The easy Fels-Naptha way to get clothes clean***

Wet the clothes. Soap with Fels-Naptha, roll up, soak half an hour in lukewarm water. The naptha loosens the dirt. Only a little rubbing is needed. Douse clothes through the soapy water to flush the dirt away. Rinse thoroughly.

Boiling is not necessary; but boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. Whether the water is cool, lukewarm, or hot, Fels-Naptha makes clothes clean quicker than ordinary soap.

FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."

The easy way Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go is the miracle of modern washing! A miracle brought about by the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha.

You know the astonishing results professional dry-cleaners get by using naptha to cleanse delicate finery *safely* and *quickly*.

When you wash clothes with Fels-Naptha you get the wonderful cleansing-value of real naptha and the washing energy of good soap. Thus Fels-Naptha gives clothes a *double* cleansing.

This is why they come white and clean so readily! And to think this good golden bar makes snowy suds that give such whiteness to white clothes!

Not only for clothes, but for all your household cleaning, Fels-Naptha works wonders in time and labor saved.

From the standpoint of economy alone you need Fels-Naptha, whether you do your own work or have it done for you.

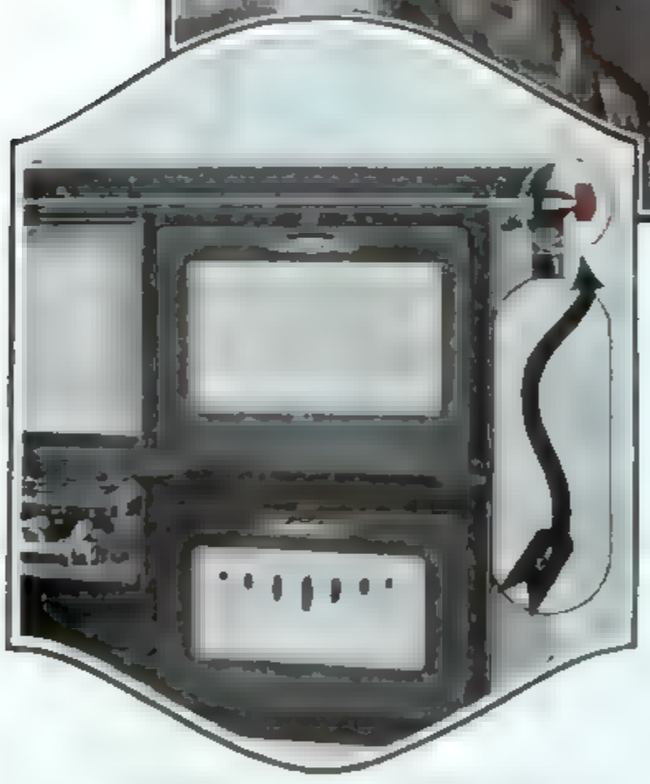
The only way to get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

*One easy turn of the "Lorain" red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking*



# *Mother, of course, expects nothing for herself—*

and yet, do you know of anyone anywhere who deserves more than Mother?

Wouldn't it be splendid this Christmas to remember her first of all—to give her a real gift, a cheerful year-around present that will

—every day prove to her how thoughtful you were;

—help to preserve her health, and increase her happiness;

—make her kitchen hours shorter, easier and brighter;

—insure her success in cooking, baking and canning every time she uses her oven;

—give her a new pride in the food she prepares;

—enable her to repeat her best dishes every time without a single "unlucky" failure;

—cook a whole meal at one time, permitting Mother to stay out of the hot kitchen until it is delightfully ready to serve;

—provide, day after day, the most appetizing food you ever enjoyed?

Does this seem too promising? Then find out how real and how true it becomes with the wonderful "Lorain" red wheel. It is most amazing.

There is a dealer nearby who is eager to show you the "Lorain" and explain to you its magic. Let us send you his address and a complimentary copy of *"An Easier Day's Work."*

*Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"*

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio

NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

AMERICAN STOVE CO.
112 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free booklet, "An Easier Day's Work."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

*Of the six stoves listed above my favorite is*

_____

1921

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 112 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

*Largest makers of gas ranges in the world*

*We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain" cannot be used on these*

# LORAIN
## OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

(Continued from Page 42)

not a few of their horses and dogs. What the postmaster said to the minister; how Eben Tarbox was sticking a pig when little Joe Walsh came running up with the news; Lydia Stanton's people, and the store they set on a certain feather bed these give but a hint of the richness of Lem's tale. Yet stripped of nonessentials the story was simple enough.

At the other end of the lake, two miles from Lem's cottage, was an island of about fifty acres. There was a house on it, built of stone and hewn timbers, used at one time by a club of Boston sportsmen. The club disbanded and evidently sold the island, for one day smoke was seen rising from the clubhouse chimney, and it was learned that the place was being occupied by a man and his daughter. No one had ever seen the former except at a distance, but his daughter went to Peacedale once a week for mail and groceries, rowing over to the mainland and hiring a neighbor's team to make the trip to the village.

Some said this and some said that. Did a man turn absconder? It was Robinson Crusoe over on the island. Did a convict escape? Had eleven wives suddenly discovered that they had married the same man, and that man among the missing? Was the country being flooded by cleverly counterfeited twenty-dollar bills? It was, of course, simply inevitable that Robinson Crusoe was the man.

"But why do they call him Crusoe?" interrupted Brant.

"Darned good reason why. It's the name he's took. Living on the island, I suppose, give him the notion. And now let me tell you something else ——"

Lem lowered his voice then. For the past few months strangers—obviously detectives—had appeared in Peacedale and had made casual inquiries about the location of the island. Lem apparently had mistaken Brant for one of these detectives at first. Some had hired boats. Some had followed Robinson's daughter. Searchlights had been seen at night. Shots had been heard.

"A dratted queer business, if you ask me," said Lem thoughtfully. "These detectives, now, they come and ask their way and off they start, but 'tain't often they're seen again. Where do they go to? Why was Herb Tilley's flat-bottomed boat found floating in the lake with the bottom stove in? Why is a Boston hawkshaw with a bull neck haunting the lake right now? Why did Robinson Crusoe pick out this particular neck of the woods if he weren't up to something shady?"

"Perhaps he picked it out in the same way that I did," thought Brant as he lay awake that night. "It does sound queer, though, to hear Lem tell it. I've seen that man with a bull neck myself. And now I come to think of it, she was frightened when I offered to take her home in the car. A funny business all the way round."

Funny or not, he thought of little else the next day.

"That accounts for the way she talks," he told himself once. "I thought she hadn't been brought up around here. A nice girl in a way—natural, I mean. Didn't spring a cigarette tube on me or begin talking about sex control. A pity, if she's mixed up in anything crooked. Still, you never can tell ——"

In the afternoon he went for a long row on the lake, and came back feeling disappointed.

"I'm a fool!" he suddenly remarked to himself as he drew near the shore, he who had so lately vowed that the girl didn't live who could make him one. "What do I want to see her again for? She's nothing to me!"

In his absence the wreck of the buggy had been taken away and a note left for Brant. It was a charming little letter thanking him for his kindness of the day before, and signed, "Yours sincerely, Beatrice Crusak."

"Crusak," nodded Brant. "That's how the Crusoe myth started." He read the letter again, and carefully placed it in his pocket so that the observant Lem couldn't get at it. "You're a nice girl," he nodded again, "whatever your father may be. Not that I care a tinker's dam, of course," he hastily added. "You can't fool me, young lady!"

The next day he grew restless, and finding that his face had healed sufficiently he managed to shave himself.

"Dolling up, eh?" said Lem, as observant as ever.

"No," said Brant shortly. "Thought I'd shave, that's all."

"Heh! So I see. Want any guiding done this afternoon over to Robinson Crusoe's island?"

"No, I don't."

"Thought you wouldn't."

Brant felt a temptation to turn fiercely around on the old-timer and tell him to go and comb his whiskers. But he didn't. Instead he put on his tweeds.

"At least," he told himself with a lofty frown, "there can be no harm in looking over the island."

### VIII

HE CAME upon her unexpectedly, and yet if you had been there you might have thought that she had been waiting for him. She was seated near the shore in a grove of trees that came down to the water's edge, and if Brant hadn't been so definitely through with the ladies he might easily have said something about the nymphs of old who used to rule the forests in the golden days of Greece. But that was put behind him long ago and far away, so he simply said, "How are you?" and tied his boat to a tree.

She was prettier, he grudgingly told himself, than he had thought; and not having been struck by lightning that day she was certainly more at her ease, and had a nice way of smiling at him—nothing saucy, of course; indeed, at times there was something sad in the end of her smiles, like the sorrowful ending in the second *motif* of Gounod's Variation of a Theme. But you mustn't get the idea from this that she was melancholy, because she wasn't. Before long she was chatting away as though she had known Brant for years, and never once did she mention Freud or psychoanalysis or the best way to make synthetic gin; and never once did she spring a cigarette on him, and inhale a mouthful of smoke, and blow it through her nose in a finished manner, and sigh to herself, "Ah, that's good!"

Perhaps you wonder what they talked about. Well, she had just been reading Our Mutual Friend, and they talked about Silas Wegg and Mrs. Boffin, both of whom were good for more laughs than one. For a bookmarker, she had a letter received that week from the girl who had been her chum at boarding school, and she told him some of the nice little mysteries of girls' boarding schools; and then he told her about Lem; and she told him the puzzle about the three cannibals and the three missionaries; and then they watched a hawk and hoped it wouldn't catch anything; and then she discovered that he had been in France

"A nice girl," thought Brant just before he fell asleep that night. "Still, she's nothing to me, of course. To-morrow I'll take Lem and we'll try that bee-hunting game he was telling me about."

But he didn't take Lem the next day, and he didn't go bee hunting. On second thoughts he decided to explore the lake a little more. Perhaps he would see the bull-necked hawkshaw from Boston and get a little information. Perhaps there were other islands.

Again if you had been there you might have thought that she was waiting for him in her temple of trees. She had brought her lunch in a basket, and by the sheerest luck there was enough for two.

"We'll have a picnic," she told him. "Dad says he's too busy to eat to-day. Have you a match?"

"Yes," he said, his heart sinking a little as he watched for the inevitable coffin nail to appear.

"I'm so glad. I brought some potatoes, and we'll make a fire and bake them. I've always wanted to bake potatoes on a picnic, haven't you?"

It was eleven o'clock when Brant reached the island; it was four when he left; and never once did she mention Paul Geraldy, or wayside inns where it wasn't necessary to whisper to the waiters, or the spicy details of the latest divorce case. And never once did the conversation turn to monkey glands and the influence of arrested flirtations on the children of the future; or on men who were poor fishes, or on girls who were a mess. No; and never once did she clasp her hands behind her head and cross her knees and mournfully recite:

*La vie est brève,*
*Un peu d'espoir,*
*Un peu de rêve*
*Et puis—bonsoir!*

Perhaps you wonder what they did talk about. Well, they talked about people who were cast away on desert islands, and how they would manage to get along; and they talked about the early days of the human race, and the first ten words that mankind probably learned to say; and they talked of possible forms of life on other worlds, and how the human features might be rearranged—the eyes on the side of the head, for instance, where the ears are, and the nose turned upside down; and Brant told her of the first case that he had tried as assistant district attorney, and how he had become convinced that the prisoner was innocent, but had to prove it himself, because the prisoner's lawyer didn't know how; and they talked about the different things that made America the finest country in the world, and about the possibility of trees being able to feel and smell; and they talked about Barrie and Maude Adams and Henry Esmond and George Ade and Alice in Wonderland and nice hobbies—and cabbages and kings.

"I've got to stop this," Brant told himself that night, "or the first thing I know I'll be in trouble again—the same as poor old Cold Molasses was in trouble with Peggy. She's not the same as Peggy," he quickly answered. "No," he replied, "they all have their own methods, but they're all the same in the end—nothing but worry and trouble—a fool's game if ever there was one. And, anyhow, why doesn't she ask me up to the house? And why did she look pleading and change the subject this afternoon when I mentioned her father? No, sir, I've had enough of it! I don't see why I ever went over there in the first place."

In some subtle fashion the word "propinquity" suggested itself to his mind.

"Then the devil take propinquity!" he savagely told himself. "To-morrow I'm going bee hunting."

But he didn't; nor the next day; nor the day after. And every time he came away from Robinson Crusoe's island he carried new memories with him—innocent glances that Beatrice had given him, a trick she had of raising her shoulders when she laughed, the shadow of her eyelashes on her cheeks, the way her hair curled at the back of her neck, the creamy velvet of her throat ——

"Just the kind of a girl that I could have become interested in—once—if I hadn't had my eyes opened," he told himself one night. "Shy—I like shy girls. I think every man does. And innocent—doesn't look as though she'd seen everything and heard everything; and trusting and happy, and no more use for lip salve than a rosebud has. Brave too; you can see it in her eyes. I—I wonder what it is that her father's doing up there on the island. Nothing very bad, I guess. I wonder if I could find out from that bull-necked detective if I had a chance to talk to him."

On his fifth visit Beatrice wasn't holding court in her temple of trees, and the day so full of life and color a minute before suddenly seemed empty—a study in grays.

"That's one of their tricks," he tried to tell himself. "They get you interested up to a certain point, and then they say to themselves, 'Now let's see if he'll miss me.'" But even while he was phrasing the thought his mind was searching for some other reason for her absence. "I know!" he nodded then. "It's a week to-day since she was struck. She's probably gone over to Peacedale for the mail."

Before he left he wrote a note on the back of an old envelope and pinned it to a tree where she would be sure to see it:

Sorry I missed you. Will be back at eight this evening. B

But when he returned at eight the grove was empty and his note was still pinned to the tree.

"I wonder if anything's happened to her," he uneasily asked himself, looking up the path which he knew must lead to the house. "I wonder—I wonder if everything's all right up there."

Always before he had tried to check the suspicions which Lem had sowed in his mind, tried with a sardonic reflection, "What's it to me?" But now something happened which caused Lem's warnings to echo in his ears like the ocean in a sea shell. While walking through the grove in the gathering darkness he accidentally left the path and nearly fell. At first he thought it was a vine which had twisted around his foot, but when he started to disentangle it he found a double strand of insulated wire ending in a push button.

(Continued on Page 47)

Rest assured—The

Faultless

SINCE 1881

SLEEP COAT

*ready DECEMBER 15th*

Here's something *really* original—really new. The Faultless Sleep Coat, a pantsless pajama, tailored like a coat. It's an open front garment from neck to hem (knee length), with a convertible high or low neck and smartly cut Raglan sleeves. Made of Exquisette and Lusterette, durable, silk-like fabrics in all colors. Guaranteed fast vat-dyed. Stylish designs that have kept Faultless Nightwear the choice of men who appreciate Comfort and Style. Price $2.50 and upwards.

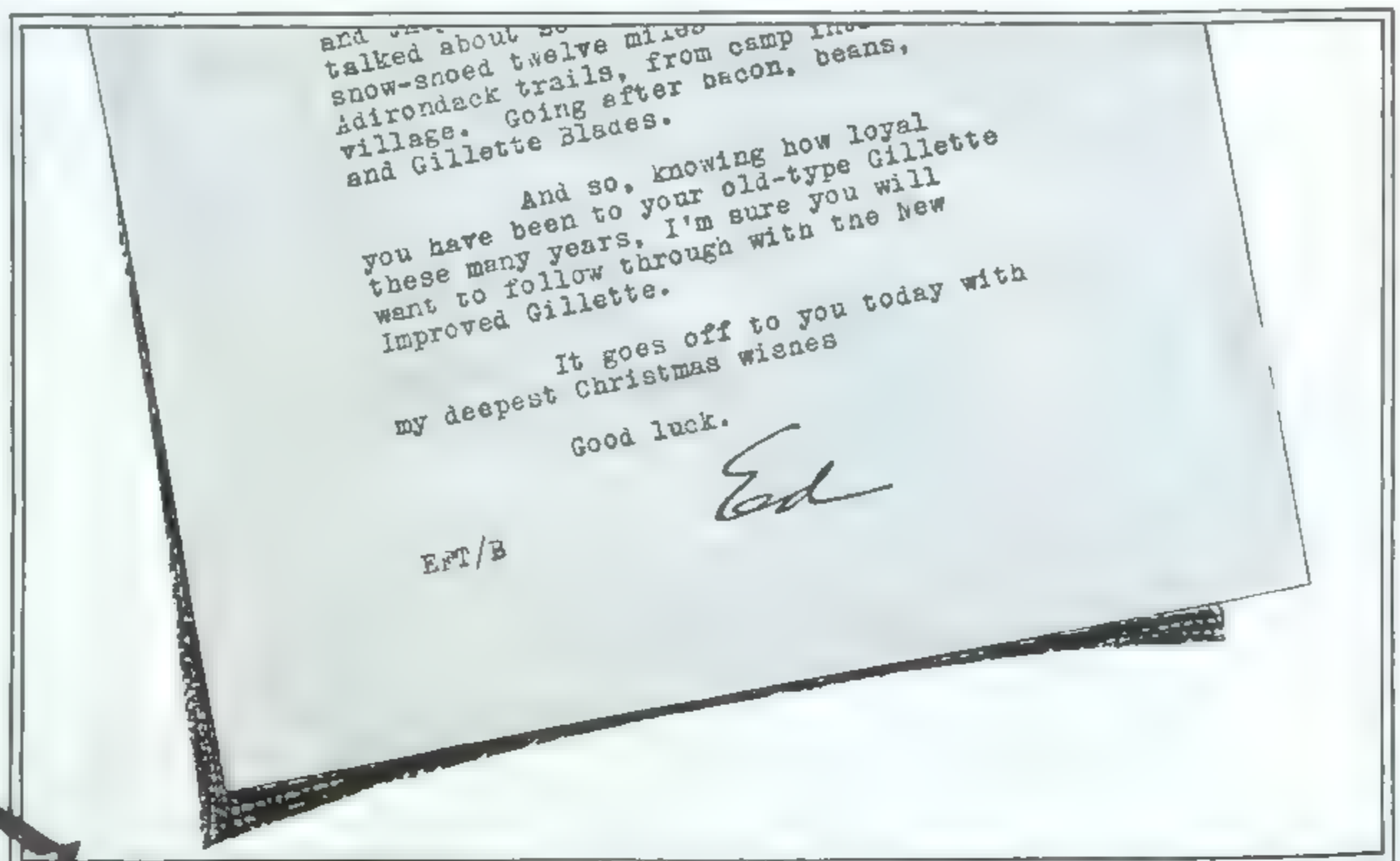
If for lounging, Trousers can be supplied to match the Sleep Coat. It is possible that we have not yet been able to supply your dealer. Write us and we will supply him immediately.

E. ROSENFELD & COMPANY
Baltimore New York Chicago

Originators of the famous Faultless Regulation, Buttonless, One Piece and Pantsless Pajama.

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"

*Faultless Underwear the equal of Faultless Nightwear at $1 and up.*


talked about
snow-snoed twelve miles
Adirondack trails, from camp
village. Going after bacon, beans,
and Gillette Blades.
And so, knowing how loyal
you have been to your old-type Gillette
these many years, I'm sure you will
want to follow through with the New
Improved Gillette.
It goes off to you today with
my deepest Christmas wishes
Good luck.
Ed
EPT/B

# From a Man~ *to* a Man

*The New Improved*
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

**Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world.**

**A shaving edge guarded from the face, but *free to the beard.***

Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

*Fulcrum Shoulder*
*Overhanging Cap*
*Channeled Guard*
*Micrometric Precision*
*Automatic Adjustment*
*Diamond Knurled Handle*
*Diamond Trademark on Guard*

Finer Shave—Longer Service
More Shaves from your Blades
*In* SILVER *and* GOLD
*Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits*

**$5 to $75**

*"Chesterfield"*

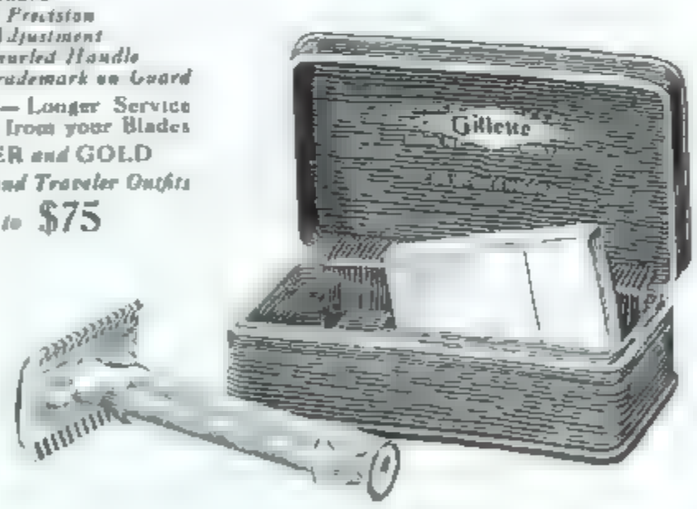
A small compact set. Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette. Handsome Engine-turned Case and Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) *$9.00*

In Gold . . . . . *$10.00*

*"Big Fellow"*

Selected Natural Finish Gumwood Case. Triple Silver-Plated. New Improved Gillette with larger and heavier handle. Metal Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) . *$5.00*

In Gold . . . . . *$6.00*




*"New Standard"*

Genuine Leather Covered Case. Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette. Metal Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) *$5.00*

In Gold . . . . . *$6.00*

*The New Improved* GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

MADE IN U. S. A. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

*Patented January 13th 1920*

(Continued from Page 45)

"Some sort of a signal to the house, most likely," he thought. His next reflection was slower in coming, but it came at last. "Anybody would think that she sat down here to watch the lake and give the alarm if strangers should try to land on this side of the island." To which he presently added, with a world of wonder in his voice, "Doesn't it beat the devil himself how they can fool you?"

His next reaction was a growing desire to find out what was going on at the other end of the wire; to get down to tacks; to cure himself, it might be said, forever.

"If she's down here to give an alarm," he said, "she must know that something queer is going on." Again his next reflection was slow in coming, but when it came he knew that it was inevitable. "I'm going to find out," said he.

The signal wire itself, he decided, would be his best guide in the darkness, and letting it trail through his hand he carefully made his way through the woods and up the hill. In places he had to fight his way through the thickets, stumbling over fallen trees, cutting his knees against the rocks, bumping his head more than once against low-hanging branches. Once he found himself splashing in a brook, and a minute later a raspberry bramble wiped one side of his face.

The ground grew clearer then, and, pausing for breath, Brant made out the outlines of a house not far ahead—dark except for a glow of light which seemed to come from one of the cellar windows.

"If anybody sees me," he thought, "I'll simply say I'm calling on Beatrice."

But apparently nobody saw him, and making as little noise as he could he approached the lighted window and looked down into the cellar.

It was a small window, heavily barred with an iron grating; but it told Brant all he wanted to know. A row of barrels stood along the cellar wall; a still had been built over a fire box; a condensing plant stood cheek by jowl with two large vats; and at the farther end of the cellar an induced draft machine was obviously gathering the fumes together and forcing them up a chimney.

"Just a plain, common, ordinary moonshiner," thought Brant, and his heart began to beat time for the Dead March in Saul. To which he presently added, with more pathos than scorn, "And she with her innocent look!"

IX

ON HIS way back, pulling muffled oars over an ebon lake, Brant had it out with himself.

"I shall go home to-morrow," he told himself.

There was no anger in him this time, such as he had felt toward Peggy of the ivory knees, but rather an utter feeling of disillusion such as Job probably felt when the devil came the second time to plague him.

"Serves me right," he told himself. "I had my lesson once!"

He rowed along, a world-weary young Charon ferrying his dead ideals across the Styx.

"Lem knows," he thought. "How often I've seen that happen—the young man doubting the old one, and the old man in the right! Of course we've got to live in the same world with them, and all that; but after this I'll know what to think of them! They won't fool me again!"

Whereupon he drew a sigh such as that quiet lake had probably never heard before.

"Funny the way they can do it," he thought. "Generally when you find a man out to be crooked you can say to yourself 'I never quite trusted him,' or 'He had a shifty eye,' or something like that. But with Beatrice ——"

He saw her again as he had seen her those last few days, clear-eyed and smiling, as innocent looking as an apple blossom, as graceful as a bluebird on the wing; and under their shroud his ideals stirred a little, as though uncertain whether or not they had quite passed away.

"I suppose it's her father who's really to blame," continued Brant. "She naturally has to do pretty well what he tells her—or else leave him—and what can a girl like that do in the world alone? Such a rotten thing, too, to be mixed up in! He's sure to be caught sooner or later, and then what's going to happen to her?"

For the first time he began to realize how much she had been in his mind those last few days; how she had fitted into his dreams, even as Peggy had once disturbed and broken them; how once that afternoon he had looked upon it as the working of destiny that had brought him into such a desolate place to meet the one girl in the world who was meant for him, crossing mountains and rivers in blind obedience to his fate, and introduced to her in the end by the gods themselves.

"All foolishness! I can see it now," he sighed. "I'll start back home in the morning."

When he reached the house at last, tired and dispirited with his evening's work, Lem was asleep, snoring away with the peacefulness of an old bach who, having been stung once, was satisfied. Brant lit the lamp and regarded him in silence for a few minutes.

"It's queer," he thought, "that you should be right and she should be wrong. Here you lie, felt boots and all, greasy, dirty, tobacco-stained, hairy-eared—and over there on the island ——"

At that he stopped, interrupted by the sound of a knocking on the door—a frightened knocking that made Brant's heart race as he half guessed who it was. Yes, it was Beatrice—Beatrice, who was evidently desperate with fear and had run straight to him in her trouble.

"Can you come and help me?" she asked, the moment she saw him.

"What's the matter?" he gently said.

"Dad's been hurt," she breathlessly told him; and, her eyes suddenly filling with tears, she brokenly added, "I'm afraid he's going to die."

X

BRANT drove his car to where her boat was tied, a rough road over which they pitched as though in a storm at sea—a road which didn't give them much of a chance to talk.

"Don't cry," he said once, and in his gentlest voice he added: "You know it was bound to happen sooner or later."

"That—that's what I've often told him," she sobbed.

Taking a chance at the wheel, he put his arm around her—"to steady you," he hastened to explain.

"Now please don't cry," and as he felt her poor little body shaking with sobs against his shoulder, did he remark to himself with a quiet smile, "You can't fool me, young lady"? Ah, no! Not this time! Instead he fiercely said to himself, "Thank God I wasn't born a girl! The tricks that are played on them! The rotten deals they have!"

The moon on its last quarter was coming up over the hills when they reached the landing. They rowed to the island in silence, and, Beatrice guiding him, they hurried up the path to the house on the top of the hill.

"How was he hurt?" Brant asked as they reached the veranda.

"Shot," she answered—"twice," and started to sob afresh.

Again he tried to comfort her, and before he knew what was happening she was in his arms.

"Don't!" she whispered, feebly struggling.

"I will!" said he.

In the moonlight then she looked in his eyes; and whatever she saw there, she stopped struggling.

"I feel frightened," she whispered, her face hidden against his shoulder.

"You mustn't feel frightened, dear," he said, and in one of those moments of grandeur which are known only to lovers and poets he added: "I'm going to mind you after this. You never need feel frightened any more."

She lifted his hand against her cheek for a moment.

Then she unlocked the door and led Brant into a room where a grizzled-looking warrior of about fifty-five was sitting in a chair propped up with cushions.

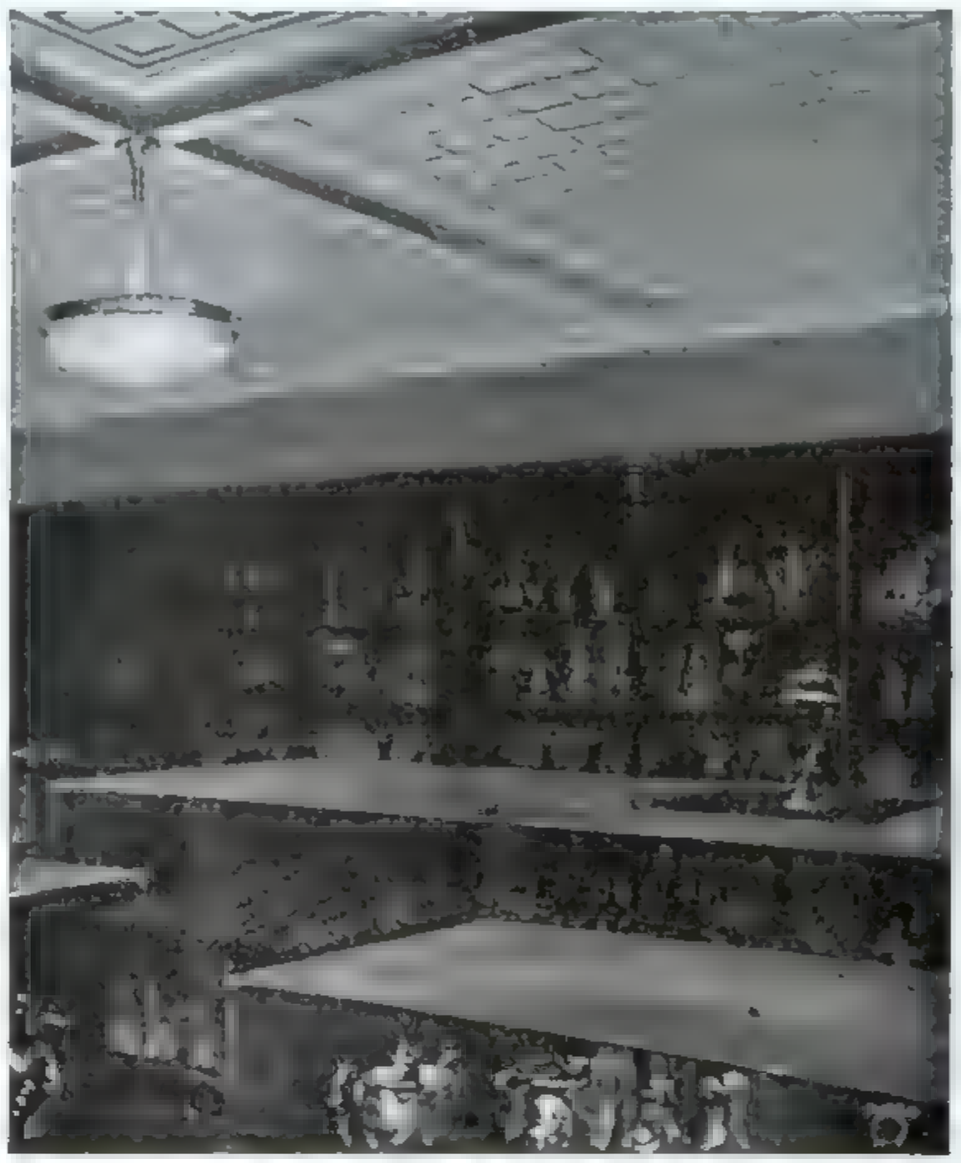
"A clever-looking rascal," thought the young man, and glancing at the crimson bandage which was tied around the other's forehead, and the strip of toweling which he had twisted below one of his knees, he felt a reluctant admiration at the grimness of purpose which shone in the eyes below the bandage, and the steady hand with which Beatrice's father held the tourniquet.

"Sorry I can't get up," he said, trying to smile, "but, you see, they've winged me. Beatrice thought I was nearly done for, but in a week or two I think they'll find me as good as new."

He stopped for breath, his eyes searching Brant's, and you would have traveled a long way in Maine that night to have found a more picturesque-looking old moonshiner


BERLOY

METAL CEILINGS



Attractive, Safe, Fire-Resistive

Attractive ceilings have an important effect upon the appearance of a room. That is why paneled ceilings are found in the finest homes and in the most modern and exclusive stores. With Berloy Metal Ceilings you obtain all the beauty of moulded plaster combined with safety, permanence and fire-resistance, at a lower cost.

Berloy Metal Ceilings cannot crack, crumble or burn. Easily cleaned. No falling plaster. No papering each year. Adaptable to remodeling or new construction. Easily erected. Made from special steel manufactured by United Alloy Steel Corporation.

These beautiful and permanent ceilings may be obtained in artistic patterns conforming to the principal periods of style in decoration. In wide use in stores, homes, schools, churches—43,500 sq. ft. in Globe-Wernicke Bldg., Chicago; 100,000 sq. ft. in Templeton's "Big Store," Tyrone, Pa.; 20,000 sq. ft. in Grand Leader Department Store, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; 45,000 sq. ft. in Montana State Hospital, Warm Springs—and many others. Write for design book. Check coupon.

THE BERGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

BRANCHES: Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Dallas Roanoke, Va. (Dominion Metal Products Corporation) Jacksonville, Fla. (The Florida Metal Products Co.)

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BERLOY

BERLOY PRODUCTS

Check the Berloy Metal Products in which you are interested and mail the coupon today. Dealers: Perhaps your territory is open—write us!

| | |
|---|---|
| Roofing | O |
| Spouting, etc. | O |
| Reinforcing Plates | O |
| Floor Cores... | O |
| Metal Shingles | O |
| Bins and Shelving | O |
| Foundry Flasks | O |
| Filing Cabinets | O |
| Clothes Lockers | O |
| Metal Lumber | O |
| Metal Lath... | O |
| Ribplex | O |
| Metal Ceilings | O |
| Culverts | O |

Name _____ City _____ State _____

THE BERGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

or one with a more devoted daughter by his side.

"Don't you think I'd better go for a doctor?" asked Brant.

"Later, if you will. But first—now you are here—I have something else I wish you would do. You'll find an ax in the cellar, and I want you to smash all the apparatus—destroy everything—so that no one can tell what I've been trying to do. Show him the way, Beatrice."

With a startled expression, Brant slowly followed her, his jaw not far from dropping at this unexpected development. What should he do? Refuse? Argue the point? He, an assistant district attorney, who had hoped that some day he would write "Chief Justice, United States of America" after his name, destroy evidence and help to conceal a crime?

And yet, after all, it might be the best thing for Beatrice; perhaps the only solution to a problem which obviously couldn't wait long for solution. A qualm of uncertainty passed over him. A few minutes' work with the ax, and then if he and Beatrice could get her father into his car and out of the way ——

Meanwhile he had been following Robinson Crusoe's daughter down the cellar stairs, and again, almost before he knew what was happening, she had handed him an ax and was holding a lamp so that its light shone upon the still which he had previously seen through the window.

"I think you'd better start here," she said, and stepped back to give him room for his muscle.

For one appreciable second he hesitated, and then, as though recognizing the futility of speech, he suddenly raised his ax and the work of wreckage began.

"If Peggy could see me now," he couldn't help thinking once, "she'd never tell me again to go and get a reputation," and as he continued to swing the ax he almost found himself pop-eyed with wonder at the change which had come over him. "I wouldn't even go around with Peg," he thought, "just because she was showing her knees—a girl I've known all my life. But for Beatrice, whom I've known only for a week ——"

He paused for breath, and Beatrice wiped his forehead with her handkerchief. It is a somewhat difficult thing to do when one is standing in a tangle of copper tubing and holding a lamp and looking deeply into a young man's eyes all at the same time—and while she was at it the lamp chimney fell off the burner with a crash and the light went out.

"I'll run upstairs and get another," she whispered.

He heard her go upstairs, heard her footsteps in the kitchen over his head, and then suddenly he heard her cry, "Brant! Look out!"—a cry followed by a scream and the rush of heavier feet.

It was the scream that did it, being one of the two sounds which will drive reason from a man's mind more quickly than any other form of human eloquence. Like a flash he was up the stairs. There was a grapple, a struggle for a weapon, a report; and then, pale and staring, Brant found himself bending over the prostrate body of the bull-necked hawkshaw from Boston, who certainly looked for the moment as though he had followed his last clew.

*XI*

"I'VE done it," he thought, and even as the past is said to run through the consciousness of a drowning man, so now his future seemed to pass through Brant's mind, and left him with nothing to smile at or to make his heart rejoice. His arrest, his trial, his disgrace—he saw them all with mournful clairvoyance, and yet, a moment later, when Beatrice's hand touched his shoulder, he turned and opened his arms and held her closely to him.

"Have you got him?" called her father from the next room.

"Yes," answered Brant, and was nearly bitterly adding, "Damn you, for the trouble you have brought us both," when the prostrate man slowly moved one of his arms as though he were trying to brush a fly away—some gigantic insect, say, of the stone age which had settled with a thud upon his crown.

"Thank God for that!" sighed Brant with unutterable gratitude, and showing Beatrice what he had seen he whispered, "You see, he's only stunned. We must try to get you away now before he recovers consciousness. Have you any friends—where no one will be likely to find you?"

"Why?" she asked, and looked at him in astonishment.

"Because I'm afraid the police will be looking for you."

"Looking for me?" And again she wonderingly asked him, "Why, Brant? Why should they be looking for me?"

"I suppose the charge will be resisting an officer," he explained. "They may also try to hold you as an accomplice in your father's moonshining business."

For as long as it might take you to count five she stared at him, and then suddenly her arms went around his neck, her face hidden against his shoulder. At first he thought she was crying again, but it wasn't long before he realized that she was laughing instead.

"Dad isn't a moonshiner," she told him at last. "He's been working on a new method of refining oil. It's a terribly big thing, and he found that someone was keeping track on everything he did. So he moved up here where he thought no one could find him; but last month they began to show up again, and one of them—this one—seemed willing to do anything, because, dad says, there are millions and millions in it for the company that holds the patents—and he's just got it done!"

A wave—not a common, ordinary affair, but a regular tidal wave—of relief swept over Brant, followed by whitecaps of mingled chagrin and amusement.

"What a fool I've been!" he thought, and became conscious of the fact that Beatrice was looking at him with eyes like stars.

"And you'd have loved me just the same?" she asked.

"Indeed, I would!" said he. "More, if anything!"

"More?" she asked, and tried to pull away from him.

"No, not more, of course," he hastily corrected himself. "I couldn't love you any more, but—but you know what I mean."

Whether she knew or not, she hid her face from him.

"You said you could love me more," she said in a muffled voice. "And you thought dad was a moonshiner—and I'm mad at you."

"No, you're not!" said he, and tilting her face in a knowing manner he added those words which have probably echoed down the ages from time immemorial, "You don't fool me, young lady!"

She looked up then, and Brant knew that he must work fast. On the floor the bull-necked one was making an effort to rise; from the next room Robinson Crusoe could be heard near the door; and in his arms Beatrice was waiting, the starlight in her eyes again.

"If Peggy could only see me now," thought Brant, working very fast indeed, "I'll bet she'd never call me Cold Molasses again!"

# TO ONE THING CONSTANT NEVER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Well, those marble floors are easy to keep clean," Johnny remarked. "A good deal of plate glass to wash and brass to polish, though."

At this juncture mother had made her appearance at the door and given Shangle glad welcome. It was evident that he was indeed an old friend of the family. Johnny she almost ignored, and that hurt. He had never exactly loved the old lady, but she was Noreen's mother and he had imagined that she looked upon him as a prospective son-in-law, at least. But he availed himself of the interruption to exchange a few private words with Noreen.

"Say, what's this mantel ornament doing here? Some surprise party, I'll say! Why wasn't I tipped off? Been getting your dates tangled, haven't you?"

"Can that chatter," said Noreen coldly. "It won't get you anywhere. You heard me tell you that he was an old friend. Well. Now you behave."

"Aren't you getting a little careless with me?" Johnny inquired as calmly as he could. "The first thing you know you'll mislay me somewhere—and maybe not find me."

"I won't offer any reward if I do," Noreen assured him. "You must think you are valuable."

"How long has he been polluting this neighborhood with his cigarettes? That's what I want to know, and it seems to me that it's what I ought to know."

"Lots of things you ought to know," said Noreen. "One of them's manners."

Johnny got up. "I guess I'll go and buy a book on etiquette and study the part on How to Behave When Double-Crossed. Good night, all."

"You're not going?" said Shangle, turning from Mother Gaines. "Think how lonesome Noreen and I will be!"

"You'd be lonesome anywhere with people who had a lick of sense," said Johnny, and with that shot he had departed.

Had he been in the wrong? That he had got in wrong was incontestable, but, taking all the circumstances into consideration, had he not been justified? Or should he not have greeted this unpleasant half portion of cheese with suavity, and good-humoredly ignored the microbe's contemptible gibings. Had he not, indeed, treated Noreen's guest with rudeness and Noreen herself in an arbitrary and arrogant manner that as a girl of spirit she was bound to resent? He was still asking himself those questions when her letter came; he had already decided to adopt an apologetic attitude. But now it was too everlasting late.

"Too late, too late!"

Such ruminations—with a fellow snoring all through the night, as Bert had snored—are not beneficial to the complexion or general appearance of the ruminator. Looking in his mirror, with his shaving brush poised in his left hand, Johnny noticed with a melancholy satisfaction that he was unmistakably pale and haggard. For a moment or two he was tempted to forgo shaving, to retain the effect of the bristles. What was the use of shaving, anyway? Who cared how he looked? Not he! Still ——

And why clean linen? An all-the-year-round hair shirt would be the proper garment for him, the way he felt. Still ——

But as to his necktie, he grabbed the first on the line without any consideration of color harmony or condition. He would conform to custom so far as to wear something, but it was a matter of entire indifference to him whether it was something suitable or a positive scream.

Bert was still sleeping, the alarm clock on a table by his bedside. Johnny, with a dripping sponge in his hand, looked in on him before he left the apartment. The picture had its fell significance. Dreaming happily! Presently the little gong would raise its infernal alarum and all the rosy visions would on the instant vanish as the dreamer awoke to the miserable, sordid realities of life.

Johnny smiled grimly and raised the sponge. But why anticipate the hour of disillusion, and what had broken man to do with the rough and banal jests of comradeship? Let the poor wretch slumber on. Johnny pitched the sponge back into the bathtub and went out.

After a little he found himself on the breakwater stretching out into the lake. Three or four men were there before him—fishermen, with optimistic notions, doubtless, of freshly caught perch for breakfast. One of them, a mere lad, who was sitting beside an elderly man with frowzy whiskers, broke into loud and profane ejaculations as Johnny drew near to them.

"Did you see him?" cried the youth. "Had him right up and half out of the water, and by the suffering Santa Claus he broke the hook and got off! Look at that shank! Goop mouch it! That's what comes of using a snelled hook. If the gut don't break the shank does. And I had him! A whale! Wouldn't it jar you? Wouldn't it make you sick?"

"You got more hooks, ain't you?" inquired the frowzy-whiskered elder.

"More hooks! What in hokum good will more hooks do me? Do you think that fish is going to turn around in the middle of the lake and come back after more hooks? Say, that was the biggest ever swum up alongside this pier. I'm telling you he was a whale. Didn't you see him? Look at my hand where he pulled the line through it. I knew he was a son of a gun the moment he grabbed, and when I got a slant at him I seen he was as wide as that cigar box. Ain't that the scroogest, blogored luck? Can you beat it? A second more and I'd have landed him!"

"Try it again, Bill. The lake's full of them."

"Not that kind, it ain't. Once in a while a feller may get a herring, but that don't happen often, and this here was as big as three herring. A whitefish, he was. I bet you he would have tasted good broiled. Luck! I'd sooner have lost a five-dollar bill."

"You ain't quitting?"

"Ain't I? You're a liar. I'm through. I might fish here a million years and I wouldn't get another fish like that on my line. To hokum with the gilt-willocked lake! If I had had a little more sense I'd have let him come easy and I'd have got him. I'm going right home to kick myself to death; that's what I'm going to do."

Johnny walked on as the boy hurled his cigar box of bait into the lake. "I'll say he's right," mused Johnny. "This just-as-good-fish-in-the-sea stuff makes me tired. The kid is right."

*IV*

JOHNNY was blessed with a fine, not too discriminating appetite. At certain periods of the day he craved food. Just food, and food in ample quantities. Of good quality, by preference, but enough of it, even if it fell a trifle short of the highest culinary standards. An inch-and-three-quarter porterhouse, medium; French-fried potatoes, well browned; a crisp combination salad; crusty rolls; a slab of apple pie à la mode; Roquefort and toasted crackers; and a pot of the right kind of coffee at a first-class joint was his idea of good eats, but he would attack with equal zest a South Water Street goulash à la Grec, or the regular dinner, including soup that Tony's Bon Ton set before its patrons for five cents more. A little superfluous grease or a trifle of impure carbon attached to a chop never dismayed him; he approached hash in a spirit of trust and confidence, and had little curiosity concerning the composition of hot dogs. Heaven had not cursed him with a palate.

That fine appetite of his was almost invariably at its best in the morning. Having abstained from any and all kinds of nourishment for at least eight hours, he was always in fine fettle for the cantaloupe, hot cakes and such palliatives as were brought to him while his ham and eggs, lamb chops, liver and bacon or what not were in preparation. Tim, the elderly waiter at the Clark Street restaurant whose resources he taxed, used to watch him with warring emotions of envy and admiration, sighing gently now and then for the brave days when he had his own teeth and the ability and inclination to use them in similar fashion.

"What's your grief, Tim?" Johnny had asked him only the morning before.

Tim had sighed with unusual heaviness and was shaking his head.

"I was thinking that Lazarus would have had a lean living on the crumbs that fell from your table, so he would," Tim replied, lifting the young man's empty plate.

But this morning Johnny sat at his customary table without the least pleasurable anticipation. It was merely force of habit that had taken him to the restaurant at all. He toyed languidly with an orange, fiddled with a waffle and made such a poor fist of his bacon and scrambled eggs that Tim could only come to one conclusion.

He hesitated a moment and then bent over Johnny's shoulder and whispered huskily: "Mr. Henkin, I'd like to ask you as a particular favor, if you wouldn't mind telling me, where did you get it?"

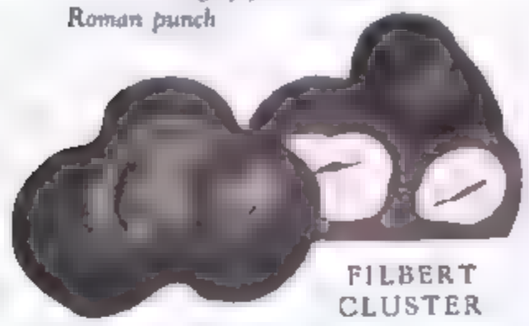
"Get what?" asked Johnny, none too pleasantly.

"What you got," said Tim. "You needn't be afraid of me," he continued pleadingly. "I'm as close-mouthed a person as there is in the city of Chicago. I'm a temperate man, too, and there wouldn't be any danger of my making myself conspicuous and having them trace me back by my breath. But it's a great hardship on a man that's been used to it all his life and has a touch of the asthmy besides, so it is. I'd be willing to pay anything reasonably unreasonable to get a little of the good stuff, and

(Continued on Page 52)

ROMAN PUNCH
JUMBO
NOUGATINE

*A nougatine containing honey, egg, fruits and nuts, and highly flavored with Roman punch*



FILBERT
CLUSTER

*Turkish filberts in Liggett's chocolate*

MAPLE
WALNUT

*Mayette walnuts, in rich cream fondant, made from Vermont maple sugar*

ALMOND
CARAMELS

*Alicante almonds in rich chocolate-cream caramel*

CARAMEL
CREAM

*A rich cream fondant containing cream and vanilla*

DU BARRY

*Extra rich chocolate, cream center*

RASPBERRY
CREAM

*Crushed raspberry fruit in cream fondant*

PIGNOLIA
BRITTLE

*Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar*

# Liggett's

## "THE CHOCOLATES WITH THE WONDERFUL CENTERS"

WHAT chocolate centers do you like best? What kinds do you just *love* to nibble and linger over as you read the latest magazine?

No matter; they're *all* in Liggett's, "The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"—every one.

Delicious fruity, nutty, buttery, or creamy sweetmeats—your favorite tasties—all embedded in rich, toothsome chocolate.

It is truly a wonderful box of chocolates. Not only the very chocolates you like best, but surprisingly better than you expect—for the value is put into the *candy*, not the *box*, which is simple and inexpensive.

Men: Get this wonderful box for HER. It contains the very chocolates she likes best and certainly will *love* to have *YOU* give her. The ideal Christmas remembrance.

Get this orange-and-gold box today, at the nearest Rexall Store. One- and two-pound sizes—$1.00 and $2.00. In the far West and Canada, prices are slightly higher. The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers are obtainable only at

**The Rexall Stores**

An organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

# Manage your business with N

## Cash

A daily total of cash sales is the first important record every merchant must have. You need it to balance the day's business. It is necessary for the Income Tax.

National Cash Registers make a record of each cash sale, add the total of all cash sales, and account for every penny received.

## Charge

A total of charge sales is as necessary as a total of cash sales.

A National Cash Register enforces a correct original entry of every charge sale, and adds up the total. It prevents forgotten charges, one of the greatest sources of loss in retail business. It gives an accurate daily check on charge business.

## Collections

You must have a daily total of collections to balance the cash. A National Cash Register gives the total of all collections and a record of each payment. It prevents disputes caused by failure to record money received on account. It assures you that you get the money and the customer gets the credit.

## Outstanding accoun

Lack of control of outstan ing accounts has cause thousands of failures. It necessary to know at a times, every day, how muc of your capital is tied up charge business.

A National Cash Regist system gives the same m chanically accurate check your outstanding money th it does on cash sales.

A Na
tial t

It fu
econ
and
the
sale

It is
cate
reco

WE MAKE CASH REGISTERS FOR EVERY LI

**Total adder**

Shows how much money has been taken in.

**The register with day book attachment**

Provides space to write information opposite the printed record of each sale.

# tional Cash Register records.

### Paid out

You must have a record of money paid out to claim exemption on Income Tax, to balance your cash, and to know your current expenses. This record will suggest many economies.

A National Cash Register shows the number of paid-outs, gives the total amount, and fixes the responsibility for each transaction.

### Clerks' sales

A record of clerks' sales makes each clerk responsible for every sale he handles and every penny he receives.

A National Cash Register gives this record. It enables you to fix wages on actual selling ability. It gives you information for a bonus system, and furnishes an incentive for clerks to sell more goods.

### Department sales

A total of sales in each department is necessary to determine turnover. With this information you can tell which lines are moving and which need to be pushed. You can determine your rate of turnover and increase your profits.

With a National Cash Register you can get daily departmental totals without making a single calculation.

### Bank deposits

All money received in a store is checked once when the transaction occurs between customer and clerk, again when cash is balanced, and finally when a bank deposit is made.

A separate total on a National Cash Register gives the same accurate check on bank deposits that it gives on all money received.

**Cash Register furnishes records essen-success of every business.**

**these records quickly, accurately, and lly. There is no figure work, no delay, stakes. All you have to do is to read made automatically at the time the istered.**

**ly machine that issues a receipt, indi-its, adds, classifies, and distributes in one operation at the time of the sale.**

### Goods bought

Every merchant must have a record of merchandise purchased. He must have this record to determine his liabilities. It is required for the Income Tax. It will guide him in buying.

A separate total may be had on a National Cash Register to show this record of goods bought.

### Invoices paid

One of the most useful records a merchant can keep is a record of bills paid. It is necessary to have this record in order to know how much you owe.

Many business men get a complete monthly, weekly, or daily record of bills paid from a separate total on a National Cash Register.

### What you owe

A merchant must know how much he owes in order to strike his monthly trial balance or to prepare a statement for banker or creditors. He should have this information to guide in buying, to help take advantage of discounts, and to know the progress of the business.

A National Cash Register system gives this information whenever you want it.

### Receipt

A receipt is one of the most important of all business records. The accuracy of the information you secure from any business system depends on the correctness of the original entry.

National Cash Registers issue unchangeable receipts that assure the correctness of the original entry. These protect merchant, clerk, and customer, and enforce the accuracy of all records.

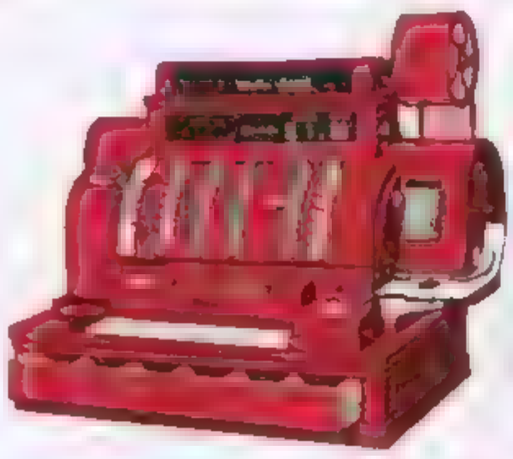
# ATIONAL REGISTER COMPANY-DAYTON-OHIO

Canadian Factory, Toronto, Ont.

**BUSINESS. NOW PRICED AS LOW AS $75 IN U.S.A.**

**st model receipt printer**

s either an item- and totaled re- which stops ies of mental on, or a receipt ing total only.



**Combination receipt and sales-slip printer**

Issues printed receipt or prints record of sale on duplicate sales-slip. Also prints list of sales for merchant.

**Clerks' efficiency and department total register**

This register enables you to classify your business by departments and keep a record of each clerk's sales.

# This Beauty
## Every Girl Can Have

*The charm of a fresh, schoolgirl complexion depends more on care than on Nature*

MANY a girl would be considered pretty if she would only remedy those defects of complexion which so greatly detract from charm. Too often she doesn't realize that a dull, lifeless, sallow skin is fatal to beauty. And that blotches and blackheads affect her popularity and prevent the attention and admiration which every girl craves.

There is no need to have such a complexion—improving it is easy. A little time and care each day will quickly be repaid with becoming freshness, smoothness and fine texture.

### *What every complexion needs*

Thorough cleansing once a day with fine, mild soap on whose soothing properties you can rely. Most women will tell you that this soap is Palmolive.

Massage the profuse, creamy lather well into the pores so that every trace of oil, dirt and perspiration is removed.

Don't be afraid to be thorough—the mild, gentle Palmolive lather soothes while it cleanses. The result is a skin healthfully cleansed from the accumulations which are the original cause of most disfigured skins.

### *What neglect does*

When you fail to cleanse your face thoroughly once a day this is what happens:

The network of pores which compose the surface of the skin becomes clogged with dirt and oil. The pores collect powder and accumulate excess cold cream.

This clogging causes enlargement—your once fine skin becomes coarse. You have blackheads and ugly blotches. Your complexion is dull and sallow.

The day you begin to cleanse with the soothing Palmolive lather you notice decided improvement. Each succeeding day rewards you with a fresher, finer skin.

### *The safe facial soap*

Palmolive is the modern scientific blend of rare oriental oils, famous for 3,000 years as cosmetics. Olive oil contributes softening, relaxing qualities. Richness and body are due to palm oil.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather soothes while it cleanses, leaving the skin velvet smooth. There is no danger of irritation—the most sensitive skin thrives when cleansed with Palmolive.

### *Let it do for your body what it does for your face*

Because the skin of the face is burned by the sun, roughened and chapped by the wind and made sensitive by temperature changes, the greatest care must be observed in its cleansing. It must be with soap, but such fine, mild soap that the skin is soothed and healed. Such soap is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Use Palmolive for bathing, and the dry, rough, itching condition doctors call winter itch will be greatly relieved. It is caused by living in moistureless rooms and bathing with drying soap. The combination exhausts the natural oil supply which lubricates the skin.

Bathe with Palmolive and you remove one cause of discomfort and help the other. The mild lather softens the skin, lessens the dryness and soothes the itching. If you value comfort in cold weather, bathe with Palmolive and let it keep the skin of your body as smooth as your face.

**Volume and Efficiency enable us to sell 25c quality for**

**10c**

### *All for 10 cents*

If made in small quantity Palmolive would cost at least 25 cents a cake. It is volume that lowers price. Popularity keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It compels the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

Result, the finest, mildest soap which can be produced at a price which all can afford for every toilet purpose.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ont

Copyright 1921, The Palmolive Company 1411

(Continued from Page 48)

I know you're not the gentleman to be satisfied with this cheap hooch. Now if you'll tip me off ——"

"Nothing stirring, Tim," said Johnny. "I don't know any place to get it. If I did I'd go after it myself."

"All right! I can't choke it out of you, of course," said Tim in a hurt tone. It was evident that he believed Johnny was lying.

There was another thing, Johnny thought, as he stood on the corner, waiting for his car. If this had happened three years ago it would have been the simplest thing in the world to have downed a few jolts of the kind nepenthe and forgotten all trouble—temporarily, at least. Now, though it might be possible to find a little, it would be mighty hard to. There was lots of loose talk floating around, but you pin one of these wise guys right down and he couldn't show you. Not right away. Too busy or something; or the man was out of town. Another instance of the rottenness of this world!

The daily grind was something of a relief, inasmuch as it demanded more or less diversion of the mind to purely business matters; still it was impossible to keep thinking of business exclusively, just as it seemed impossible for his co-laborers of the younger set to refrain from silly chatter regarding their social activities whenever they thought themselves unobserved by those in authority. Inane drivel on topics of irritating futility, the theme or motive being generally girl. Games of chance, skill or endurance, sometimes, but girl preponderating.

Deluded asses! What did they know about these infernally subtle, stone-hard and treacherous creatures who, with their masks of mock modesty, their simulated sweetness, their insidious shams of innocence, their tinseled traps of tenderness, their wily pretense of weakness, their arts and crafts, their lures and snares, would inevitably fool the poor boobs to the top of their bents, bestowing parting gifts of highly acidulated lemons!

The gentle sex! Say, that was a scream! Woman's devotion! It was to laugh—harsh, sardonic laughs! Ha, ha! and again ha, ha! Cold, calculating, critical, cruel, fickle as the wanton breeze, to one thing constant never—not even when he was a good thing, if a seemingly better came along! They put their brass-plated French heels upon their dupes, ground them into the dust and turned away with a light laugh, leaving them writhing in agony, bruised and broken. The female of the species! Rudyard sure wrote ten volumes of fine print in those eleven words of his! And these fatuous fatheads were talking as if girls were toys; pretty, credulous, confiding little simps!

And who, besides Collins, cared if Collins copped out a queen? Of course he didn't. If there was any copping done she did it. But suppose he did! And what was Blakesley's altercation with the taxi driver to anybody but Blakesley—supposing even that Blakesley wasn't lying? And did Ramberg imagine that shooting seven four times and eleven twice, hand running, put him on any proud pinnacle? Was Leach's lucky guess on the score of the eighth inning in yesterday's game any evidence of Leach's judgment? That bonehead!

Boneheads all, for that matter! Piffle pumpers!

Ventling came up to him, grinning. "Johnny, I've got a new one for you. Maybe you've heard ——"

"Go to thunder; I'm busy," said Johnny sourly.

Ventling stared at him. For Henkin to have a grouch was something altogether new; but that he now had one—a raw-edged, red-eyed irascibility of humor—was certain. A smoldering coal of a grouch that flashed at every powder pinch of jocularity, as all the boys discovered for themselves in the course of the day.

Then there was the telephone. It had not been a very uncommon thing for Noreen to call him up if she happened to feel like it—about the hour that the boss was feeding himself. Her conversations had been brief and his part of them had been necessarily guarded, but he had enjoyed them. Even the kidding that the boys indulged in on such occasions had not been unpleasant to Johnny. Serenely conscious that he had not been audibly mushy, he rather enjoyed it.

Now, as the lunch hour approached, Johnny in spite of himself allowed his attention to wander from his work while he considered the possibility of Noreen's repentance and a call. After the boss had gone through the office on his way to refreshment the feeling of expectation grew until it assumed almost the proportions of a hunch, and the poor wretch could do nothing but scrawl unmeaning words on a sheet of paper while he strained his ears for the ring that would put the world straight again.

There were two rings, answered as usual by the office boy, and during the brief colloquy that ensued on each occasion Johnny's heart action extended its operations to his throat with great violence. But neither call was for him and the half hour's interval before his own lunch time came passed all too soon. Reluctantly he changed his coat, took his hat from its peg and went out, depressed beyond measure.

He ate almost nothing. Just a sandwich that was as near nothing as could be and a couple of doughnuts that were dust and ashes in his mouth. The coffee braced him a little, though, and as soon as he had drunk it he hurried back to the office. It had occurred to him that Noreen's clock might have been a little slow. There was a chance of it.

The boy was gone, but the telephone was nearest to Mr. Hotchkiss' desk and Mr. Hotchkiss usually answered it in Willy's absence. Mr. Hotchkiss was an elderly man, which is to say that he would probably never see forty again. He might have been mistaken for a doctor, owing to the closely trimmed, pointed beard that he wore and his very serious expression, which became more marked when he forgot his dignity so far as to kid his juniors. He often told Johnny that he took a paternal interest in him.

"Any telephone call for me while I've been gone, Mr. Hotchkiss?" Johnny asked him with assumed carelessness.

"A call for you?" repeated Mr. Hotchkiss, apparently striving with difficulty to detach his mind from the letter that he was reading. "Oh, yes," he said, brightening. "Of course, of course! Why, yes, I've been having a very interesting and enjoyable little chat with a friend of yours, Henkin. A very charming young woman, I should imagine. Very charming indeed. Now what did she tell me her name was? Was it Gladys?"

"Never mind the name, please," said Johnny. "Did you say that I was out at lunch?"

"Or was it Myrtle?" Mr. Hotchkiss continued musingly. "It seems to me that it began with an M. It couldn't have been Millicent. Well, well! Say, just mention a name or two, Henkin, and see if I won't recognize it. A quite unusual gift of repartee she has. Not Maud."

"I'll be obliged if you'll cut that out, Mr. Hotchkiss," said Johnny, trying to speak calmly, but betraying agitation, nevertheless. "Did you tell—the party that I was out at lunch, is what I asked you. If you would be kind enough to tell me. And was there any message left?"

"Let me think now." Mr. Hotchkiss wrinkled his forehead. "A message? I wonder whether you would call it a message—if she intended me to tell you! I believe not. Sorry; but if I told you she might think that I betrayed her confidence, and I shouldn't like her to think me untrustworthy. Is she a blonde or a brunette, Henkin? I have a fancy—merely from her voice—that she is a blonde. A wonderful voice! Funny, isn't it, how two persons, total strangers to each other, can in a few moments become on quite intimate terms." Johnny glared at him, and the old gentleman's shoulders suddenly began to quiver.

"Don't look at me in that tone of voice, Henkin, my boy," he said. "Nobody called for you, I'm sorry to have to tell you. But I think that if she had called she would have been worth talking to." He chuckled outright.

"Shall I tell you what I think of you?" said Johnny fiercely. "You're ——"

He checked himself and walked away, knowing that if he once started on the ginger-whiskered clown there would be no stopping short of actual violence. But for a moment or two he had imagined that Noreen had really called.

A rotten world!

▼

THAT evening Bert found him in a gentler mood but in no wise disposed to mirth and jollity. He had a book open in his hand and was making a protective pretense of reading it when Bert breezed into the apartment. No, he didn't believe that he cared to sally forth with the blithe bunch, thank you. He had a headache and a suspicion that his liver was out of kilter, and considered it advisable to stay in and hit the hay at an early hour for a change.

"Then I'll stay in too," Bert declared unselfishly. "Somebody's got to be around to chase after the doctor if you get any worse. But my opinion is that all you need is careful nursing and society that is cheerful without being inebriated. I'm the little guy to fill that prescription. Say no more."

"Don't put yourself out by sticking in on my account," Johnny begged him. "You've got me wrong. What I need and what I'd like to have you give me is an absent treatment. Go join your giddy gang. Don't crowd! Give me air."

"Listen, Johnny," said Bert impressively. "I'm your friend, am I not? I am, by damn! Being such, I cannot stand idly by and see you suffer in silence. You give me the further particulars of this tragedy that is blighting your young life and then leave it to me. You may have deemed me cold and cylindrical last night, but if you knew how bitterly I reproached myself when I got up this morning and found you had blew without a sign or a note on your pincushion you would forgive me. Tell it in your own language. You say Noreen has turned you down. Now how about me going around to her house and tendering my offices as mediator? Using tact and delicacy, of course. Why not arbitrate?"

Johnny looked at him wistfully. "This isn't any kidding matter, Bert," he said.

"But I ain't kidding, bo," said Bert earnestly. "If you've got to be mushy anyway I'd like to see you happy about it. You kidded me a plenteously when I wanted to stay in France and go to the *mairie* with Jeanne, but I'm not revengeful. I don't suppose you'll ever be a regular guy again, but I'll have to bear it, I guess. You just wise me to the grounds of this unfortunate dissension. Cheer up, old scout!"

Johnny was touched. This certainly was sympathy. He laid down his book and extended his hand, which Bert grasped solemnly.

"But there's no use seeing her," said Johnny. "It's nothing you can help. She's got another fellow. Engaged to him, she says. A bird named Shangle."

"That's a ruddy peach of a name!" Bert commented. "Why not Jangle? What will he strip, ringside?"

"Nothing doing!" Johnny sighed. "He's in the thistledown class. It would be murder with no extenuating circumstances. Besides which, I've just got to the point where I couldn't strike anybody in anger. For a while I thought it would do me good to pound somebody up, but that's all worked off. What's the use?"

"Take a brace, buddy," Bert counseled.

"Read that and then tell me to take a brace," said Johnny, and handed him Noreen's letter, which he read carefully and passed back with a mournful shake of his head.

"It sure reads as if she meant it," he remarked. "What ungentlemanly break did you make, Johnny?"

Johnny told him, at length.

"Want my advice?" he asked.

"Shoot," replied Johnny.

Bert withheld his fire temporarily, being interrupted by a harsh, discordant barking that came from an apartment across the court. It was peculiarly nerve irritating in its quality.

"That cussed cur!" Bert ejaculated wrathfully. "He'll keep that up all evening now. Say, we want to register a kick about that mutt, Johnny. We don't have to stand for it. There's an antidog clause in the lease, isn't there?"

"Sure," Johnny assented apathetically. "But what does it matter? What does anything matter? And there's Jim Delacey's pup. You wouldn't want to make trouble for Jim."

Bert got up and closed the window with a slam. "Well, to return to the subject, my advice is forget it," he said. "She's not such a much, if you ask me, and that letter of hers would disgrace the eighth grade. Slangy! If this Spangle gink wants her I'd let him have her and look around a little for something that had real class. You go over to the Federal Building and ask 'em to let you see the last census reports for Chicago. You'll find that there are several other unmarried females between seventeen and twenty. If you think figures lie

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
105–111 West 40th Street
New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Koratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35c. IN CANADA—Razor, $1.50; blades, 50c.

FOR SALE BY ALL UP-TO-DATE DEALERS EVERYWHERE

BLADES—
Hand-stropped Hand-tested

I'll give you my personal guaranty. I've seen some of them."

"Bert," said Johnny with a sort of sad forbearance in his manner, "you don't know. You simply haven't got any idea. Jeanne was French, and there's a difference."

"Have it your own way," Bert replied resignedly. "But you don't want to sit here listening to that dog all evening. Let's go to a movie and see somebody sit down in a bucket of paint."

"No, you don't understand," Johnny persisted. "I couldn't laugh at a runaway Henry bumping a fat traffic cop into a slush wagon. You beat it, buddy. Talking only seems to make it worse."

VI

TWO weeks after that Ed Cooper, physical director to the club, was in Bert's place pricing new equipment, and he asked Bert with some concern what was the matter with Johnny Henkin.

"Hadn't seen him for a month of Sundays until he blew in last night for the bout, and then he came in and, as you might say, turned around and walked right out again," said Ed. "And, holy smoke! the boy must have shucked off twenty pounds since I last seen him. Acted like a snowbird tapering off too. Sort of jumpy and not paying no attention to what you was saying half the time. I ast him had he been sick and he told me no he hadn't; but if he's well I'm due to be rushed to the hospital in a high-powered car the first thing to-morrow morning. And walking out on Barty and the Swede just as they got into the clinch at the beginning of the third round! I guess you seen about all that in the papers this morning. That was when Johnny lost interest, I guess. I looked around for him and he had beat it. Now there's something wrong with him, Bert."

"I'll tell the world there is," assented Bert gloomily. "But don't you pack your bean with that snow theory. The worst Johnny ever snuffed was a whiff of the stockyards or what the Janes squirt on their handkerchiefs. But he's a sick pup, all right, and I wish I knew what to give him for it, but I don't. I had it once, but it was a light case."

"The con?" inquired Cooper soberly.

"You said it," replied Bert. "A Jane conned him. It's the worst kind. But that's between you and me, Ed."

"Sure!" said Ed, grinning. "I thought it was somep'n serious."

"No," Bert rejoined sarcastically, "it isn't any more serious than typhoid or smallpox. I'd class it with Asiatic cholera or double pneumonia, the way he's got it. He isn't eating, he isn't sleeping, and he just sits round all evening like a stricken deer. I can't get him out and I can't even get him mad any more. The only reason you saw him last night was that a few of the boys came around for a social evening and he cleared out. Said he was going to take a walk, and it just occurred to me that he would be interested to see what Barty could do with the Swede. He always had a high opinion of Barty, and it seems he was right. He didn't stay to see the finish?"

"Got up and walked out," repeated Ed. "You couldn't have dragged me away with a steam windlass. I've got to have a heart-to-heart talk with that boy. I can tell him somep'n."

"I'll tell you something," said Bert. "You stay out of this. All I'm asking you is to keep your mouth shut. I wouldn't have told you a word if you hadn't sprung that coke stuff. Johnny isn't that kind of a bird, and you ought to know it as well as I do."

"Sure I know it. I was just talking," Cooper apologized.

"It's a bad habit," Bert told him. "But what do you know about a little calcimined cutie that can't write a decent letter turning down a real guy like Johnny? And I wish you could see what she's taken up with now! But you couldn't, hardly, with the naked eye. Somebody ought to glue him on a glass slide. I saw him the other night, but he was in a strong light and sitting on one of these black horsehair sofas with a Palm Beach suit on. I thought he was a chalk mark at first and I came pretty near wiping him off with my handkerchief. But he spoke. I'll say he did! He answers to the name of Wrangle."

"That's a scrappy sort of name," Ed remarked.

"It isn't his, but he answers to it," said Bert. "He's some little answerer. To tell you the truth, I went around to this fairy's ancestral dell to see if I couldn't fix it with her for Johnny. I might have, at that, if it hadn't been for Tiny Tim, but he had my Toggenburg blatting in his herd before I'd been there ten minutes. I didn't tell Johnny anything about it."

"Well, let's see about this medicine ball," said Ed.

VII

BERT and Mr. Cooper were not the only ones who were concerned about Johnny's altered appearance and demeanor. The boys in the office noticed the change in him with real regret and tried to account for it in various ways—after their solicitous inquiries had been somewhat rudely checked by the sufferer. Ventling's theory was that Johnny had been speculating in some stock that was wabbly but had a generally downward tendency; Leach guessed that Johnny must have struck the boss for a raise and been turned down, while Blakesley opined that an X-ray examination of Johnny's teeth would show that he had abscesses poisoning his system.

Mr. Hotchkiss, by reason of his age and position, could not very well join in these discussions, but he listened with some interest, and being a fairly observant sort of person with a good memory and considerable powers of deduction he perhaps guessed a little closer than the rest. Nevertheless, he was discreetly silent, for the time being, at least, and Johnny was permitted to indulge his unsociable humor and to continue to lose weight without interference. The boys were sorry for him, whatever it was, for in his normal condition Johnny had been highly popular, but after all a grouch was a grouch, and to hell with him.

As for any others of those in authority, Johnny was doing his work, and if he did it with a lack of his former zest he still did it acceptably if not overcreditably. If at odd times he seemed to sink into extra-official reverie he made up for it by abstaining from the idle gossip and indecorous monkey shines to which he had formerly been addicted. On the whole, the office had no particular reason to worry.

It was only when he returned to the seclusion of his rooms and could wallow in despondency unmarked by curious and unsympathetic eyes that the young man's condition showed itself to be alarming. There, evening after evening, he demonstrated desolation by every sign of woe; there he would sit, hour after hour, staring with haggard eyes into nothingness, or, rising, pace the floor with a quick, nervous tread, clenching and unclenching his hands in a spasmodic manner that made Bert yell in protest whenever he happened to be a witness of it.

"For the cat's sake! Have you got rheumatism in your fingers, or what? Cut it out! You act like that polar bear over at the park, walking up and down and trying to wag his fool head off. Sit down! Between you and that hellhound across the court I'm beginning to understand what makes boys leave home. Sit down! Say, Johnny, what's the matter with you anyway?"

"I'm feeling a little restless to-night, I guess," Johnny replied without resentment. "Don't pay any attention to me, Bert."

He sighed a long-drawn sigh, and sat down. After a little he sighed again, at which Bert threw down his paper in exasperation.

"What's the matter now? Say, do you know you make me sick!"

"I suppose I do," Johnny answered sadly. "I don't blame you. I was just going to say that if you knew any fellow who would like to come in with you here I'd clear out. I guess it would be better if I flocked by myself, and I know that, as you say, I make you sick."

"Not any!" Bert snarled. "You can clear out when the lease expires, and not a day before, you welsher. What kind of talk is that? Listen: You're running this thing into the ground. You're nothing but a mess of mush gone sour. You'll get to crying the next thing. You're not only a nut; you're a wormy nut. You forget that fool girl! Forget her, Johnny, old sport!"

Johnny laughed rather bitterly. "Do you know what I heard last night, Bert? Harry Price told me he saw her at Polson's cabaret—with this Shangle. He said she seemed to be crazy about him. Harry says he talked with her a while and she showed him the ring he'd given her. It wasn't more than a quarter-carat stone, Harry

(Continued on Page 58)

*The Double Size Tube has twice the quantity of cream for less than twice the price of the regular tube.*

# Save while you shave

As long as you must shave you'd better do it scientifically. And today a scientific shave is a shave with cream from the Williams' Double Size Tube.

For these reasons:

*It saves you money.* The big tube gives double the quantity of cream for *less than twice the price of the regular size tube.*

*It saves you time.* Because it lasts for months. Williams' saves you the inconvenience of frequent buying and minimizes the danger of finding an empty tube at the moment of "going to shave."

*It saves you trouble.* Always you can be sure of a rich, creamy lather, as thick as you want it. Almost before you know it your beard is softened, your skin supple and yielding. Williams' lather prepares the skin as well as the beard, and leaves no after-shave sensation of stinging or smarting.

If you've never tried Williams', send at once for a *free* trial size. Just write "Shaving Cream" with your name and address on a post card and send it to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

**Williams' Shaving Cream**

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

# Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of Halitosis with them? Not very many, probably. Halitosis is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, Halitosis is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

Nine out of ten people suffer from Halitosis either now and then or chronically. Usually they are unconscious of it themselves.

Halitosis may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it's a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

But very often it is only temporary, and then you may overcome it by taking a very simple personal precaution that will mean ease of mind for you and comfort for your friends.

Listerine, for forty years the safe household antiseptic, is a wonderful combatant of Halitosis. Just use it regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. It will do the trick.

You probably now have Listerine in the house and know all about its many other uses as a safe antiseptic.

*If you don't, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine, together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for ten days' brushings.*

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2151 Locust St., Saint Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis use Listerine


(Continued from Page 54)

said, but she acted as if it had been the Koh-i-noor. Crazy about him!"

"They get that way," said Bert. "Wait until winter and you'll see her carrying him around in her muff. But what of it? Say, what's the matter with the pipe?"

"Tobacco doesn't seem to taste right," said Johnny. He nevertheless filled and lit the neglected brier, but in a few moments he had let it go out. "I was thinking about getting her a real blue-white rock only the day before she shook me," he murmured absently. "I had it picked out and I would have taken it along with me, but they wanted fifty bucks for the first payment and I didn't have that much. Not on me."

"Don't ever say that you don't have luck," said Bert. "This Shangle person came along in the very nick of time, it seems to me."

"I paid them twenty-five and told them to hold it for me," Johnny continued listlessly. "They're still holding it. Bert, what do you get out of life? What is there in it for you? Get right down to it, do you think it's worth while? What do your good times amount to, if you take time to think?"

"Well, I'm getting three squares per diem out of it," replied Bert philosophically. "That seems to me distinctly worthwhile. As to the good times, I grant you—to some extent—but you can't tell me that the great, free people of our loved and once bar-spangled country are going to slavishly submit to the desiccating domination of an intolerant, indigo-tinted minority when the present stock is exhausted. No, sir! There's that infernal dog again!"

He walked to the window, but paused in the act of closing it and continued to stand, looking out with an appearance of great interest. Then he turned toward Johnny and made a low hissing sound to attract his attention. Johnny, however, had relapsed into unconsciousness.

"Mamma!" Bert exclaimed softly.

He gently lowered the window about halfway, at which point he changed his mind and raised it again. He regarded Johnny for a moment or two thoughtfully, and then announced his intention of going out to wander in the moonlight. He made the announcement three times before Johnny showed any sign of hearing him.

"You won't come along?"

"No, I guess not, Bert."

"Sooner stay in and listen to the dog? All right. But if you should find it getting a little monotonous and want to shut the window, don't forget to look across the court—Minniver's flat, not the dog's. You might see something of interest."

"Uh-huh," said Johnny. "I don't mind the dog though. I don't mind anything."

It was almost true. As the physical body is said to have a limit to its susceptibility to pain, so it is with the mind. Beyond a certain point the acuteness of agony is dulled and torture may be piled on torture without added effect. Suffering does not cease, nor does it become endurable, but a pang or two more or less makes no particular difference to the sufferer. Three weeks before, that dog would have goaded Johnny to something as near fury as it was in his rather amiable nature to feel; now, disagreeable as the intermittent barking was, it was at least an occasional distraction. He could wonder how much longer it would continue, or when it would begin. It was merely a part of the rotten scheme of things—of the world of tribulation that he would be mighty glad to get out of.

Yes, by George, mighty glad to get out of! That was a constantly recurring thought. Life was a horrible thing, and where was the sense of continuing to live?

The thought came to him when he walked along the lake breakwater, as he sometimes did in the early morning. An easy death, drowning; so everybody said. One plunge beneath those brightly glancing wavelets, a quick inspiration, and all his troubles would be over—unless some officious fool rescued him and they got the pulmotor to him in time. And then drowning might not be so dog-gone easy, after all.

There was the gas route. Turn it on, get into bed and sleep the sleep that knows no waking. But it would be difficult to do that with Bert around, or without endangering that poor simp's existence—which he seemed to set some store by.

And of course there was the popular prejudice against self-slaughter. There were a few of the Henkins left scattered around in Sangamon County and, meks as they were, they had their family pride, which he would not willingly wound. If only another war would break loose! He had declared that in such an event he would at least wait until the draft gathered him in and that it would have to be a strong draft—something approximating fifty miles an hour—to waft him to the front. But that was before the scales had fallen from his eyes and enabled him to see how scaly everything else was. Now a nice clean steel-jacketed bullet right between the eyes—as Bill McKenna got his at Vimy! Bill was the lucky guy!

But peace hath its perils no less—or not much less than war. Johnny, lately, had crossed Michigan Avenue more than once with a total disregard of loud honkings, the succeeding squealing of brakes and unbroken torrent of language. It was not with any definite suicidal intent that he did this, but he was merely indifferent to danger, as to everything else. On the other hand, he afterwards reflected that a fatal accident would have simplified matters—and brooded over the idea. Bert had more reason than he imagined for anxiety on his friend's account, or he would not have left him to himself that evening.

Not that anything happened that evening. The dog barked on for a little while, ceased, and presently varied his performance by a mournful ululation that was terminated by a sharp yelp. Johnny got up and closed the window, and in doing so he remembered Bert's parting injunction and looked across to the Minnivers' flat. But there was nothing interesting to be seen. A girl sitting with some sort of needlework in busy hands. Just a girl. Nothing whatever of interest.

He returned to his chair, which was placed close to the telephone. Johnny's evenings at home had been largely attributable to the telephone, for one could never tell at what moment the bell might ring.

"Is that you, Johnny? . . . I don't suppose you know who this is. . . . You mad at me, Johnny? Your voice sounds like it. . . . Well, if you're not mad, why don't you come and see me? . . . Well, I was pretty mad too. . . . Mr. Shangle! That shrimp! Honest, Johnny, did I fool you as bad as all that? . . . I know. But I just wanted to see if you would care much. . . . Listen, Johnny, are you going to forgive me?"

But no such conversation as that had taken place. Johnny had, indeed, twice weakly succumbed to his ever-present urge to call her up, but the first time he got her mother on the wire, and the result had been discouraging. Noreen was out. When would she be back? Well, Johnny might call up in about a year. She might want to talk to him by that time.

But that was only the old lady, about whom he had never been crazy and who doubtless suspected and resented the fact, even if she had been too wise to show it so long as Noreen seemed to favor him. In the course of a day or two, therefore, he had tried it again, and that time it was Noreen's "Hello!" that answered. How that "Hello!" thrilled him!

"Is this—is this ——"

So far he had stammered before he heard the click of the receiver at the other end. He could hardly believe, although he feared that Noreen had done this thing. He called into blank silence for a moment or two and then jiggled peremptorily.

"You've cut us off!" he informed Central excitedly; and Central promptly replied, "Your party's hung up."

So he had not the courage to try it again. Yet, until Harry Price had told him of the cabaret incident he must have entertained some hope. Only a slight hope, perhaps, but enough to keep him at home—listening, listening! Consciously or subconsciously listening; with sudden leapings of his heart at every ring or abortive tinkle of the bell, and sensations of smothering each time that he answered a summons for Bert or for himself. And now even that hope was taken from him!

Why couldn't Shangle have kept out of this? Granted that any man with eyes in his head would naturally be attracted to Noreen, still and all, she could not be anything nearly so much to that airy whiffet—or to anybody—as to himself. For Shangle, as for anybody else, there were other girls, as Bert had remarked. One would do as well as another, provided she were pretty and cute. For Shangle, Noreen doubtless had nice eyes, but did they reveal to him what they revealed to Johnny Henkin? Did the tones of her voice appeal to him as no other voice tones could? Was her every little movement fraught with the same meanings? Did her touch ——

The deathly pang of that imagining! Johnny's face blanched, sweat stood on his forehead and an involuntary groan escaped him. He got up and began to walk the floor again.

"This is getting to be more than I can stand!" he exclaimed. "Fierce!"

From the agonizing thought of endearments between his lost love and her new lover, Johnny proceeded to speculate on the possibility of their early marriage. And that was what he had dreamed of! Ha, ha!

"He wouldn't need to wait until he was president of the bank," Johnny said aloud. "A four-room flat with her would be equal to a palace of jasper and sard—whatever that is. A canary in a wicker cage in the front window would have a grove of nightingales—or a drove, whatever it is—skinned a mile. Twenty down to an installment house would give them all the period furniture and luxurious velvet-pile rugs and pictures and statuary they needed, and a half pound of cold ham and a dime's worth of Saratoga chips and a bottle of milk in the ice box would be paradise enow. I could have given her all that and more!

"Gosh! I can't stand this much longer!"

He stood it for the rest of the evening, nevertheless. Bert, coming home rather late after the theater, found him in bed and to all appearances sound asleep.

"I guess he's all right if he can saw it off like that," Bert murmured, and quietly backed out and went to his own room.

### VIII

IT WAS that deceptive appearance of slumber that indirectly brought about the tragic crisis of Johnny Henkin's unfortunate love affair. For Bert the next morning was so injudicious as to tell Johnny that he was looking a heap better.

"Fit as a fiddle and as fine as silk," Bert went on with fatuous cheeriness. "Nothing like a good night's sleep to set a man up! Tired Nature's sweet restorer and sure-fire renovator. One application works miracles. Warranted to cure the most obstinate cases if used according to directions, or money refunded. Also knits raveled sleeves. Say, you looked like a blameless babe in by-by land just after his bottle. I almost wanted to kiss you."

Johnny smiled the faint sickly smile with which Melancholy had endowed him. "I wasn't asleep," he said.

And at that Bert was furious, and who shall blame him? He began by telling Johnny flatly that he lied. "And don't you think that I'm joking, either!" he added, and paused hopefully.

A little color did mount to Johnny's wasted cheeks and he did take a step forward in Bert's direction; but that was all. It was the last flicker of the dying flame of his spirit, and it went out forthwith. "All right; I'm lying," he said, in the listless manner that he had lately acquired. "Have it your own way."

Bert eyed him savagely. "Oh, I've got your number," he said. "I'm hep to you. You're just kidding yourself that you're broken-hearted and you're enjoying it to the limit. I'll bet every time you look at yourself in the glass you practice a new way of registering woe and think what a hit you'd make in a film.

"Subtitle: 'Ten years later,'" Bert continued, now sneering. "Exterior. Front of the Widow Shangle's shack on Slum Street. Group of merry children dancing to music of piano organ. Golden-haired child with her mother's eyes tripping measure to lilting strains. Organ exits out of scene and rest of children follow. Johnny Henkin approaches child, registering emotion. Subtitle: 'Little one, tell your mamma that an old friend would like to see her.' Interior. Shabbily furnished room. Johnny Henkin waiting. Registers emotion. Subtitle: 'And this is what that scoundrel brought her to!' Noreen enters. Has only pathetic suggestion of her former beauty. Hesitates at door and then registers recognition. Presses hand convulsively to bosom. Recovers and motions him to seat. They converse. Subtitle: 'And you never married?' Johnny registers inexpressible sadness and shakes head mournfully. Subtitle: 'Never! There was only one woman in the world for me.'

"Yes, you'd be a riot," concluded Bert. "Kidding yourself, that's what you are doing—and having the time of your life.

(Continued on Page 60)

# PATTON'S Velumina

## The OIL Flat Wall Paint

## Pore-Proof

### *Busy, Sticky Fingers*

THEY often leave their marks behind. But walls that are finished with Patton's Velumina—the oil flat wall paint—are easily washed spotless. This sanitary wall decoration has no pores to absorb dirt and grime. This is the reason that washing can so often take the place of re-decorating.

It gives walls not the hard crude colors you often see, but soft, rich, glossless tones that contribute spaciousness and refinement to interiors.

Patton's Velumina—the oil flat wall paint—in white and sixteen beautiful tones, is the artistic, long-service decoration for apartments and public buildings.

Sold everywhere by quality dealers; used by exacting painters and decorators.

*Write for 'Proof' booklet*

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
*Patton-Pitcairn Division*
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

'Save the surface and you save all'

PITCAIRN VARNISHES

# Proof PRODUCTS

INTER-INDUSTRIES OF THE

PATTON'S Sun-Proof PAINTS

# PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS · MIRRORS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

Genuine
Fuller Brushes
carry this tag in
addition to the trade
mark. Look for both!

Fuller

# FULLER

## 69 USES-HEAD TO FOOT

# Inside or Outside

## The New Fuller Broom Sweeps Clean

Here, at last, is a sweeping innovation—a modern step in broom construction. A broom made of tough, durable, Aztec fibre, fibre that stays *new*, will not come out or break off like broomcorn—a fibre that gives the broom a charmed life.

It is a pleasure to handle the new Fuller Broom. Its lightness, flexibility and fine balance simplify the task of sweeping. Its economies and back-saving features are demonstrated daily in 25,000 homes by Fuller representatives. *You cannot buy it in a store.* Like the forty-five Fuller Brushes, it is sold only by the Fuller Man—the wearer of the Fuller trade-mark button—who calls at your home.

The creation of this new broom is in line with the Fuller policy of continual development and improvement in household equipment.

Look for the Fuller Red Tip Tag and the Fuller trade mark on the handle when you examine this broom. These are your assurances of Fuller quality, and you'll always find *both* on every genuine Fuller Brush—or Broom.

**The Fuller Brush Company**
**Hartford, Connecticut**

**Fuller Brush Company, Limited**
**Hamilton, Canada**

Branch Offices in over 150 cities—consult telephone directory

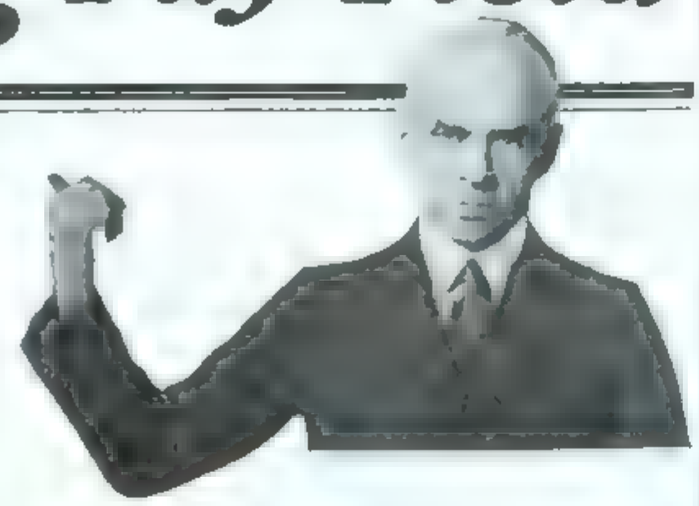
# BRUSHES
## —CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both!

Fuller

# ELECTRICITY
## The "Big-Pay Field"

Public Buildings Are Big Users of Electricity



Electrical Construction Needs Trained Experts

Electrified Railways Offer a Big Field

Hydro-Electric Plants Being Built Everywhere

Huge Power Plants Need Experts to Operate Them

**ELECTRICITY** is the most fascinating profession of the Age—the most boundless in possibilities—the most wonderful [illegible] that the world has ever known. Its great [illegible] and development [illegible] have created an almost unparalleled [illegible] specialized in this branch of [illegible] "Electrical Experts."

### "Electrical Experts" Earn $12 to $30 a Day

$12 to $30 a Day—$70 to $200 a Week—$3,500 to $10,000 a Year. [illegible] day of the trained man—the "Electrical Expert"—[illegible] seldom a lay-off, seldom a shut-down, seldom a worry. [illegible] Electrical Experts. Great [illegible] Electrical Workers that you [illegible] are earning salaries [illegible] Electrical Expert" [illegible] does instead of actually does the work—who is drawing down big pay checks and boosting the big electrical jobs—the jobs that pay $3,500 to $10,000 a year.

### Get In Line for a "Big-Pay" Job

If you are a square peg in a round hole—if you are doing work that you don't like—if you are an ambitious, wide-awake man, only making $3 to $5 a day—this message is for you.

*"Wake up! Prepare now for a real job at real pay in the fascinating field of Electricity. Let a salary of $12 to $30 a day be your goal; let Electricity be your route; let me be your guide."*

### I Will Train You at Home

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training you need to succeed as an "Electrical Expert," and I will give you that training. Thousands of successful, money-making graduates prove that my system is right. [illegible] method of training will and does put men in the "big pay" class.

### No Useless Theory—Just Practical Instruction

My Course in Practical Electricity is conceived [illegible] most simple [illegible] a good [illegible] and [illegible] Electrical Expert," ready and able to earn $12 to $30 a day.

### FREE Electrical Working Outfit

With me you do **Practical** work—**at home.** You start right in after the first few lessons to **work at your profession** in a practical way. For this you need apparatus—tools, instruments, materials and supplies—and I give them to you absolutely free.

### Earn as You Learn

With me, again, you earn as you learn. Right at the start I give you a short Special Course in a branch of Electricity that will enable you at once to make money in your spare time. Hundreds of my students have paid for their entire Course in this way.

### A Money-Back Guarantee

You take no chances. Under Bond, I absolutely guarantee [illegible] every penny paid me if you are not entirely satisfied with my [illegible] Course. And back of me, in my guarantee, stands the Chicago Engineering Works, Inc., a Million Dollar Institution.

### Write for the "Vital Facts"

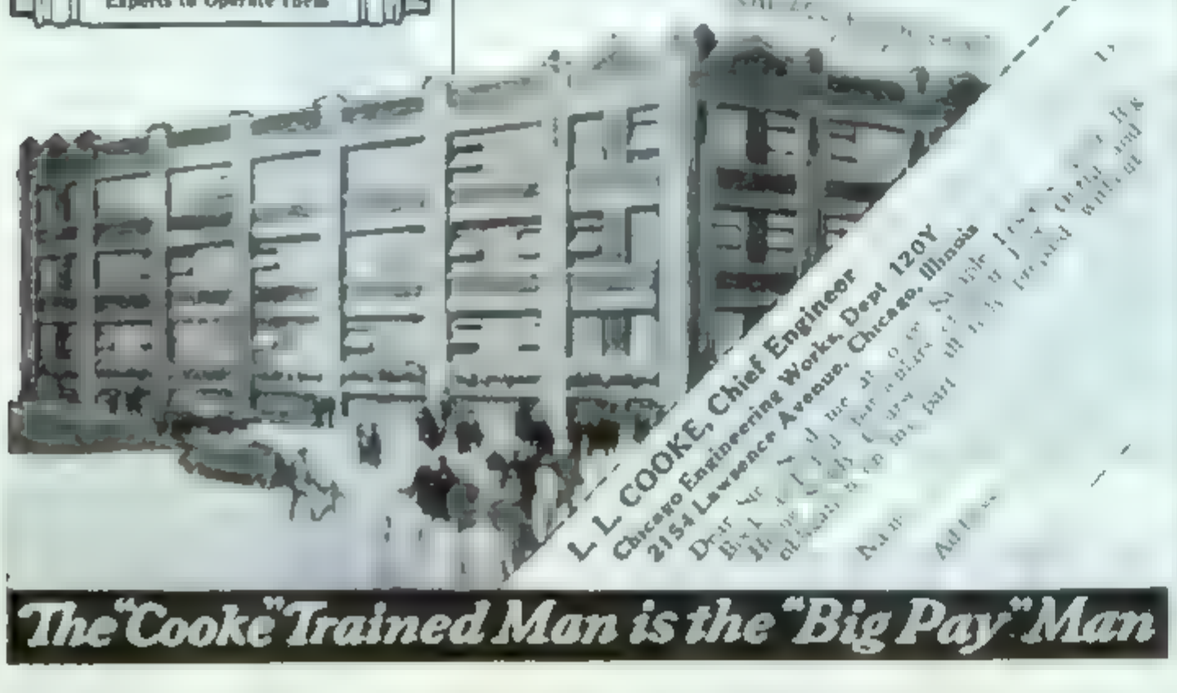
Let me send you the "Vital Facts" [illegible] you can jump from a "hohum" job into a "booming" [illegible] pays $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Send the coupon below—now—today—THIS MINUTE, to

*The Man Who Makes "Big-Pay" Men*

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

**CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS**

Dept. 120Y 2154 Lawrence Ave., Chicago




***The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man***


*(Continued from Page 56)*

You can't tell me that you really give a damn for that fool girl. You're trying to kid yourself that you do. You may do it; but you can't kid me."

Again Johnny flushed; but he said nothing, and Bert, still angry, seized his hat and went out to breakfast alone.

There is a saying, attributed, one believes, to the Indians, either East or American, that the dart of contempt will pierce the shell of a tortoise. Bert's tone had been very contemptuous and without the least hint of the solicitude that had formerly been apparent in his often rough raillery. It stung Johnny deeply, and none the less that he had more than once imagined some such meeting with Noreen in the after years. And the word "kidding"!

"Kidding myself!"

People were kidding themselves like that every day. You saw accounts of it in the papers, but the papers didn't call it kidding. One thing they didn't get funny about. They usually said that a coroner's jury had been summoned and that relatives had been notified.

"Kidding!"

Johnny hurried down the stairs and passed through the vestibule of the building in such a blind turmoil of emotion that he actually collided with a young woman who was turning away from the letter boxes. She cried out—with a sharper note of alarm than the slight jostling seemed to call for. Johnny stopped and mechanically began to mutter an apology. He had an impression that she was staring at him with widely opened blue eyes whose look indicated concern as well as fright; but she made no reply to his excuses and hurried to the stairway entrance. Johnny passed on and had forgotten her in the next instant.

He had hardly been in the office an hour when Mr. Hotchkiss came to him.

"Henkin, you're not looking very well," he said.

"'Mall right," replied Johnny in an ungracious mumble.

"Perhaps," Hotchkiss conceded dryly. "But, Henkin, your intense and unremitting devotion to business must be a good deal of a strain on you. Two or three times in the past week you have returned from lunch at least ten minutes before your hour was up, and only last night I had to remind you that it was five o'clock and time to put your books in the vault and call it a day. You know that sort of thing usually ends in a nervous breakdown. Work is a splendid thing, but I always feel that I have to keep my eye on you young fellows to see that you don't overdo it. Your vacation is set for the last of August, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh," replied Johnny, dipping his pen in the ink.

"How about taking it a little earlier?"

Johnny looked up at him queerly. "Maybe I will," he said. "I'm thinking of it. A good long one."

Hotchkiss was rather disconcerted. "Oh!" he remarked, and paused to consider. "In that case you may be interested to hear that I have been thinking of it, too, and that I talked to Mr. Wilmot about it. So if a couple of weeks from now will meet your views, I can arrange it so that Collins can handle your work while you're gone—if you don't intend to stay away longer than the customary fortnight."

Johnny nodded. "Thanks!" He turned a leaf of the farm-machinery-sales record.

"In any trouble, Johnny?"

Johnny shook his head.

"Well," said Mr. Hotchkiss, "you let me know when you make up your mind. A week or two at some lively little lake resort, with good fishing to give you an appetite for poor food and some tennis and rowing and lots of pretty girls to ——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Johnny coldly. "Mr. Wilmot seems to be waiting to speak to you."

It was even so, but Mr. Hotchkiss felt decidedly rebuffed as he left him.

"Ungrateful pup!" he muttered. "I see myself worrying about you after that."

"Pretty girls!" Johnny ejaculated. "Pretty devils! Well, they won't trouble me much longer."

You see, Johnny had made up his mind. To say that the originally slight degree of bugs or battiness almost inseparable from a case like his was now leading him to the great Dutch act, would savor of levity; and it was no light matter. More properly it may be said that his melancholia had progressed rapidly, the psychoneurosis halting before actual dementia and taking the form of suicidal mania—if that is clear.

At the lunch hour he went out as usual, but as he went he said to himself that this time, by George! he would not be back any ten minutes earlier than he had to. In point of fact he did not intend to return at all. He was going to take that good long vacation.

IX

HE HAD it planned—his departure. One of his *souvenirs de la guerre*, now in a drawer locked in his room, was a German officer's pistol. Something odd about that, too, for the original owner's last use of it had been against himself. His men had ignobly preferred to surrender to the far inferior force of which Johnny had been a leading member, and in his rage and humiliation the Herr Lieutenant had shot down two of his "kamerad" bleating crowd and then put a bullet through his own heart. Johnny agreed at the time with the verdict that he was a damned fool to do it; but he remembered that the damned fool had his respect and the respect of the rest of the boys. Well, that gat was still in working order and loaded, but it doubtless needed cleaning up a little. If in the process of cleaning it accidentally became discharged, and with fatal consequence—why, no blame could attach to anyone, and the Henkins of Sangamon could refer to the deplorable occurrence without shame.

And Noreen—well, she would be sorry that she had shut him off on the phone. She would at least be sorry. She might come to see him as he lay still in death, a strange half-mocking smile on his pale lips that would haunt her all her life. She might turn her ashen face to the others—including Shangle—who stood with bent heads about the bier.

"Leave me alone with my dead!"

And, listening without, they would hear her agonized cry: "Johnny! Oh, Johnny, my darling, come back to me!"

"Ha!" That gave Johnny a grim satisfaction.

He boarded a street car and got off at his usual corner, a couple of blocks from his rooms. As a part of his plan he entered a grocery store where he was known and asked for a good oil to clean a gun. "I'm going off on my vacation, and I'm getting my things ready," he explained to the clerk.

"This ain't the shooting season, brother," said the clerk, handing him a small can of household lubricant.

"Open for tin cans and empty bottles," Johnny told him. "Just pistol practice is all the shooting I expect to do. This stuff all right?"

"Recommended for sewing machines and typewriters. Ought to do for a gun. You look as if you needed a vacation."

"I do," Johnny answered. "Got a fierce headache right now. I ought to be at the office this minute, but it got so bad while I was out at lunch I concluded to come on home. So long!"

"That will give him something to gab about and get his name in the papers," Johnny muttered as he left the store. "But it's an alibi. I'm just kidding myself though!"

He walked rapidly on, his face set in hard, stubborn lines, his step firm and resolved, as one who strides directly to an object in his plain view. He felt curiously hot at one moment, and at another little shivers ran through him. What he had said about his head was true. It ached, and his temples throbbed painfully. "Life's fitful fever" and the sleep coming!

A little ahead of him now was a girl in a Leghorn straw hat with bright golden hair beneath its brim. At another time he might have noticed the slim elegance of her figure and the graceful ease of her walk; but he passed her quite unseeingly and had entered the doorway of Number 1323 just before her foot touched the steps approaching to it.

She noticed him though. Perhaps she thought herself lucky not to be shouldered to one side by this impetuous youth, or it is possible that her amusement—for she dimpled in both cheeks and gave a little giggle—was caused by a thought based on a mistaken idea. In the course of a not exactly limited experience she had found that most young men either overwhelmed her with attention or avoided her in a marked manner, and that, in the long run and if properly reassured, those who shunned her most apparently fell the hardest. It is sometimes hard to tell what makes a pretty girl dimple and giggle. However, before she followed Johnny up

*(Continued on Page 62)*

# Everybody Wants

a private stock of good sweets over the holidays. Everybody's taste can be suited in the variety of Whitman packages of chocolates and confections.

Place your order with the near-by Whitman agency, and double the value of your gift by selecting *an appropriate package.*

**THE SAMPLER**—chocolates and confections selected from ten leading Whitman's packages. The box is as quaint as the sweets are good.

**A FUSSY PACKAGE**—nut and hard center chocolates, beautifully boxed.

**SUPER EXTRA** chocolates and confections—the quality which first made Whitman's famous.

**NUTS, CHOCOLATE COVERED**—a rich, delicious assortment that enjoys wide popularity.

**PLEASURE ISLAND** chocolates in a pirate's chest that recalls the romance of R. L. S.

**SALMAGUNDI PACKAGE**—super-extra chocolates. Metal box lacquered in exquisite mosaic. A gift that is sure to charm

**LIBRARY PACKAGE**—shaped like a book. A new assortment of chocolates.

*Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety.*

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

*Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip*

New York Branch:
215 W. 39rd St.

Chicago Branch
1537 Michigan Ave., South

# What's Coming 1922?

When will business turn definitely upward?

How about prices; up or down?

Will sales pick up? How much?

## Babson's Reports

Special Barometer Letter—off the press January 1st—gives you the plain unbiased facts on the present situation, and forecasts coming conditions with remarkable accuracy. It contains information of vital importance to every executive.

REPORT ON REQUEST

This Barometer Letter and booklet, "*Increasing Net Profits*"—are available for distribution to interested executives, gratis. Tear out the Memo—*now*—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

*Merely ask for Bulletin ZA 59*

Roger W. Babson's Statistical Organization
Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass.
Suburb of Boston
*The Largest Organization of Its Character in the World*

CUT OFF HERE

MEMO For Your Secretary

Write Roger W. Babson, founder of the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me Bulletin ZA59 and booklet *Increasing Net Profits*"—gratis.

For Men Only

who have missed

Shoe Lacing Hooks

Shoes with Lacing Hooks can be bought from Up-to-date Dealers.

Insist on having what you want

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

$3.00 Down

Yes, Direct-from Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly rebuilt at much less than factory price. Your first $3.00 forward then easy monthly payments.

10 Days' FREE Trial

Try it for 10 days at our risk. More than a guarantee. Send now for free book and bargain offer.

Standard Keyboard

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 2759 Shipman Building
SHIPMAN WARD MFG. CO. Chicago, Illinois

TELL TOMORROW'S Weather

Weather Prophet foretells the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Handsome reliable and everlasting

An Ideal Present

$1.25

Agents Wanted
DAVID WHITE, Dept. S, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.


(Continued from Page 60)

the inner stairway she peeped into the letter box inscribed Minniver, and that moment's delay prevented any further glimpse of him, which she may have intended, as she ran up the first of the two flights of stairs very quickly and took her time on the second flight when she heard Johnny slam his door.

Johnny wasted no time in setting the stage for the last scene of all. First he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves; then he pushed the table near to the window, as one would who wanted a good light on his work. He cleared one end of the table of books and a pipe tray and tobacco jar and spread a newspaper over the clear space. Another paper he spread on the floor and squirted on it oil from the can that he had just bought.

"Just kidding myself!"

He found an old shirt and tore it into strips, which he saturated with oil and then rubbed in the dust that he had no trouble in getting in unswept corners of the room. Some of this oily grime he smeared on his hands and wrists and dabbed on the paper on the table. Then he unlocked a drawer and took out the pistol. He looked at it for a meditative moment before he laid it down on the table and made a further search for a tiny screwdriver and a short steel cleaning rod. In his movements to and fro he passed the mirror of his dressing table more than once but forbore to look into it, remembering Bert's gibe, although it reflected a countenance sufficiently ghastly and wild eyed to have created a decided sensation as a close-up in a film.

"I'm having the time of my life," he laughed harshly, and drawing a chair to the table seated himself and picked up the pistol.

"A sweet weepon!" So a Scotch comrade had admiringly called it. A lovely tool indeed! A beautiful blue-black, flat, squat, short-barreled, businesslike container of capsuled death. There was something fascinating in its inertness. It seemed strange that this heavy, silent thing would, at the mere pressure of a finger, suddenly erupt with a furious ear-bursting detonation, and speed forth that which would instantly and forever silence the noisiest and still the most active to eternal immobility!

Johnny ejected the cartridges and, although the barrel was not foul, screwed one shred after another of the dirty, oily rag into the muzzle, dropping each one to the floor as he withdrew it. Then he slipped one of the cartridges back into the chamber. One would be enough. He knew exactly where to aim; his hand was steady as a rock and his resolution was equally firm. There was no hesitation in his movements; he contrived no weak pretexts for delay, but swung the weapon around, his grip close around its butt, his finger on the trigger, and then—he started violently in his chair as if a bolt of lightning had struck him, his tense fingers relaxed and the pistol thudded on the floor.

*x*

A SUDDEN angry clamor, strident and acute, had burst into and rudely shattered the afternoon stillness—a jarring, snarling, discordant uproar, rising and falling with savage staccato yelpings and rumbling undertones charged with bestial ferocity; murderous blood craving, hate and fury in their ultimate vocal expression. Only one thing on earth can produce such sounds—a dog fight!

In one brief instant Johnny recovered from the limpness that the shock to his overstrained nerves had induced; in the next he had leaped to the window, jerked it open and thrust out head and shoulders—holding carefully to the window ledge, however, to guard against falling. He at once recognized the combatants in the court below—the half-bred Airedale that had been making the nights hideous with his barking; and Care, the fox terrier belonging to his neighbor and acquaintance, Jim Delacey. His sympathy was naturally with the smaller dog, who was as friendly, if battle-scarred, a little warrior as ever killed a cat and so won a name. Just now Care had a pretty good hold, but the Airedale was swinging him violently and the issue seemed doubtful.

"Ye-ow, Care! Hang to him, boy! Sic 'im! Chew 'im up!"

His encouraging shout rang out with astonishing heartiness; and then another voice broke in—a voice clear and pure toned, pitched in accents of reprobation.

"Oh, how can you! Please stop them! They'll hurt each other. Please go down and stop them!"

Johnny looked around. It was the girl in Minniver's flat, opposite, leaning from her window, and he dimly remembered her as the girl whom he had run into in the vestibule that very morning. Eyes blue as periwinkles, blue as the Ægean over which Euphrosyne looked when her back was turned to this, her true daughter. Eyes in which laughter loved to dwell, but in which Johnny saw only reproach and appeal.

"Sure!" Johnny answered.

For one thing, one could get a better view of the fight on its own level; and for another, to go down would save argument. Still, one would not disoblige a lady, and little Care could hardly be expected to whip a dog more than twice his size. It might be necessary to stop the affair; it was certainly necessary to hustle.

Without a glance at the table as he dashed by it, he flung open the door and sped down the back stairs. Quick as he was, the girl in Minniver's was not ten steps behind him when he reached the scene of conflict—and the owner of the obnoxious Airedale was before them both.

He was a burly, thick-chested, big-bellied, broad-shouldered sort of person, wearing a silk shirt that had a purple stripe in it and that he should not have worn with pink suspenders and a pinker face. Nor should he have planted one of his large, ugly, brown, box-toed shoes in poor Care's ribs.

Johnny made a flying leap and the burly person staggered back a few paces, hesitated for a wavering second, and then sat down on the cement paving, his collar button broken and his collar, attached to a strip of purple-striped silk, dangling absurdly down his back. Johnny turned quickly, just in time to grab Care, who, dislodged by the kick, was gallantly returning to the fray, the Airedale being held by the lately arrived janitor.

"Watch out, Mr. Henkin!" the janitor warned.

It was the Airedale's owner on his feet once more and advancing with his fists clenched and a belligerent gleam in his eye. He stopped, however, as Johnny faced him.

"Oh, you don't want anything more from me," said Johnny with perfect confidence and an almost radiant smile.

With Care still held under his arm he stepped forward and placed the flat of his disengaged hand against the burly man's heaving chest and pushed. The burly man tottered back and said a few ill-chosen words.

"Don't keep so close to me," said Johnny, still smiling and pushing again. "And don't talk," he added; "it's bad for you."

The Airedale's owner was not exactly a poltroon, but there was something really dangerous in Johnny's aspect, notwithstanding the smile, and the force of his push was to be considered, in view of the comparatively slight effort he put forth; that, and his making the assault, encumbered with a squirming fox terrier.

"You keep your hands offa me," said the Airedale's owner.

"Then don't get so close to me," Johnny told him, advancing another step, before which, however, the other gave ground. "You take your dog ——"

"And drown him," the janitor interposed roughly. "Here, ketch hold of his collar; I ain't going to hold him all day. And you can't keep that dog in this building—see? You told me it was only for two or three days, and it's been a couple of weeks or more. Now it ain't going to be two hours longer—see?"

"We'll see," said the dog's owner with a pathetic attempt at a threatening manner, and with that he led the dog into the building, offering to the openly hilarious spectators at the windows a last view of his pendent collar.

*xi*

THE girl in Minniver's was waiting just inside the doorway. Johnny did not rudely brush by her. On the contrary, he stopped and grinned. When a girl smiles at a fellow with a jewelry combination of sapphire eyes, ruby lips and pearly teeth, to say nothing of dimples, he has a right to stop and grin. When she expresses warm gratitude for a service rendered and praises the address and courage of the servitor, the said servitor is not going to act as if he had a grouch and didn't know a world beater when he saw one; and when she is moved to divine compassion for a presumably suffering animal, breaking off an enchanting giggle at the recollection of a ridiculous object in a torn, purple-striped shirt to utter tender and pitying exclamations—well, that has its effect too.

"He's not hurt much," said Johnny. "See, he knows you're sorry for him. No, you can't go to the lady, Care; you need washing, boy."

"Care? What a funny name! Why do you call him that?"

Johnny explained, and the Joyous One herself couldn't have laughed more deliciously or with more charming abandon than did the girl.

"But I'm sure he didn't. He's too nice a doggie to do such a wicked thing as that. Aren't you, Care?"

Care licked her hand enthusiastically and wriggled madly to get at her. He was no fool of a dog!

They ascended the stairs together slowly.

"We're neighbors, aren't we?" said Johnny. "I don't know your name, though—yet."

"Grace Sanborn," she told him. "Yes, we'll be neighbors until to-morrow morning. I live at Saugatuck and I'm going home to-morrow. I've been visiting Mrs. Minniver. She's my cousin. Won't you please let me take him in and let me see to his hurts? Those places ought to have something on them."

Johnny hesitated.

"You may hold him while I do it if you like."

"I hate to have you trouble, but I'd be much obliged if you would," said Johnny, and followed her into Minniver's, carrying the patient.

Miss Sanborn called to Mrs. Minniver that Mr. Henkin was here with a poor little dog that was hurt by that horrible barking creature downstairs just now, and not to bother but where was the peroxide, and Mrs. Minniver, who seemed to be *en deshabille*, peeped through a slightly opened door and said what a shame and that the bottle was in the medicine cabinet and she would be out in a few minutes. Johnny thought that unnecessary, but said nothing and was forthwith conducted to the kitchenette, where presently Care's wounds were dressed with a deftness and delicacy worthy of the utmost admiration.

As they worked, the operator and her assistant talked.

"About Saugatuck," said Johnny. "Isn't it a strange coincidence that I should have arranged to spend my vacation there? I'm told that it's a wonderful place."

"I don't think so. I like Chicago. Who told you Saugatuck was wonderful?"

"One of these little bright-plumaged know-it-all birds. The worst of it is that I'm not going to get off for two weeks."

"That's not so long."

"It isn't if you know that something unpleasant is going to happen at the end of it, but it's going to seem a mighty long time to me. How do you spell the name of your street?"

"With two *l*'s." She laughed at him. Then seriously: "Have you been sick, Mr. Henkin?"

"How did you know my name?"

"Oh, I have ears. The janitor called you Mr. Henkin."

"What makes you think I've been sick?"

"I have eyes."

"I'll say you have!" declared Johnny with fervor. "It's a shame you don't wear smoked glasses."

"They're not weak."

"Sure they aren't, but other people are. You want to think of that and have a heart."

"Don't you like them?"

"Let me look." He looked into their cerulean depths until she blushed and blinked them rapidly. "Another thing," he continued, "you ought to dredge a coat of talcum over that complexion and dab a patch of rouge on it. You haven't any right to make all the other girls mad. You ought to fill in those dimples some way too."

"One of the things I like about little doggies is that they don't talk silly nonsense," remarked Miss Sanborn, addressing Care. "Put your finger on that knot while I tie it, please, Mr. Henkin. Now be a dear good little dog and don't fight any more."

"Shall I see you before you go?" Johnny asked anxiously, as she rolled up the remaining linen.

"I hardly think so," she replied politely but a trifle frigidly.

(Continued on Page 65)

Inter-woven
Toe and Heel
Socks
Get him a box for
Christmas

Drawn from photograph ©

# Making Road Funds Go Further

*The "Caterpillar's"* field of usefulness is by no means limited to road making. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work —wherever power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor.*

To you, as to every other tax-payer and citizen, the cost of building, improving and maintaining good roads is a matter of personal interest, because it touches your pocketbook. Road officials and contractors everywhere recognize this public interest in the great road-building programs now under way.

How far road appropriations and road taxes will go, how many miles of roads can be built, and how quickly they will be completed and ready for use, depend directly upon the character of equipment used and method employed.

The most essential unit in any efficient road building outfit today is a "Caterpillar"* Tractor. For this reason, obviously, a "Caterpillar"* is the safest investment a road official or contractor can make. Used singly or for replacing teams entirely, "Caterpillars"* quickly pay for themselves in the tremendous savings they effect in every dirt moving and hauling operation.

State, county, township and city officials the country over have proved that the "Caterpillar"* has no rival as a year 'round power-producer. It is equal to any emergency of soil, grade or weather. More miles of good roads are being built with "Caterpillars"* today than by any other method or machine.

Upon request we will mail our booklet or arrange to exhibit our motion picture, "The Nation's Road Maker," showing "Caterpillar"* Tractors at work on actual road jobs.

CATERPILLAR
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

HOLT
PEORIA, ILL.
STOCKTON, CALIF.

**There is but one "Caterpillar"—Holt builds it. The name was originated by this Company, and is our exclusive trade-mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in practically every country in the world. Infringements will be prosecuted.*

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Inc.*
PEORIA, ILL. STOCKTON, CALIF.
Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
*Branches and service stations all over the world*

(Continued from Page 62)

"In Saugatuck then?"

"Not very likely, I'm afraid." She opened the door for his egress.

"Perhaps you think I was a little fresh. I didn't mean to be, though. You see, the time was so short. Wouldn't you let me write to you—to tell you how the pup is getting along? He may be injured internally. I'm rather afraid that he is."

"Your telephone bell is ringing," she told him. "I can hear it."

So could Johnny. "Let it ring," he said. "Do I get that address?"

"Good-by," she said, and very slowly and gently closed the door on him.

If the latch had snapped Johnny would have felt discouraged, but he waited, and in a moment or two the door very slowly opened again.

"Oh, are you still there? Do you know that your telephone bell is ringing? Good-by. I expect I shall see you in Saugatuck."

### XII

THIS time the latch clicked decidedly, but Johnny went to his apartment with a smiling face. The telephone bell continued to ring with the persistence that is almost invariable when people would rather it wouldn't. Johnny set Care down and absent-mindedly took up the receiver and responded. At once the dreamy smile left his face, and his brows drew together in a frown.

"Yes," he replied, and then with the rising inflection: "Yes?" He listened and then said: "Yes, I'm here. . . . Oh, that doesn't matter. I got bravely over that. . . . No. No, not to-night nor any other night soon. . . . I'm sorry, Noreen, but I'm all dated up. Good-by.

"What do you know!" he ejaculated. "Well, I guess that's settled."

His eye fell upon the table and its grimly significant litter, and he was suddenly overwhelmed by a wave of horror in his first realization of his madness. Sick and trembling, he sank into the big chair and leaned his head on his arm, and so remained until presently Care came limping up and nosed him, whining anxiously. He picked the little creature up and fondled it.

"If it hadn't been for you, Care! I've got to steal you from Jim."

After a little he started up and, rolling up the papers and rags, threw them into the wastebasket. It cost him a shudder to pick up the pistol, but when he had it safely locked up in its drawer he began to feel a little better. He looked at his watch and saw to his amazement that it was only half past four. It was almost incredible that so much could have happened in the time since he had left the office.

"Thank God that I have come to my senses!" he exclaimed, and that was a sincere and devout thanksgiving.

It occurred to him that the office would not yet be closed, and he hastened to the telephone and presently had Mr. Hotchkiss on the wire.

"This is Henkin, Mr. Hotchkiss," he said. "I was sick and had to come home. . . . Better now, thank you. And say, Mr. Hotchkiss, I hope you won't think that I didn't appreciate what you said—and the vacation and all. I was feeling pretty rotten then. . . . Thanks. I was afraid that you might feel sore. You certainly had a right to. . . . That's mighty kind of you, and—say, Mr. Hotchkiss, I'd like to take that vacation if it will be all right. I think I need it. . . . Fine! . . . Sure! I'll be on deck in the morning, but I may be half an hour or so late. Will that be all right? . . . Thank you! Good-by.

"Good old scout!" he exclaimed, beaming as he turned away. "I'll say Palgrave & Dolby are dandy people to work for! A fine bunch, from old Dolby all the way down to Willy, and it's up to me now to show 'em that I mean to make good on the job. Let that bandage alone, Care, you miserable pup! Quit it! Come here to me, pal, and tell me what you think of her. Some sweet little lady, isn't she? Sure! Wag your fool tail off, what there is of it, and you won't do the subject justice. Different from these ratty, retouched, rolled-socks chickenettes; these vermilion-visaged vamps, toddling in the jazz joints and shangling around generally. What gets me is how I fell for anything —— Oh, well!"

### XIII

BERT came in and found him sitting facing the window with Care on his lap. He was not indiscreetly near to it, but he could have seen anybody who appeared at the window opposite. Nobody had appeared, however, and Johnny wasn't exactly sorry. A girl like that wasn't going to make herself too cheap. Not to be expected.

"What does this vile, disgusting odor of tobacco mean?" Bert inquired.

Johnny removed the stem of his pipe from his mouth to grin at him. "Have you eaten yet, old scout?" he asked. "What about an inch-and-a-half porterhouse, French-frieds, a salad, apple pie and cheese at Rene's? I've got a cavity in me like a shell hole."

Bert raised his eyebrows, but he had his rare moments of judicious reticence, and he also knew that a confidence would be forthcoming.

"Do you buy?" he asked.

"I buy," replied Johnny. "Let's go."

### XIV

SLEEP! With the able assistance of his Shaksperean recollections Bert characterized that several pages back, and so far as possible one would avoid repetition. But it certainly is remarkable what even a good, sound, dreamless eight hours of it will effect in a case of nerve exhaustion. Johnny had almost exactly that. If the sandman had carried his commodity in a handy bag and actually slugged his victim he could not have made a more thorough job of it. The dinner at Rene's had been a good one, the coffee strong and the talk interesting; but there was still much to be said when Johnny's jaws suddenly opened to their very fullest extent—cavernously—almost to the point of dislocation; and in a few moments they opened again in the same way, and kept on opening at shorter and shorter intervals.

"Me for the hay," declared Johnny, and not all Bert's remonstrances could dissuade him.

It was half past eight when they left the restaurant. At 8:59, plus forty seconds, Johnny had drunkenly arrayed himself in his pajamas, fallen into bed and dropped his drowsy head on his pillow. At somewhere about ten seconds to five he struggled fiercely and emerged from the unfathomed depths of somnolence, landing with his feet on the floor at the side of his bed, his eyelids still weighed down by slumber and his head nodding to his chest.

"Wha'd' I wan' t' wake up for?" he asked himself, and then the answer came to him and he stumbled deviously to his bath.

The water was almost icily cold and he came out of it gasping happily and with his head clear as a bell. By the time he had rubbed down he was truly feeling fine as silk and fit as a fiddle, and but for Bert he would have burst into song. As it was, he hummed gayly, even as he shaved, and all through his dressing, which he took his time to, choosing his necktie with particular deliberation. When his toilet was completed he looked at his watch.

"Holy mackerel! Only a quarter to six, and her boat doesn't go out until nine!

—Paul Bransom—

"I'll go and take a look at the lake and see whether it's likely to be rough."

Early as it was, there were already fishermen on the breakwater. He walked past them until he found a rock in the filling upon which he could sit comfortably and meditate. The sky was almost cloudless and the lake as smooth as he had ever seen it. Just enough of a cool breeze to ruffle a glittering, golden pathway to the sun.

"Good old lake! Good old sun! This is great!" he murmured. "Gosh! If I could only go along!"

Well, he couldn't. But he was going to see her, and if he had luck he might get another few minutes' chat with her. He knew where some pretty good candy was obtainable, and a few magazines wouldn't come amiss, maybe. He had decided on cornflowers. It was a two-to-one bet that she would be wearing something blue, or with blue in it. He would take her hand when he met her, and again at parting. That blissful privilege had not yet been his, but he could imagine to some extent what it would be. Their fingers had touched more than once during the first aid to Care; and if that casual contact thrilled him, what would a comparatively lingering whole handclasp be!

Gosh! What air! One hundred per cent pep! But it certainly gave a man a sense of something lacking. Ham and eggs, for instance. That was a good feed last night. Bert enjoyed it. Good old Bert! Say, there was a pal!

Well, two weeks wasn't like two months. And a canoe on the river would have an excursion boat skinned a mile. Gliding along where the branches of the trees overhung the water—just her! Oh, man! And moonlight nights—starlight, if there wasn't any moon!

Was he taking too much for granted? Not much. There was a square girl. She might devil a little and she wouldn't be easy, but she was square and she wouldn't say anything that she didn't mean. She said that she liked J. W. Henkin. Not just dead sure about him, but she liked him to start with, and if J. W. came up to her expectations she would like him better still. That's what she said.

She didn't use words, but she said it, even if she didn't know it. That last dimpling at him as she closed the door amounted to a sacred promise, pretty near.

If what a place has to show makes it wonderful, Saugatuck would be the eighth wonder of the world. But why limit the world to eight, with all the good things in it?

"Hello! That guy's got a fish. I'll say he has!"

Johnny got up and walked over to the lucky angler. He was a mere lad, and Johnny recognized him instantly, as well as his companion—a frowzy-whiskered veteran whose usual imperturbability was now utterly shattered by the spectacle of the glittering, twisting, flapping thing safely landed among the rocks.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed the old chap. "Cripes! You got somep'n there, Bill!"

"Whee-ee!" squealed the boy. "Ain't I though! Ain't that a lulu?" His face was radiant with delight and he gurgled and laughed excitedly as he strove to hold his captive and extract the hook. "Beat that, you cock-eyed old snoozer! You can't. You never did and you never will. Look at him once! Chee!"

"Well, you caught a fish," grunted the elder, recovering his wonted calm. "It's all right, but you don't need to throw a fit. Just the same, it has happened before and it will again. Simmer down, kid."

"You goop-smooched old crape hanger, you don't know what you're talking about!" cried the boy. "You show me!"

Johnny turned away, grinning. It was time for him to get back and rout Bert out for breakfast. Bert would need a good cold-sponge application, a matutinal attention that he had been missing lately. Breakfast, and then—Grace!

He laughed aloud from sheer exuberance of spirits as he struck the pavement and mended his pace, expanding his chest and swinging his arms as he went.

"It was some fish, just the same."

The next moment he took up the thread of his reflections where the fish had broken it:

"Living conditions may be rotten on Mars—maybe so; and the Milky Way may have turned sour—I don't know. But you take this little old oblate spheroid, slightly flattened at the poles, that we're skirmishing around on, and I'll say it's a little bit of all right!"


# Corns

## Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

## LEARN SALESMANSHIP

*while selling Fuller Brushes!*

Note the big double-page ad in this publication, featuring the new Fuller Broom. Without other selling experience, a bright, ambitious man can easily sell it—and the 45 Fuller Brushes—direct to women, in the homes. Men who join the Fuller organization get individual training in salesmanship—without cost. Earnings begin at once and your future is assured. We need 1,000 more responsible men to sell Fuller Brushes. Men of good character (preferably married), property owners, and with small capital to finance initial expenses. Auto is desirable. Write for booklet "Out of the Rut," and please state your age and approximate income.

*Address: Dept. R. D.*

**The FULLER BRUSH COMPANY**
Hartford, Conn.
or Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Canada
Branch Offices in over 150 cities.

Fuller

## BURROWES

**Home Billiard & Pool Tables**

Magnificently made in all sizes, at all prices. BECOME EXPERT AT HOME. Use in any room, on any house table or on its own folding stand. Put up or down in a minute—set aside when not in use. Ask your dealer or WRITE TODAY for Catalog and easy payment terms. E. T. BURROWES CO., 14 Free St., Portland, Maine.

½ ACTUAL SIZE

## SMOKERS

We offer this remarkable new adjustable holder for smokers the FITS-ALL. Adjusts instantly to every thing smokable cigars, cigarettes, Holds firm, gives perfect draw and a cool dry smoke. Removes nicotine which accumulates only at mouthpiece. Keeps mouth from contact with tobacco. Prevents tongue bite. Made of hard rubber, durable, sanitary. Postpaid for $1.00. Money back if not absolutely satisfactory. Order one to-day. Send Smoker to your friend as a present. It will give him daily pleasure and better health. Dealers and salesmen write quick.

DUKER & DEVLEN MFG. CO., 11 W. Poplar Avenue, Columbia, Tenn., U. S. A.

**PATENTS** BEST RESULTS

BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

# "Proper underwear doesn't smother your skin"

YOU'LL be healthier—you'll have more vigor—if you wear proper undergarments.

"A smothered skin is a ruined organ," writes a Colorado Springs physician in ordering Topkis Athletic Union Suits for himself.

"Improper underwear is to blame," he adds. "I agree with every statement made in your advertisement."

Ask your own doctor.

He'll tell you it's safer to wear the same underwear *all year 'round* and change your *outergarments* when the weather changes.

It's the *only* way to dress in a climate subject to such sudden changes. You can't conveniently change your underwear every time you go from your heated home or office to the street. You *can* put on more outergarments.

Topkis lets your skin breathe. You keep fit and do not take cold so readily.

You're more comfortable, because Topkis always fits. Guaranteed full size. Properly designed, generously cut, and thoroughly pre-shrunk. Be sure to get your correct size. If you wear a 38 coat ask for 38 Topkis.

Loose, easy armholes. Legs extra wide and long. No clumsy belt. Best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics.

No good dealer will ask more than a dollar for any Topkis Men's Union Suit—although many will tell you it's *worth* more.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, per garment, 75c. Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits at 75c.

*Ask your dealer for TOPKIS. Look for the red diamond label.*

*Write for your copy of booklet that tells how your underwear affects your health.*

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear


# THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 7)

closed at the end of March in 1865. I distinctly remember my father's return, bringing with him a large cage holding two mocking birds, which had to have boiled eggs, and also carrying several bunches of bananas protected by pink mosquito netting. A third item in his baggage was a box of photographs of theatrical celebrities who had been visiting stars at the theater. Among these were some pictures of the talented and eccentric Adah Isaacs Menken. According to my mother, these photographs did not warrant my father's estimate of Adah's beauty. I remember the pictures too imperfectly at this date to umpire the difference of opinion.

Another attractive photograph was that of a young woman in a pancake hat, a short smart basque and a wide expanse of crinoline. She was the gifted Mathilda Heron, mother of Bijou Heron, now Mrs. Henry Miller, and grandmother of Gilbert Miller, who has recently been announced as the manager to succeed the late Alf Hayman in charge of the Empire Theater, New York.

There were a half dozen photographs of a singularly handsome man, each of them inscribed "To my dear Tom"—my father's friends called him intimately by his last name in preference to the given one of Elihu—and signed John Wilkes Booth. Although my father was ten years Booth's senior, he and Booth had been rather boon companions in New Orleans, and coming from the same theater, wearing the same kind of mustachios and the clubbed hair of the period, were so alike that each was sometimes mistaken for the other.

Father had not been back long enough at our St. Louis home to lose the guestlike novelty of his presence, when on the morning of April fifteenth, something having gone wrong the day before with the family baking, I was sent from the breakfast table to the corner grocery for an extra loaf of bread. The weather was unusually warm for that season, even in St. Louis. Saturday was a school holiday. I was barefoot in the first kid freedom of the year, and snail-like on this errand I traveled the short block over the unpaved road, which was ankle deep with its cool bed of dust.

### *News of Lincoln's Death*

At the grocery I was unable to get attention in the group that had gathered there and was increasing. As soon as I learned the cause of the excitement I ran home, burst into the little dining room with a repetition of the cry "Lincoln's been shot!"

I can see the family at that table now, each in his or her proper place, as definite as if the occurrence were to-day. My mother and father, my elder sister and a younger one, a baby brother, my grandmother and a hired girl. It was the democratic custom in that section and time for the hired girl to serve the food in bulk and then sit with the family at the table. My father, refusing to accept my message, rushed to the street. I see the terror on my mother's face and the tragic intensity of grandmother. I am pressed with questions. I remember my inadequate replies, and then my father coming back, his face grown strangely older. As the women look at him he says, "Wilkes Booth ——"

"Shot Lincoln?"

"Yes."

As the women get this confirmation my mother sobs with her head upon the table; grandmother, erect, is making short dramatic denunciations, of which I have forgotten all except their vehemence. Not only that day but an ensuing period of dislocation and excitement followed; a period recalled as interminable compared to the swift actions that the records show. During that crowded time every word of the reports in every paper was read aloud and discussed; every rumor too. The subject occupied the talk and filled all minds through every silence. The apprehension and arrest of conspirators; the pursuit and killing of Booth; the arrangements for the dead President's funeral; the trial of persons charged with complicity in his assassination; bitter division on the question of the guilt of Mrs. Surratt, and upon the right at all to hang a woman; suspicions that arose and were increased concerning Vice President Johnson's possible knowledge of or blindness to the plot banished all unrelated topics. Letters came, neighbors ran in and out to carry or to match their news. Persons heretofore uncertain as to policies took a prompt stand in condemnation of the deed. Many Southern sympathizers honestly arranged themselves with the Northerners; some sullen ones closed their blinds and kept out of view. The excitement extended to the children; and picture papers were cut out, pasted into peep shows and reeled off in soap boxes, back-lighted by bits of candles.

The death of Lincoln came with crushing force to every household in the North. To these ours was an exception only in the added poignancy given by our familiarity with the assassin's name and looks and my father's recollections of a recent playful companionship. Booth's photographs were brought out, discussed in horror and then put away and avoided. In the next year or two, through the willing agency of secesh playmates, I quietly gave these pictures to other parents who prized and kept them.

When Lincoln's funeral was held at Springfield there was a ceremony in St. Louis, with a stately representative catafalque set in the rotunda of the classical courthouse, where thousands with bowed head and reverent step passed to express openly their sorrow. I was in that line, and though no doubt truthfully informed at the time, for years I retained the belief that Lincoln's body had been under those flowers and flags. There must have been many who thought the same.

### *The Flower of the Family*

Soon after that time my father was planning and surveying what was called the St. Louis and Glencoe Railroad. There was an onyx quarry at one end of it—the other end, I think. Grandmother called it a mare's nest, which seems to be bad rating for a new railroad, and father suffered in the enterprise in other ways. He had to go to New York about bonds and money, and took me with him to Brooklyn, where his sisters lived. On that visit I learned that father himself had a maternal grandmother, who before her marriage had been a Miss La Farge. It required half a day to get from Brooklyn by ferryboat to New York and by Broadway stage to her house in a thinly settled district near Central Park in the East Sixties. She spoke with a French accent—difficult for me to understand. The only topic on which we got earnestly together was the Civil War—grandmothers seemed to be unanimous on that—but she was a dark and very old lady and in no wise comparable to my grandmother. I felt sorry for father, but was careful never to say anything about her that hurt his feelings.

We went back to St. Louis. An older railroad man, the family said, named Col. Tom McKissock, had euchered father out of the Glencoe Railroad, and in our historic apportionments McKissock joined Buchanan.

There was in those days a touch of economical management by my mother that will appeal to two classes of readers. The first it will impress with mild astonishment; and the second, millions in number if the statement should reach them, it will strike familiarly. The flour for the baking came in coarse cotton sacks. These sacks when empty and with their seams ripped open washed up into serviceable domestic cloth. For the five children in our household in 1868 this cloth was available as nightgowns. Sometimes the brand of the flour stenciled into the bag was indelible. One dealer, dyeing for immortality, identified his product by a pardonable pun which had for my parents a third application, gratifying though not prophetic, as they watched me bundle into bed with The Flower of the Family blazoned on the southern exposure of my gaberdine.

In similar ways and by like episodes my neighborhood horizon widened and took on state and national dimensions. Among father's optimistic friends was a man named Cavanaugh, with whiskers and blue eyes and a broad broken nose. Mr. Cavanaugh never put water in his whisky, as Gen. Frank P. Blair and father did while conversing at the Planter's House bar, but drank it with a nervous toss and considerable display of teeth under his wet mustache and then thoughtfully went "Ha" with a sandpaper exhaust.

Then and again, years and other years afterward, standing at the same bar, I tried

(Continued on Page 68)

# *No other Christmas Gift quite like this*

Apollo Chocolates—no mere box of candy—but an enchanted package, laying the whole world under tribute for its purity and deliciousness—each piece a new and pleasant variation of the favorite sweetmeat of some far-off land.

Walnuts from remote spots in the Pyrenees Mountains where nuts grow sweetest; honey with that delectable flavor that only the white clover can give; nougat compounded from the choicest pistachio nuts that grow on Mediterranean shores; maple sugar as pure as when it flows from the trees in Vermont sugar camps; cream and butter from the dairies of New England; fruits that have ripened in the sunshine of many well favored lands—

These tempting centers dipped into rich, pure chocolate, then packed in gala boxes, fit settings for such irresistible confections, are a welcome expression of the gift spirit.

*A few of the* 38 *Apollo assortments are*—

PAR EXCELLENCE—A delicious combination of Fruit Cordials, Brazil Caramels, Nougatines, Selected Nuts and Jelly Marshmallows—all selected pieces with decorated tops.

NUTS AND FRUITS—A feast—combining the famous Apollo Chocolate with Pineapples, Cherries, Ginger, Brazil Nuts, Filberts, Pecans and Walnuts.

CLASS A—A few of the many inviting pieces in this popular assortment are Fruit Nougatines, Strawberry Cordials, Cream Walnuts, Butter Caramels and Almond Glacé.

MERCEDES—Just choice Nut Meats—chocolate coated—Filberts, Brazils, Walnuts, Almonds and Pecans.

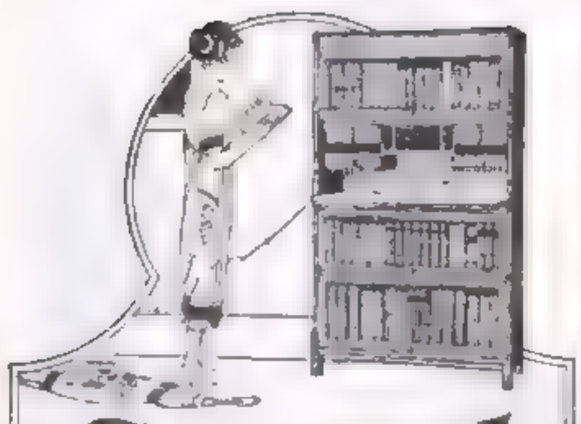
BUTTER CHOCOLATES—Nuts, Nougatines, Orients, Café Veras, Caramels and other dainties coated with chocolate made with fresh dairy butter.

EMBLEM—Sixteen different centers—all delicious, including Fudge, Cream Walnuts, Plantations, Fruit Nougats, Esthers and Coffee Creams.

The Apollo CHOCOLATES

*They're different*

F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



GUNN
SECTIONAL BOOKCASES
For the HOME and OFFICE
ARTISTIC DESIGNS—VARIOUS FINISHES
Convenient Removable Doors—Non-Binding Run on Roller Bearings.
Write for COMPLETE BOOK of STYLES (MAILED FREE)
Reliable Dealers Everywhere
GUNN FURNITURE CO. Grand Rapids, Michigan
(30 Years Builders Sectional Bookcases and Office Desks)
NEW YORK BRANCH:—11 East 36th Street.

Give One For Xmas!
But Ask Your Dealer First
IDEAL NUT CRACKER
No 2 Plain Nickeled 50c
No 4 Highly Polished 75c
COOK ELECTRIC COMPANY
900 W Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

French Gluten Bread
BRUSSON JEUNE
Villemur, France
Brusson Gluten Bread is prepared by special processes according to the directions of eminent dietitians. It is easily digested and assimilated. Small in bulk and keeps indefinitely. This pure, palatable white bread should be eaten by all whose strength must be kept up by a very nutritious food. 50 Gold Medals and Awards. Grand Prize at Paris, Hanoi, Liege, Marseille, Bordeaux, London, Brussels, Buenos-Aires and Turin. Ask your grocer for Brusson Gluten Bread. If he cannot supply it, send $2.00 for box of 15 loaves. Sent postpaid anywhere in United States.
GUSTAV MULLER
18 So. William Street New York

TESTBESTOS Brake Lining
Stops 'er in time!
OPEN TERRITORY FOR GOOD SALESMEN
American Asbestos Co., Norristown, Pa.

I WANT TO GO HOME!
Send me with your name and address to The Curtis Publishing Company, 418 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I will tell you how their subscription representatives make spare time pay up to
$25.00 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay $5000 death, $25 weekly benefit. Premium $10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy seller. Liberal commissions.
North American Accident Insurance Company, 196 Market St., Newark, N. J.

PLAYS for Amateurs; Monologs, Minstrel Jokes and Sketches; [illegible]
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 353 So. Dearborn St. CHICAGO


(Continued from Page 66)

to dramatize for my own mind's eye the story of Gen. Frank P. Blair, smiling and unarmed, saying, oh, so confidentially, to another man he had never met before: "Are you Billy Ryder? Well, I'm told you say you will kill me on sight. My name is Frank P. Blair, Mr. Ryder."

"Right where we're standing," Cavanaugh explains, and Mr. Blair laughs it off and says something amusing about a bluff.

Billy Ryder was a political Monk Eastman. As a boy and man I heard him make fiery speeches in Gallic to his compatriots from the courthouse steps, but I always remembered Mr. Cavanaugh's story to my father as I stood listening, nine years of age. Even at sixty-four I like it.

My father was a fine man with a great brain, and now that he is gone I would say nothing of him that could prejudice a reader against him, but he always treated me as an equal. I knew his friends man fashion. They were many and important, and such informing anecdotes as the one just related he always told me in order that I might rightly measure men. On all public questions there was always also grandmother, sometimes mistaken but never in doubt, and from the time I was eligible at six years of age until the time I was indigent at twelve, I had an almost uninterrupted attendance at regular sessions of the St. Louis grammar schools, including at that period their compulsory study of German. When I finished I had a card publicly given me for my recitation of Marco Bozzaris. The scene is indelible. I had walked to the teacher's platform, as was then uniformly required, on tiptoe; we thought in order that our shoes should not squeak too much, but, as a matter of fact, to train us against falling arches. I see my teacher now, the bunch of lilacs on her desk and just behind her the Tropic of Capricorn. It had been there all winter, but never so plain as on that fragrant morning in the spring of 1868, with the girls in white and ribbons, and through the open windows trees and grass and cowbells, and beyond the sky line of a great round world turning upon its own axis once in every twenty-four hours, except in February, which has twenty-nine. The safety of our republic rests upon our public schools.

### The Shoulder-Strap Paraders

During this early period we lived not always in the same house. Places were rented, and like many uneasy families of that time we occasionally removed. Amongst our plunder there were a few bookshelves well furnished and some other volumes with bindings too dilapidated to be shown. These cripples drifted to the garret, where I used to run across them on holidays. Three of these old books I studied with keen interest. One was Blair's Rhetoric; a second was Jefferson's Manual on Parliamentary Law, which had evidently been useful to father at different times; a third was a small copy of Hardy's Military Tactics.

About this time the remittances of new money from Washington City began to get irregular and now and then to lack a few sheets of the stipulated limit, but to be accompanied by peace offerings of useless merchandise, stuff that the sender had probably got at little cost from a War Department that was reforming. In one shipment of that kind there came a pasteboard box containing a gross or more of officers' epaulets in gold and silver on different colored cloths, ready to be sewed on the shoulders of soldier coats. Nobody wanted these things apparently, not even grandmother, and they fell to me. Nothing would have been more acceptable except perhaps a consignment of Indian war bonnets. I distributed them among my comrades, and with the help of the Hardy Tactics organized two or three squads, fairly proficient in the manual, with wooden guns, but composed entirely of officers from brigadier generals to captains. When maneuvering in the streets and encouraged by veterans at the corner grocery we must have looked like a miniature and migratory general staff.

This would be too trivial to record were it not for the fact that it was at a time when two national conventions had made their nominations. With the entire country still wrought up and resentful over the assassination of Lincoln, the Republican Party took no chances on the character of its candidate and Gen. Ulysses S. Grant was the nominee. His Democratic opponent, Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, had smirched his record a little by addressing an audience of draft rioters in New York in a pacificatory speech as "My friends."

To offset the doubts which that phrase inspired, the Democratic convention gave Seymour as his running mate that gallant Democrat of undoubted loyalty, of whom I have already spoken, Gen. Frank P. Blair. My father was so fond of Blair that, partisan as he was, it hurt him to oppose him in the local districts, but he vigorously did so. I was by this time taking a wider interest in politics and on higher grounds than that which I held in the Bell and Everett campaign. But still the theatrical features of the contest were the ones that interested me most.

In the torchlight processions the marching voters, besides their soldier caps and capes, wore little aprons, because their candidate, U. S. Grant, when a boy, had worked in his father's yards as a tanner. More than in any other district that I have ever observed, and more than in any other campaign, the juniors took an interest in this one, doubtless because of the contentious atmosphere in which they had all been raised. The men encouraged them and there were many marching clubs of boys. My organization of shoulder straps was active two or three nights in the week at the tail end of the tanners' procession.

It is probable that neither Seymour nor Blair, experienced politicians as they were, had much hope of election. At any rate, upon many occasions in which I saw him soon after the decision, I could discover nothing crestfallen about our Missouri member in particular, nor did he carry any animosity against the comrades who had remained loyal to the commander in chief rather than support their local favorite. Blair and my father were warm friends as ever, and Blair himself was influential in having me appointed a page in the Missouri legislature the following session, at which time I was eleven years old.

There were five page boys in the Missouri House of Representatives at that time. They were appointed by the clerk, and there was considerable political competition for the places. As the boys were paid ninety dollars a month, the appointments came under the head of patronage. There were plenty of competent lads in Jefferson City who would have been glad to get the work at twenty dollars a month, but under the spoils system the clerk endeavored to distribute the appointments through different sections of the state. The salary was fixed upon the knowledge that the boys would be under considerable expense away from their homes, and perhaps the committee on appropriations justified the amount also under the theory that the work was educational and to a boy the opportunity would be a kind of scholarship.

### Cuspidor Cloture

Any man who can remember working as a page boy in any legislative body will approve this theory. Every session was punctuated by points of order from the members and rulings by the chair, and perhaps because their attention to these contests was not so divided as that of the members, the boys were better average parliamentarians than 90 per cent of the legislators themselves. Besides the ninety dollars, each boy got one hundred three-cent postage stamps every month, a bunch of lead pencils, a supply of quill pens such as a theater property man still provides for Richelieu, and a pocket knife to keep these pens in order. The same allotment was made to every official employe and to every member. In excess of this the members received a supply of black sand, for which a box sat on each desk. Most of the members preferred blotting paper to the use of the sand boxes, but as blotting paper was a novelty some of the old men shook sand on to their wet letters and then shook most of it back again into the perforated lignum-vitæ boxes. I remember the page boys laughing over an editorial comment of one of the St. Louis papers concerning the city's oldest representative then in the house, a certain erratic Doctor Smythe. The paragraph said:

> Doctor Smythe writes his letters with a lead pencil and uses the blotting paper, which he says is much superior to the old sand.

Our duties as page boys were to carry a bill or a resolution from the member who introduced it to the desk of the clerk who was to read it aloud; to take messages from one member to another or to go to the other end of the building on some errand to the senate; or to one of the departments under the same roof. We were seldom sent outside of the capitol. We were not always busy and our leisure naturally fell when the members themselves were most engrossed; that is to say, when something of real interest was proceeding in the house.

There were generally two sides to every question that came up, and it would be difficult to conceive of any method more instructive than that with which the boys constantly were in contact. The measures were not always of equal importance; there were times of comedy and even of horseplay. Under each desk at that time there was a large individual cast-iron cuspidor with a hinged cover of a Renaissance pattern. If a man by accident slipped his toe under one of these heavy covers, allowing the cover to fall back on the basin, it made a noise as loud as a stove lid treated in the same way. Sometimes when a member strictly within his rights was speaking beyond the patience of his hearers these accidents occurred, and were repeated with increasing frequency, until the din reduced his oratory to pantomime. There was more than one editorial protest throughout the state against this system of cloture, and I remember reading these protests as late as the middle eighties; but I used the device as a comic episode in a play some twenty years ago and was roundly denounced by a Missouri statesman for misrepresentation.

### Phœbe Couzins Makes a Hit

Another example of a kind of humorous relief was furnished when a desk neighbor of the Doctor Smythe above mentioned got from his optician duplicate pairs of Smythe's spectacles. In the heat of a debate the old doctor had a way of reading from some authority and then, as he spoke to the question, pushing his glasses to the top of his head. On the occasion in mind, as the doctor finished one reading, the member slipped his second pair on the desk in front of him. The doctor spoke a moment and, during his rest, again mechanically adjusted this second pair of glasses, read his second quotation and pushed the second pair of spectacles up to the first. The effect and his own astonishment caused an uproar and made a serious contribution ridiculous and ineffective.

That winter of '68 in the Missouri legislature, of which John D. Orrick was speaker, is notable for three events: The Fifteenth Amendment, giving the vote to the negro, was adopted; Miss Phœbe Couzins, a pretty girl, then in her twenties, just graduated as a lawyer, addressed a joint session upon the question of female suffrage; and Carl Schurz, at the end of a spirited joint debate, was elected to the United States Senate.

Miss Couzins made a pretty picture as she finished her address to the legislators, and with a graceful wave of a white-gloved hand closed by saying, "Let it be flashed across the continent that Missouri leads the van, and the nation must follow."

In Broadway parlance of to-day that would be called hokum, but at that time every listener, to use another phrase, ate it up. Opinion on the policy was divided, but nobody doubted Missouri's ability to lead the van.

Phœbe Couzins, the first woman to hold a Federal executive appointment, served during President Arthur's administration as deputy for her father, who was United States marshal for the Missouri district, and upon Major Couzins' death the President appointed her to the office. She was an earnest suffrage advocate for years, and an ardent prohibitionist, but before her death in 1913 her accumulated experience, and it may be her wisdom, led her to oppose both measures.

Carl Schurz electrified his hearers. He then had been only sixteen years in America, during which time he had rallied his German-American fellow citizens to the support of abolition, had served with distinction through the Civil War, had acquired a perfect mastery of the English language, and as he said to his fiery little opponent in the debate, Senator C. D. Drake, who challenged him on some point, "had gained a very dangerous knowledge of the Constitution of the United States."

The Schurz-Drake debates were held at night, with the members of the senate crowded into the larger house and the lobby

(Continued on Page 71)

*The iron food for vitality*

**Free** We'll send a free book of 100 luscious raisin recipes to anyone who mails coupon below.

# The Ever-Ready Dessert

## *for busy days*

### or when you forget to make one

KEEP cluster raisins always in the house, ready to serve on a moment's notice. As a luscious dessert when you haven't time to prepare one, or when you simply forgot dessert.

You never hear "What, no *dessert?*" when you are so protected. There's never that embarrassment.

The fact is, you'll serve these clusters more often on *request* than in emergencies. For the taste for these delicious fruit-meats was developed back in girl-and-boyhood days.

And everybody likes them. Try and see. Put a bowl on your table and see how soon they go. Let *that* be proof.

Raisins are also a health food, the result of their rich iron content. The system needs but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need *is vital.*

So when you serve these luscious clusters remember that they are both *good* and good *for* you—that they serve the double purpose of convenience and good health.

Men need iron for vitality and that lasting energy which enables them to forge ahead in business. Your helpmate burns up energy each day. You can replace it through the food you choose for him. He'll welcome it in luscious cluster raisins.

**100 Recipes Sent Free**

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes which we will send to any woman *free* on request. All are tested, so they're sure to work.

Learn through this book the many ways to use nutritious, healthful raisins.

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes.

Raisins are cheaper by 30 per cent than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

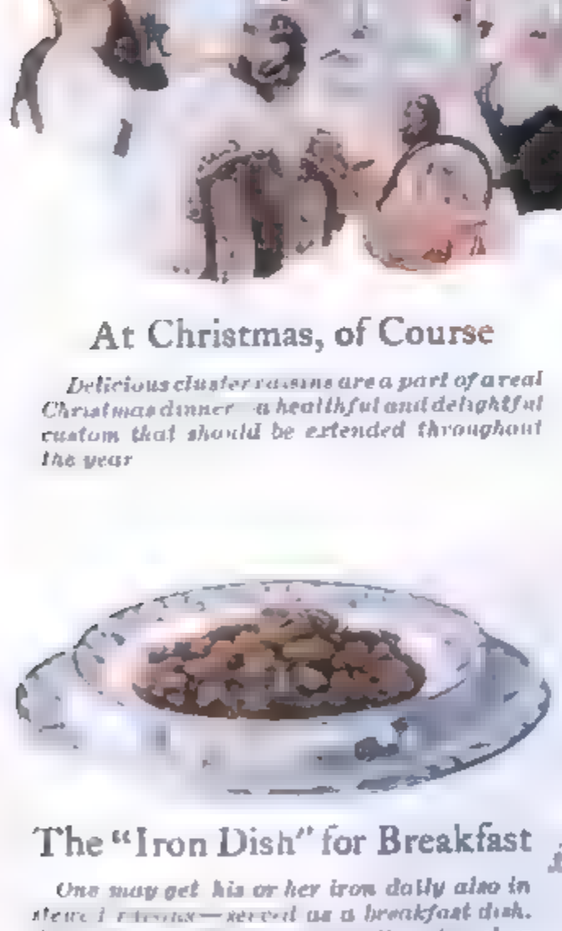
**California Associated Raisin Co.**
**Dept. A-1412, Fresno, California**

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____



**At Christmas, of Course**

*Delicious cluster raisins are a part of a real Christmas dinner—a healthful and delightful custom that should be extended throughout the year*

**The "Iron Dish" for Breakfast**

*One may get his or her iron daily also in stewed raisins—served as a breakfast dish. Serve plain, with cream or with oatmeal or with dry cereals and cream.*

*Try this delicious breakfast fruit and you'll have it every day*



*Use left-over stewed raisins for sauce for baked apples, ice cream, rice-and-raisins, cold meats, etc.*

Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Clusters *(on the stem)*. At all dealers'. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.



# SUN-MAID RAISINS

# The things us men folks like to get —

It ain't the biggest things that puts most comfort
in yo' soul,
An' it ain't the weight of money-bags that makes
this old world roll.
I'd give a heap more value to a word
kind-spoke an' fair,
Than to all the gold an' glitter of a crown
I couldn't wear.

An' when Christmas time comes 'round again
with all its joy an' cheer,
The things us men folks like to get the most
ain't always dear—
For their cost don't make much diff'rence,
'cause you measure love an' thought
In a gift, not by its price tag but the pleasure
that it brought.

*Velvet Joe*

Aged in the wood (two years) pipe tobacco.
You know what that means—

*Mild and Mellow*

(Continued from Page 68)

holding on its full benches more than one distinguished man who thought the lightning might strike him. I remember first seeing at that time the romantic-looking David P. Dyer, the scholarly John F. Benjamin, and ex-Senator John B. Henderson, who because of his vote in the United States Senate against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was no longer acceptable to his Missouri constituency as United States senator. Mr. Henderson was the author of the Thirteenth Amendment, which in regular form made Lincoln's proclaimed emancipation part of the Constitution. At one stage of the proceedings in these joint debates, in response to many calls for an expression, Henderson, instead of taking the speaker's rostrum as Drake and Schurz had done, arose modestly from a chair well back in the chamber, and beginning to speak in playful fashion moved with much charm and persuasiveness to such dangerous ground that the partisans of the more prominent candidates broke in upon his address.

### *Page Boys' Larks*

The page boys' hours were about nine to four. We liked to sit up late occasionally but not repeatedly, and in front of the Wagner House, where I roomed with another boy, the local statesmen, when the weather permitted, had a convention fashion of holding group consultations on the sidewalk. My first active service as a member of the Vigilantes grew out of that. Our organization was not extensive, containing, in fact, only this other boy of about my own age, Robert H. Cornell, now a prominent citizen of St. Louis, and myself.

To break up the sidewalk meetings Cornell suggested an effective method. We brought home with us from the capitol newspapers which soon accumulated in bulk, and when soaked in our water pitcher and reduced to mash we compressed moderately into missiles of the size of a football. Our rooms were on the top floor of this five-story hotel. At what seemed the proper hour for a curfew Bob would lean from one window and I from another and at a concerted signal intrust these heavy and mushy bundles to that power described in the Newtonian law. Underfavorable conditions one of them would cover an entire committee meeting. We had to judge the effect of our attack only by what we heard, as by the time these things had traveled their distance we were back in bed. It was a disgraceful and lawless procedure and we both deserved the house of correction at least, but now that I tell of it under the protection of the statute of limitations, and think of the frequent protests against the destruction of our national forests, I am not sure that any other equal amount of paper pulp has finally performed more useful service.

Another source of annoyance on these open-window nights was a card room behind a saloon extending at right angles to the rear wall of the Wagner Hotel. We couldn't reach or appeal to these offenders with the literary matter that was so useful in front of the house, but the Wagner Hotel dining room was separated from its supply department only by a wooden partition eight feet high. As Cornell was the lighter of us boys, I used to boost him over this partition when the help had retired, and from the inside, standing on one of the shelves, he would procure and pass back a hatful of raw eggs. At the rear of the hotel, on every story, there was a Southern gallery or porch.

The one on our floor commanded the tables nearest the door of the card room just mentioned.

Oliver Herford once answered a lady who asked him if he had any one unsatisfied ambition in life by saying that he had always wanted to throw a raw egg into an electric fan. I have never seen that done, but I am sure that whatever would be lost in mechanical regularity from that reaction is fully compensated by the human interest that can be elicited by two raw eggs suddenly exploded in a pinochle foursome. Let me say to any immature readers that this was very reprehensible conduct, and that on my part there has been complete reformation.

I cannot speak so hopefully of Cornell, because when I last saw him in 1917 he was trying to sell real estate.

The year before this one at Jefferson City parts of Kansas and a part of Missouri had been seriously overrun by a plague of grasshoppers. The United States Government had sent a distinguished entomologist by the name of Riley to study the conditions. I don't know what Mr. Riley was recommending to the legislature, but at the Wagner House dinner table, where for a few days he had a seat next to mine, he advocated eating the grasshoppers. He used to bring to the table a paper bag, holding about a quart of them, roasted and buttered. These he put on a platter and was just as unselfish with them as a dog is with fleas. Very few of his neighbors joined him in their consumption. I ate two or three and found that they tasted not unlike peanuts.

As I try now to recall the impelling motive of this courageous deed on my part I think it was a combination of curiosity, a wish to please Mr. Riley, a desire to report the occurrence at home, where it did make a sensation, and also my recollection of the Sunday-school verses which I used to recite about John the Baptist's liking for them. Perhaps it was the absence of wild honey at our table that accounts for my lack of sustained enthusiasm.

### *Varied Experiences*

The old capitol building of which I write was destroyed by fire in February, 1911. It was of the dome-and-wings type, like the National Capitol, and stood a few hundred feet nearer to the river than its handsome successor, and on a bluff. The muddy Missouri rolled almost beneath, and wild woods and bushes were on the opposite bank, where we looked for Indians and sometimes saw them, but disappointingly reconciled and orderly. On our bank one day my father, who paid us a visit that session and from whom until his death I was always getting some new glimpse of a varied experience, pointed out to me, on the Missouri Pacific track below, the spot where in 1861 an engine and baggage car had stopped after a record run from St. Louis to unload some fifty self-organized patriots who came with revolvers and clambered up the bank Indian fashion just as Governor Claiborne Jackson and a majority of the legislators, who were trying to pass an ordinance of secession over a filibuster of a loyal minority, took to their heels and Missouri stayed in the Union. Father was one of that carload.

My father introduced me to the Hon. Erastus Wells, then a congressman from a St. Louis district. Mr. Wells had some boys himself. One of them, Rolla Wells, when he grew up, became mayor of St. Louis.

If a man likes your dog heartily he probably owns one. A father of two boys is an easy acquaintance for some other's boy. I don't think I was especially forward, but after two or three talks with Erastus Wells he had promised me to do what he could to get me a pageship at Washington. He sicked me onto D. P. Dyer and John F. Benjamin, who were also visiting Jefferson City, and told them I was Tom's boy. As a result all of the nine congressmen from Missouri signed my application for the place.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Thomas. The second will appear in an early issue.**

# WINNIE AND THE POISON RUNNER

(Continued from Page 16)

they came near—on the other side of the hedge—the girl's quick wits caught the increasing note of emphasis and urgency in his voice. It was that which, even as she rose, served to draw her back to settle herself again in silence on the seat in the recess.

They stopped exactly opposite the girl, so close that no more than a foot's thickness of dense growth separated her from them. She could have heard them if they had whispered.

For a second she was undecided, for this was eavesdropping on Cecil. That gave her a pang, but Weston Fairbairn allayed it at once.

"It's the chance of a lifetime, Cecil, and I've come a long way to get you in it," said the harsh, flat voice she disliked so much. "I tell you, boy, they can't police the Atlantic Coast. It will take them years, cost them millions. Realize the huge length of coast line, and remember that anywhere outside a three-mile limit is sanctuary. It's one of those chances that crop up once in fifty years. Put me up five thousand and leave it to me. I tell you, Cecil, I shall bring back fifty thousand pounds cold cash after paying the charter and the gang. They're paying five pounds and more a bottle for it almost anywhere; and, boy, I can load up from a clever devil in France with stuff that will cost me about two shillings a bottle. Ghastly stuff, sure, but good enough for a man who only sells once in the same market. Next trip will be five hundred miles north—or south. I've gone into it—all that part of it. I've only come to you for the capital, which you will get back, and 25 per cent of the profits. What about it?"

There was a short silence. Winnie waited. Then Cecil spoke. His voice seemed oddly quiet and delicate after that of his brother.

"Let me be quite sure that I understand your proposal, Weston," he began.

"It's simple enough."

"Yes? I take it that if I let you have five thousand you and your friends purpose investing it in purchasing illicit spirits in France, chartering a ship and smuggling the stuff into America."

"You've crystallized it, Cecil."

"You are going to pay two shillings a bottle for it ——"

"Well, I've got an option on a shipload at that, but I might do better," said Weston Fairbairn. "It's weird stuff, but it's chock-full of alcohol."

Again the silence. Cecil Fairbairn's voice was curiously low when presently he spoke.

"It's a very—modern stunt. It sounds a bit queer to hear it proposed at this old place—in this old garden."

"I don't see that—if you mean because it's an illegal proposition. A good many Fairbairns have lived here who haven't minded a keg of smuggled French brandy," countered the adventurer.

"But this stuff you talk about—why, man, what sort of filthy acid can it be at that figure? Poison! It's bound to be sheer poison! Still, leave that out. I tell you frankly I haven't the money to spare, and—forgive me, old chap—if I had it I wouldn't do it. It doesn't—well, appeal."

"You won't do it?"

"No. I wouldn't do it if you were proposing to run the finest whisky ever blended, much less the Continental filth that shows such a profit."

"You're a prohibitionist?"

"That doesn't arise, Weston. I happen to be a member of Parliament, and I don't happen to be the kind of member who will finance an outrage against another country's laws. I don't imagine that you'd be remotely interested in knowing my personal views for or against prohibition. But that's not my point."

"No, that's understood" the flat voice was cold and malevolent—"it's a straight answer I want."

"All right. I'm sorry, old chap. The answer is no."

"It must be yes!"

"I beg your pardon?" There was a chill surprise in Cecil Fairbairn's voice.

Winnie paled a little. These were brothers who spoke, but there was no longer a hint of their relationship in their tones.

"I've been everywhere for the money—to every likely man I know. I've failed everywhere. You are my last chance. You've staked me to a good many things. This is the last I shall ever ask of you. You must put up this money."

"No!"

"Be careful, Cecil. Remember that I've—suffered. You here, in civilization, cantering on thoroughbreds about Salisbury Plain —— You don't know, you'll never understand, what I've been through! Never again! I tell you I have dragged myself up out of the pit for this chance, to get here with this proposition. If I were to tell you half—no, never mind that. The fact is you've soured on me. I've worn you down; bled you white, I suppose you'll say. Well, I've been unlucky. It's not the

(Continued on Page 73)

LENGTHENS the LIFE of any TIRE

Under-inflation weakens tires. A tire kept always properly inflated gives *one-third* more mileage. Tirometer is a first grade inner tube fitted with combination valve and tire gauge, that warns against under-inflation. The gauge is always visible through its unbreakable transparent cover. A glance shows your tire pressures

*Result—one-third longer life for your tires.* Yet Tirometers cost no more than other first quality tubes.

*At dealers', or write for prices. Dealers, ask us for attractive proposition.*

TIROMETER VALVE CORPORATION of America
Charleston, W Va.

TIROMETER
REG. STATES U.S. PATENT OFFICE
ROAD-TESTED TUBE

FREE: book of California Homes and one complete set of Plans.

"California Homes" contains illustrations floor plans and descriptions of 56 beautiful California homes, costing from $2,000 to $10,000. REGULAR PRICE $1.00

We will send you a copy of "California Homes" FREE with your subscription to The Home Designer for one year at $2.50. The Home Designer is a home building decorating and landscaping magazine dealing exclusively with homes costing from $2,000 to $10,000.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. If you subscribe immediately we will send you FREE one set of plans (blue prints) complete working drawings all drawn to ¼" scale, with ½" scale details of all inside cases and built-in features, of any home shown in "California Homes" Send check or money order NOW to

DIXON AND HILLEN, Publishers
1844 FIFTH AVENUE, OAKLAND, CALIF.

VENUS
THIN LEADS
№ 38
For
VENUS EVERPOINTED and other Metal Pencils

THE name VENUS on each box is your guarantee of perfection. No. 38 Leads absolutely crumble-proof, soft and smooth.

*15c per tube of 12 leads: $1.50 per dozen tubes*

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

American Lead Pencil Co.
218 Fifth Ave., Dept. P, New York

*Ask us about the new* VENUS EVERPOINTED PENCILS

PENBERTHY

WASHING MACHINE DRAINER Price $3.50

The Penberthy Washing Ma[illegible] any [illegible] or cleaning your washing [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] of hose. [illegible] cleaned by city water pressure [illegible] for [illegible] of your [illegible] smooth inside

Penberthy Injector Co.
Detroit U S A

SALESMEN

Dandy proposition selling [illegible] Gum to dealers. Clean, profitable, spare time work. Write at once. THE HELMET GUM FACTORY, Cin., O.

SELL GUM

# Peace

*Christmas this year will be especially joyous to all men whose labors and property are protected by Cyclone Fence. To this happy throng, the good will, cheer and peacefulness of the Christmas season are constant joys.*

*With minds set at rest through the protection afforded their property, the users of Cyclone Fence can herald with full acclaim the universal greeting: "On Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."*

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

General Offices, Waukegan, Illinois

Factories: Waukegan, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Fort Worth, Tex.

Branch Offices in Fifteen Principal Cities

# Cyclone Fence

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

LOOK FOR THE "RED TAG"

(Continued from Page 71)

booze-running scheme you're turning down. It's me—you're turning me down. Well, I can understand that. But you've got to stand for me once more. Do it, and I'll give you your money back and a wedding present—oh, yes, I saw! It's that blue-eyed little lady—isn't it?—that will wipe out all. I'm not trying to persuade you; I'm no diplomat. Cecil, I'm telling you. You have got to make it yes."

"I have made it no."

"Is it the money alone?"

"No, it's the enterprise. I haven't the money to spare, and I happen to take a certain old-fashioned pride in being a conscientious member of Parliament."

"You need to move about the world a bit. That conscientious stuff is old. Because you dislike the idea ——"

"Despise—not dislike."

"Oh, very well. That's your last word?"

"Absolutely!"

"Right! Now we will come to business. Will a week's notice to you to clear out of March Lodge suit you?"

The flat voice was quiet, slow and undisguisedly malignant, like a snake crawling.

"Will you explain what you mean by that?" asked Cecil quietly.

"You don't honestly require it, but if you must have it I'll tell you. You'll agree that the place, March Lodge, was left to me—the elder. It's ten years ago now since, bored stiff at the prospect of vegetating here all my life, I offered you the place in return for a fixed yearly payment of twelve hundred for a term of years."

"Yes. You have had it—plus a good deal more. I've not totaled it."

"My good man, what are you talking about? I have not had two-thirds ——"

"What you personally have not had has been paid where and how you have asked it to be paid," said Cecil. "It isn't necessary to argue, is it? I'll take you through my books, show you the receipted and canceled checks whenever you wish. But if you care to remember that I've staked you to dozens of enterprises in all parts of the world in the last ten years, that you've never made a request for money that I haven't fulfilled ——"

"Oh, well, it was my own money, wasn't it? But I'll take a look at those books. Meantime the old arrangement is canceled. I cancel it now. You probably won't claim that there are any legal documents barring that—it was a verbal arrangement—settled between ourselves. I purpose to take back the estate and give you a mortgage upon it for the amount of the difference between what I have had and what was strictly due to me."

There was a little pause.

"You would really do that?" asked Cecil Fairbairn.

"Certainly—failing the stake for this American enterprise."

"You realize that the whole estate—this house and a few hundred acres of almost worthless downland—was never worth the money; that I have kept myself poor for ten years struggling to pay you the sum simply because I promised that and because it is my home and birthplace—yours, too, I admit—and in effect I have paid you a fancy price for the place spread over ten years. Because I was dealing with a brother I was foolish enough to allow it to remain a personal matter instead of making it a legally safeguarded bargain. You now purpose turning me out, taking possession yourself and recompensing me with a mortgage deed of perhaps one thousand pounds upon a place intrinsically worth possibly five thousand? You seriously intend to do that, because for unassailable reasons I refuse to advance you the cost of what you call a booze-running expedition to America?"

"You have put it in a nutshell," dragged the voice of the adventurer. "You can't have the conscience of a straight M.P. without paying for it, you know. And you won't starve. They pay you four hundred a year for your conscience, don't they?"

There was another long pause. Winnie feared they had moved away. But suddenly Cecil Fairbairn spoke abruptly.

"I've been trying to think of some reason, some sort of excuse for you to justify this—hold-up. But there isn't one; or if there is, it doesn't come to me. Weston, the plain fact is that you are a damned scoundrel, a dishonest blackguard and a mean liar!"

It left the other completely undisturbed.

"I'll look through those books to-night," he said.

"The sooner the better," answered Cecil Fairbairn curtly, and so they moved away.

For a little Winnie sat absolutely still, like a child stunned into silence among the ruins of some well-beloved toy, suddenly broken. Because hitherto she had been uniformly successful in achieving the things she set out to achieve she had never anticipated that there would be any serious difficulty ultimately in fulfilling her desire to settle as Cecil Fairbairn's wife at March Lodge. She had fought hard for it—and so, too, had he. Now the plan was wrecked, kicked into ruins by the foot of this wandering scoundrel and ne'er-do-well, Weston Fairbairn.

Her unopened letter still in her hand, she gazed across the garden, thinking rapidly. Cecil was no match for his brother; he had no weapons. He was a gentleman and a man of principle; this adventurer was a pirate, without even the inadequate justification of cleverness.

"Only a stupid person would approach a man like Cecil with a proposal like that," she told herself wisely. "I think Cecil is the very last man in all the world to be attracted by an invitation to become a partner in that—that poison ship. He has lived all his life on these clean, sweet downlands with his horses; he has gone into Parliament with the intention of keeping a clean record. Oh, he is clean at heart"—her eyes shone—"cleaner than mine, and I—I"—her voice dropped—"worship him! To come to him with such a proposal—it is like a slow, deadly snake crawling out from some dark, evil place. We must do something quickly."

She stared tensely before her, thinking hard. But her thoughts led her nowhere. It was so simple. Cecil Fairbairn had trusted his brother, and his brother had not played straight. Because Cecil had neglected certain legal forms connected with the transfer of the estate he was without legal protection.

"Daddy used to say that all business arrangements needed to be put in black and white, particularly and especially arrangements between relatives—the closer the relative the greater the need," said Winnie rather sorrowfully. "Now we shall never have March Lodge, and Cecil will be poor—too poor to marry, he will think."

Her face shadowed. Then she remembered the letter from Mr. Jay and opened it. Before she had read five lines her attitude had subtly changed. The slender little figure in the recess of the yew hedge no longer seemed to droop as though tired and discouraged. A new quality invested it; an air of alertness, eagerness, oddly blended with relief.

She was smiling and her eyes were bright as jewels when, a quarter of an hour later, she looked up to see Lady Fasterton coming down the garden in search of her.

IV

WINNIE was glad that neither Lady Fasterton nor she had planned to go out with the guns that day; and, fond of the lightsome May though she was, it was without any pangs of regret that she listened to a declaration from her friend to the effect that she purposed making an excessively restful day of it in the garden and house. They had traveled some distance on the previous day, and to May's mind a good long lounge was clearly indicated.

It was perhaps ten o'clock before Winnie found an opportunity to speak alone with Captain Fairbairn. She found him rummaging at his big corner table in the long, low, paneled room she loved, in search of half a dozen cartridges specially loaded with duck shot with which to load for the evening stroll home in case of a flight passing overhead to the river some miles west. Winnie's heart sank at sight of the trouble on his good-looking face.

"I hope you will have a good day's sport," she said.

He brightened up a little as he turned to her.

"Thank you, Miss O'Wynn," he answered. "You are going to ride, aren't you? I have told Henry to have Tess ready for you whenever you want her."

Winnie glowed. Tess was his own pet mare, a perfect three-quarter Arab riding hack.

"Yes, I know. You are so kind. I will take such great care of her."

She went nearer to him.

"May I ask you a question, please—a little one, just to satisfy my curiosity?" she murmured.

"Why, of course! Anything you like."

*The heat is there—Why not use it?*

# Pullman Car Warmth For Your Automobile

THINK of the new joy winter motoring will bring if, no matter how cold the weather is, inside your car it is always warm and comfortable! Hundreds of thousands of motorists have found a new enjoyment in winter driving because of Perfection Heaters. You may have the same comfort in your car, either open or closed, if you will install a Perfection Heater.

Perfection Heaters cost nothing to operate because they use the exhaust heat. The heat can be easily regulated to meet comfort's requirements. Have one installed now—the cost is surprisingly low. If you do not know the address of our nearest distributor, see the dealer from whom you bought your car, or write us and we will see that you are supplied.

## *Approved by Leading Car Manufacturers*

The leading car manufacturers in every price class, fifty-two manufacturers in all, have adopted Perfection Heaters as a standard equipment. Five distinctive types provide Perfection quality equipment for every type of car. When you buy a new car look for this big comfort factor.

## *The Same Comfort for Fords*

Ford owners everywhere are now enjoying the same comfort, the same day after day service as Perfection Heaters provide for the owners of America's finest cars. To the Ford owner who has a Perfection Heater in his car cold weather is never a source of discomfort. The price is very nominal. For the Ford sedan, $20, and for the touring car, $17.50.

*DEALERS—There may be a vacancy in your territory*
*Wire or write for our selling plan.*

PERFECTION
MOTOR CAR
HEATERS

The PERFECTION HEATER & MANUFACTURING Co.
6541 CARNEGIE AVENUE .·. CLEVELAND, OHIO
*Manufactured in Canada by* RICHARDS-WILCOX CANADIAN CO., Ltd., London, Ont.

*The Original and Only Genuine*

# President Suspenders

EVERY PAIR of the ten thousand *President Suspenders* sold each business day is fully guaranteed to the consumer.

This means that *President Suspenders* will give you the utmost in style, service, comfort and economy, or we will cheerfully refund your money.

You can now purchase guaranteed *President Suspenders* at the price which prevailed before the war.

***Every pair guaranteed***
***Be sure the name President is on the buckle***

## Now 50c a pair

MADE AT SHIRLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

"It is only just an idle question about a matter we were discussing. Is your brother, Mr. Weston Fairbairn, married?"

He winced a little, and his face darkened. But almost immediately he was smiling again.

"Married—oh, yes! His wife lives in France. She was a French girl."

Winnie hesitated.

"Was—was her name Odille Déguise, please?"

Fairbairn shook his head.

"Déguise, yes; but not Odille—Lucie. Her full Christian names were Lucie Gabrielle Justine. Did you think she was, perhaps, a friend?"

"I just wondered, that was all," said Winnie rather tremulously.

He noted the slight quiver in her voice, the sudden, telltale darkening of her blue eyes and the quick flush that veiled her cheeks with rose.

"You are excited about something?" he challenged her, half smiling.

"Yes, indeed I am, dear Captain Fairbairn. But not so excited as you will be soon. You are worried now. I can see it even if the others do not. But, please, will you not worry any more? You know, you have nothing to worry about. I am quite sure. I would not be so foolish as to say such a thing if I were not sure. I shall go out to ride Tess with so much more happiness if you say that you are determined to have a happy day's shooting."

She was resting her lovely slender hand on his tweed coat sleeve, looking up at him with eyes that were as earnest as they were beautiful.

"You see, it chanced that I overheard part—perhaps most—of your conversation with your brother in the garden a little while ago. You came close to where I was resting on the other side of the yew hedge. But it was only accidental eavesdropping for a few seconds—after a sentence or two I listened deliberately."

She spoke, wide eyed, with a charming air partly of confession, partly of defiance. But there was no reproach in his expression; nothing but a dawning eagerness.

"And do you think I was right?" he asked. "I have wondered a little. Do you think I made too great a sacrifice for sake of my principles—to throw away March Lodge and all—and all?"

Her eyes deepened again.

"Oh, no, no, no! You were right, so right! It was splendid! Men differ so strangely. There are so many who would have very quickly joined your brother in his enterprise and have found lots of excuses. But I was so glad that you refused, for no matter how many clever excuses a man made, he could not in his heart be proud of himself or of money made in that way."

He nodded, drinking her in with brightening eyes.

"He means to make me pay for it. I shall be—almost beggared. But at least it was the decent thing to do, wasn't it? I expect some of the keen, cute people would consider me a fool. They would say, 'Fairbairn doesn't mind winning money from bookmakers, got heaven knows how and from heaven knows whom; but he wilts at a neat little proposition like running a cargo of spirit into America at 1000 per cent or so profit.'"

"As though they were the same," cried Winnie. "One is a sporting matter, but the other is illegal and unclean. Oh, please don't let what people might think, or other men might do, alter your decision! It—I think it isn't so much the harm that cargo of poisonous stuff might do that is so important to you—and perhaps me too—as the fact that you despise the proposal and refuse at all costs to contaminate yourself with it. And perhaps it may not be so costly as you think; something may happen to put things right yet, you see."

He stared, puzzled at a certain ring of confidence in her voice, but before he could speak the others came in, looking for him. So he went to his shooting while Winnie, on Tess, set out for her canter. Not far from the house she pulled up under a clump of trees in a fold of the downland and there carefully reread the letter from Mr. Jay. Then, nodding like one who has decided on a definite course of action, she rode on into the village, from whence she sent a short telegram.

"There, Tess darling, that is done, and I do hope that it will all work out properly, don't you?" she said to the mare. "And now we will have a really good gallop, I think."

Tess was perfectly agreeable. She had taken quite a liking to this featherweight, silken-handed little lady who rode so perfectly.

Late that afternoon, just as Winnie and Lady Fasterton were on the point of strolling out to meet the guns, a boy crawled up to the house with a telegram for Winnie. It was quite brief, but judging by Winnie's smile it was brief with that species of brevity which we are told is the soul of wit.

"Something perfectly splendid?" asked Lady Fasterton, watching Winnie.

"Yes. Dear Mr. Jay is coming down to-night."

"How very delightful!" said May dryly.

She was not a very enthusiastic admirer of the gentle George H., who had once worked overtime to divorce her from her wealthy husband, a maneuver defeated by Winnie, and at Winnie's request forgiven—with reservations—by May.

"How excessively jolly!" she repeated more dryly. "Is the gentleman making a long stay, child?"

"Oh, no, May darling! He is going back quite quickly, I expect."

"That will be so nice of him," observed May. "Shall we come out of our blue-eyed reverie and start, Winnie?"

The girl was staring across the downs, lost in thought. She awoke under the gentle irony of her friend.

"Oh, yes, please! Was I dreaming? I am so sorry, dearest."

She turned, with dancing eyes, to slip an affectionate hand through her friend's arm.

"Forgive me, dearest May. I have had a great deal of worry this morning. But it is all right now, I think." A thought occurred to her.

"May, dear, have you any influential friends in Paris—political ones, with real power?"

"Shoals, darling."

"Do you know anyone who has any control over the French police, May, please?"

The flippant lady reflected.

"I know the Minister of Justice, though whether justice has anything to do with the police I don't pretend to know. Theoretically, I expect it has. But, if necessary, we can find out. Come along. If it isn't a secret tell me all about it as we go, child."

Dinner that evening was rather a quiet affair. Weston Fairbairn, who had shot badly, was inclined to be sulky and thirsty, and nobody was sufficiently fond of him to make the slightest effort to coax him. The colonel was tired and seemed quite satisfied to listen to the airy conversation of Lady Fasterton. Winnie, momentarily expecting the arrival of Mr. George H. Jay, was unusually quiet, and because the Honorable Gerald was puzzled and a little perturbed by an instinct that all was not well he, too, was not talkative. Everyone seemed a little relieved when finally the meal ended.

Gentle Mr. Jay arrived just as Winnie and Lady Fasterton left the dining room. At her first glimpse of him Winnie saw that he was in high spirits, at his breeziest. His bow to May Fasterton and herself was the production of a very confident man. And when, a few seconds later, alone with Winnie in the morning room, he settled down to business, his air was that of a conqueror.

"They have got to hand it to us, my dear Miss Winnie," he declared. "We are just naturally the sort of people who are bound to have things our own way—ha-ha. As you've seen already from my letter, I've found out all you require to know about the fair Lucie Déguise."

He dropped his voice.

"No rival there, my dear Miss Winnie. The lady's *passée—très passée*, in the language of the country. She is a singer—*café-chantant* quality. Not what we would call a lady—strictly speaking. A great friend of hers and I got talking—very quickly. But you know most of that."

"Oh, but, please, Mr. Jay, tell me again! You are so lucid. One understands—seems to see so vividly—when you are telling a thing. Do you mind, please? I ——" The girl interrupted herself suddenly. "Oh, but have you dined, dear Mr. Jay? I was so glad to see you that I forgot."

But Mr. Jay only smiled a comfortable smile.

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Winnie. I coincided with dinnertime at the White Hart Hotel at Salisbury. But the dust was very troublesome during the motor drive out here—very troublesome. The country

(Continued on Page 77)

U.S. Sheetrock is made from rock—it will not burn

THIS is the time of year, in the early winter, when there is most danger from fires of interior origin. Furnaces are newly started, coal stoves newly set up and set going. One of the best measures you can now take against fire is to have the furnace room, the basement and—if you are finishing a new dwelling—all the rooms of the house walled and ceiled with Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard. Sheetrock is made from rock—and it will not burn.

Every section of Sheetrock is inspected for fire-resistiveness and approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. Sheetrock holds fire in check during the minutes that count for the fire fighters in saving the building. Sheetrock comes in broad, ceiling-high sections that any good carpenter can put up quickly. It makes permanent walls and ceilings. You can paper, paint or panel it. Your dealer in lumber or in builders' supplies sells Sheetrock. Write us for a free copy of "Walls of Worth."

# SHEETROCK

the FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

*World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products*

SALE OFFICES: New York, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Minneapolis, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Omaha, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Los Angeles, California

*Approved by The Underwriters' Laboratories, Incorporated*

MINES AND MILLS: Oakfield, N. Y., Plasterco, Va., Cleveland, Ohio, Gypsum, Ohio, Genoa, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., Alabaster, Mich., Grand Rapids, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Fort Dodge, Iowa, Blue Rapids, Kas., Southard, Okla., Eldorado, Okla., Piedmont, S. D., Loveland, Colorado, Denver, Colorado, Arden, Nevada, Amboy, California

# EIGHT *satisfying breakfasts from* ONE package of AUNT JEMIMA

THAT'S the economy news for this weather—eight satisfying, wholesome breakfasts from *one* package of ready-mixed Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Eight platesful of piping hot pancakes—rich, fluffy, golden-brown, *perfect* pancakes! So easy, too: you need add nothing but water; or for pancakes of greater richness, add a little sweet milk.

Home-made cakes cost many times as much, and they're such a bother. And only from the flour in the *Aunt Jemima* packages can everyone make the real Aunt Jemima Pancakes with that genuine old-time Southern flavor.

Phone your grocer now for a package of the famous Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. And tell him to send along a package of Aunt Jemima *Buckwheat* Flour too; it makes just as easily, just as inexpensively, those fine old-fashioned buckwheat cakes.

**Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls**

With any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, you will receive instructions (printed on the top or on slip enclosed) telling just how to get the jolly Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls.

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Copyright 1921 by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

(Continued from Page 74)

needs rain. It's very dry on these chalk roads. Dry work traveling on them. I should like a glass of soda water slightly tinctured, my dear Miss Winnie, so to speak—ha-ha!"

Winnie rang the bell, smiling.

"If Mr. Weston Fairbairn has left anything for you," she cautioned him playfully, for that gentleman had exhibited a sullen and untiring thirst throughout dinner.

Nevertheless he had left something for Mr. Jay, who, duly irrigated, presently settled down to his story. He told it well and at some length, but Winnie did not weary. Lovely in her little evening frock, and fair as a flower against the dark background of the paneled wall behind her, she faced the gentle George H. Jay across the table, listening with shining eyes.

Occasionally the clear-cut tittering of the piano came to them from the drawing-room, where the vivacious May was amusing Colonel Murreys and Gerald Peel; but it was not for the sake of May's music that Winnie had kindly opened the door. Nor—though he thought it was—had it been on account of Mr. Jay, who had mentioned that it was a warm evening.

The study, to which Winnie knew Cecil Fairbairn and his brother had retreated, having excused themselves on the ground of extremely urgent business, adjoined the morning room, and it was to the low murmur of voices from the study that Winnie strove to listen while she appeared to give Mr. Jay her undivided attention. As he proceeded with the slightly complacent account of his doings as private sleuth the breezy-mannered Mr. Jay never dreamed that the girl was giving him no more than a bare half of her attention, but he learned it just at the finish.

"And so, my dear Miss Winnie, I reckoned that I had found out all you were likely to be interested in, and promptly left the lady and wrote you. Being, as you know, a quick man, I followed up the letter myself, and when I got your wire was ready to jump off under the gate at once—ha-ha! Yes, indeed. You may definitely take it that anything Captain Fairbairn may have sent mademoiselle—or madame it should be, though she doesn't call herself so—Madame Déguise—has been in the nature of an act of charity to her husband, this Gérard Déguise. Why Captain Fairbairn should tear his bank balance to pieces for the sake of Gérard Déguise I can't tell, Miss Winnie, can you?"

He leaned forward, caught by a look in her shining eyes.

"Ah, yes, indeed I can, Mr. Jay," she breathed.

But she did not, just then, for as she spoke the door of the study suddenly flung open and Weston Fairbairn lurched out, speaking loudly and angrily.

"You don't get such figures as that across on me!" he was shouting furiously. "You, lolling about here, a country gentleman, a member of Parliament, owner of race horses, tell me—me—that outside your miserable four hundred a year parliamentary pay you have to live on what you win and make out of the farm land! Tell me, a man like me, that since I left England you have paid me or my wife for me nearly fifteen thousand pounds! You lie, you—you politician! We'll see what an accountant has to say to your cooked figures!"

Winnie, beckoning Mr. Jay with a swift gesture, moved quickly across the hall. Weston Fairbairn, his back to her, was standing on the threshold of the study, glaring at his brother. Disappointment, drink and a vicious temper had driven from him any veneer of decent manners he may have had. Winnie, glancing past him, saw Cecil Fairbairn standing at his book-littered writing table, looking steadily at the other. He was pale, but his temper was in perfect control, and his expression was one of weary disgust.

"Every figure of my affairs for the last ten years is to be found in these books," he said in a chill, sharp, different voice that oddly sent his D.S.O. and M.C. into Winnie's mind. "I have just tried to lead you through these accounts myself. Your intelligence—or doubtful sobriety—does not seem equal to the strain to-night. Very well, bring any accountant, any aid you wish. The books are at your disposal."

Then he saw Winnie behind his brother, and he faltered. His face changed, and something like despair came to his eyes. The old expression—she knew it. It had been in his eyes when she saved him at Ascot. So he might have looked at something that he wanted desperately but which ever evaded and eluded him. Winnie understood. He saw himself poor again—worse than poor. He was to be stripped of March Lodge, the home that he had paid for outrageously, that by every moral law, though not by technical law, was his to be, as he had dreamed it, Winnie's and his.

A white and slender hand fell, light as a floating feather, on the sleeve of Weston Fairbairn.

"Please!" said a soft voice, very clear, very sweet and distinct for all its softness.

He turned abruptly—dark, raging, towering over the girl. It was characteristic of the man that his pale eyes shot instantly to the burly figure of George H. Jay looming behind Winnie.

In the curious play of light and shade the gentle George H., standing in the dim hall between the open doors of the two brightly lighted rooms, looked less benevolent, less paternal and benign than usual. He looked harder, grimmer, even a trifle tough. His jaw seemed oddly prominent.

"Who are you?" demanded Weston Fairbairn, a wrung shrillness in his voice, almost a tremor.

Winnie spoke quickly to Mr. Jay, smiling. She asked him to return to the morning room until a little private matter was settled, when she would notify him and be grateful if he would come to them in the study. But she spoke in French.

So swiftly were her wits working that it had not occurred to her to speak to Mr. Jay at all—even in English—until she caught that queer tremor in Weston Fairbairn's voice.

Monsieur Georges bowed and retreated to the morning room. But Weston Fairbairn glared down into Winnie's face.

"Who's that man, hey? What's he want here?"

He whispered—a harsh and hissing sound—and there was that in his whisper which was akin to panic. Winnie passed into the study.

"If you will come in, please, I will explain," she said, smiling at Cecil.

Obediently Weston Fairbairn came in, closing the door carefully behind him with his left hand. His right was jammed into the pocket of his dinner jacket. His heavy face was curiously pale—yellowish.

"One moment, please, Miss O'Wynn," said Cecil Fairbairn quietly as Winnie began to speak, and faced his brother. "I can forgive a good deal, but understand clearly I will forgive no accident with that implement in your hand. You're bringing that trick into this house at your own risk. Miss O'Wynn is standing in the line of a bullet. Take that weapon out of your pocket! Man, where do you think you are? What water-front pothouse do you think this is?"

He rapped it out with a chill distinctness and a note of authority that was as novel to Winnie as to his brother, and slowly the latter took a little ugly automatic from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"All right, but no tricks!" he said. "Now"—he turned his pale glare on Winnie—"who is he—that Frenchman?"

"I will explain presently—if you wish me to," said Winnie demurely. "But, please, I have something important to say first."

She turned a little so that she partly faced both.

"You are furious with your brother, are you not, because he will not finance your enterprise for smuggling some terrible Continental distillation into America? Please don't be angry with me, Mr. Fairbairn, and please answer me quite frankly, for I think I have discovered a solution—a way out of the difficulty."

She smiled up at him with those blue, innocent eyes. Never had they been more perilously blue, never more deadly innocent than now, and never had Winnie been more dangerous, for she was fighting for Cecil Fairbairn as well as for herself, for happiness instead of money.

"Well, yes, if you like to put it so," agreed Weston Fairbairn uneasily.

"And he refuses. Don't you see, please, that being an honorable man he is bound to refuse? And because he refuses, you are going to claim the property which you, being the elder son, inherited but agreed to give him in return for a number of payments which he has made."

"He has not made the right payments!" lied Weston Fairbairn.

"No! He has paid too much—a great deal too much, I know. But he is at your

*This is the time to begin to "Lyonize" a child's teeth*

IF every child began at this age to use Dr. Lyon's on every tooth, inside and out, night and morning, there would be more sound, attractive teeth in the world.

Two good habits to form early in life are—*visit your dentist twice a year and use Dr. Lyon's twice a day.* We have observed the good results of this practice for over fifty years now.

**Dr. Lyon's**

*The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable*

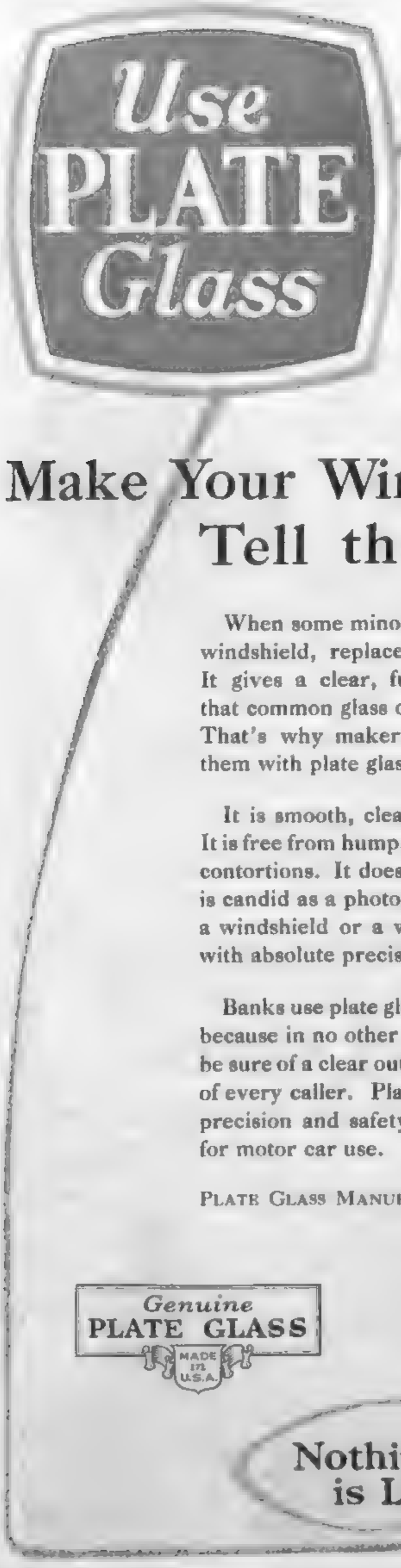
*Powder* *Cream*

*Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years*

J. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
530 West 27th Street, New York

*Canadian Distributors:*
LYMANS, LIMITED
344 St. Paul St., West, MONTREAL

FREE SAMPLE
Powder or cream—sent to anyone




# Make Your Windshield Tell the Truth

When some minor mishap breaks your windshield, replace it with plate glass. It gives a clear, full view of the road that common glass obscures and distorts. That's why makers of fine cars equip them with plate glass.

It is smooth, clear and even-surfaced. It is free from humps, bumps and physical contortions. It doesn't slue the sight, but is candid as a photograph—and it makes a windshield or a window tell the truth with absolute precision.

Banks use plate glass in their partitions, because in no other way can those inside be sure of a clear outlook on every motion of every caller. Plate glass means optical precision and safety. It means the same for motor car use.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

*Genuine*
PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

Nothing Else is Like it


mercy because, trusting you, he was careless and did not have your agreement made legal with stamped documents."

"That's the wrong way to put it, but it will do. He hasn't a legal leg to stand on."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"But do you really mean to do this cruel thing?" she cried.

"I do!"

"In spite of all the money he has paid to you through your wife, Madame Déguise, so that you could begin a new enterprise after each of your failures?"

"I shall return that."

"But, please, the whole estate is not worth half the amount he paid you."

"That is his trouble," said Weston Fairbairn sourly.

Cecil would have spoken now, but Winnie signed him to silence. Her voice was very low as she asked her last question:

"You won't be satisfied with what you have already had and go away—back to your wife—leaving your brother alone?"

"Without that money, I will not. Understand that!"

Winnie sighed.

"Very well, you must be sent away," she said gently.

He laughed, really amused.

"Yes? And who will start me, my dear?"

"I—I suppose I must," cooed Winnie. "But"—she smiled—"I think that when you have started you will continue of your own accord, please."

"Oh—why?" His voice was contemptuous, but his hard eyes were uneasy.

"For this reason"—Winnie's voice was never sweeter—"because you are not an unfortunate man who has tried and failed in many countries, Mr. Fairbairn, but because you are a convicted prisoner escaped from a French penal settlement."

The man drew in his breath like one who dips suddenly into icy water. For fully a second he stared at her with his jaw hanging.

"You—you will have to prove that," he said at last.

"If it is necessary. The gentleman who is waiting in the next room has all the proofs. Shall I send for him now?"

She noted the pale eyes drop to the pistol on the table, and covered it swiftly with her hand.

"One moment, please! It is your own violence which has always been your worst enemy," she said, moved her hand from the pistol and, taking a thin package from her dress, placed it by the weapon.

"It can be proved, Mr. Fairbairn—if you force me to prove it. But you will not be so unwise. On the table is a hundred pounds in English bank notes. That's because you have the good fortune to be Captain Fairbairn's brother. You may have them, and the way out of the difficulty is there!"

She pointed at the open French window.

"You know every inch of this country the gentleman in the morning room does not," she said.

His hand hung over the money. His face was wry and bitter with hate. He glared.

"You're bluffing!"

"No, it's just a choice of doors. Will you go by that one, or shall I open this and call to the gentleman in the morning room?"

He hesitated, then decided swiftly. He picked up the money and stepped to the French window, where he turned, glaring. He opened his lips for a last insult, thought better of it, and disappeared in the moonlight. Winnie turned to the amazed Cecil.

"This is bewildering," he said. "Was that about the French penal settlement, I mean—was that true?"

"Yes, quite true," she told him.

"But how did you know? I never dreamed—never suspected it. I always understood that he was just unlucky in his ventures abroad, always just failing to get well started. That was why I was willing to send money to his wife for her own support, and to him—again and again. That was mainly what has kept me poor. His wife was going to join him when he was successful."

Winnie's eyes were bright.

"You have been kind, but, you see, they imposed upon you. For years they have spent the money on pleasure—on anything—he in Australia, she in Paris."

"Why was he sent to the French penal settlement?"

"It—it was for forgery, in Paris, years ago. He almost killed a detective."

"But how did you know all this, Miss Winnie?"

She flushed.

Her eyes were downcast, and for a moment she stood before him like a child about to be scolded—except, of course, for the tiny smile on her lips.

"I—you see, I heard that you sent a very great deal of money to a Mme. Lucie Déguise in Paris, and—I am ashamed to say—I made inquiries. I was so sorry to think that you should not have enough money to support your position, and perhaps I was curious a little about the Frenchwoman. So I sent Mr. Jay to Paris to inquire. He returned yesterday. He found out that Lucie Déguise was the wife of an *évadé*—an escaped French convict. He found out everything about him, except just one thing: He never learned that the husband, Gérard Déguise, was Weston Fairbairn. Do you see, please? Mr. Jay only knew Gérard Déguise was a convict, as he told me. You knew Lucie Déguise's husband was Weston Fairbairn, and you told me so. But you did not know he was a convict; Mr. Jay did not—does not—know he was your brother. So, you see, only two people in England know the whole truth—just you and I—and I think we should be foolish if we did not regard it as a secret and keep the knowledge quite to ourselves. There is no need, please, for people to know."

She looked at him with clasped hands, puzzled at the odd expression on his face—a blend of tremendous relief and, oddly, of bitter regret.

"Oh, what is it, please?" she said. "Are you not happy—relieved? It is terrible to think that one's brother has descended so low—yes; but you have done your best, your very best, for him, and he was not grateful. He came to prey upon you. Once he was a gentleman, though Gerald Peel told me he was always wild; but it is no fault of yours that he has ruined himself. He is hard and bad, a man without honor. You must forget him. He will never trouble you again—you know his secret. He only retreated—drew off from you—because he heard me speak in French to Mr. Jay and believed him to be a French detective. So it is all finished—happily. Nobody knows—except me—and you can be quite happy again."

"Thanks to you—once more," he said in a low voice. "My debt to you grows and grows. I am so grateful to you—worship you ——"

He threw out his hands, his eyes troubled, and suddenly Winnie divined his trouble.

She had saved him again, restored his financial position, assured the safety of his home; but he was too ashamed at the revelation of what his brother had become to ask her—yet—the question she was aching to hear and to answer.

Her glorious eyes dimmed suddenly at the fresh disappointment with which the realization stabbed her. For once she was utterly at a loss for words, which perhaps was just as well, for she was in a mood which made it almost possible to propose to him herself.

But however that may have been, there was no opportunity. Somebody knocked at the door.

"One moment," said Cecil.

He caught Winnie's hand and bent over it, pressing it hard to his lips. Thrilling, she looked at the shapely head, the wavy hair with adoration in her eyes.

"I don't care," she was saying to herself over and over again. "He shall propose to me some day. I know he wants to. It is so silly to punish himself because of his brother, but I shall persevere and persevere ——"

The door opened and Cecil Fairbairn dropped her hand. It was only the gentle George H. Jay come to see if all was well.

"I hope I am not butting in at all—ha-ha," he said. "But I was getting a little worried at the sudden silence in here, and being a cautious sort of chap—old George Cautious Jay, ha-ha, eh?—thought I would come across."

They reassured him.

"All's well—eh, Miss Winnie? That's good; that's very good. I ——"

"Won't you good people ever finish business?" chimed a musical voice from the hall outside.

It was May Fasterton coming in search of them.

Winnie flashed a glance at her M.P. that bewildered him and hurried out to reassure her too. She was always a grand little reassurer.

# BAKER'S COCONUT

Home made cakes, pies and candies will have the real fresh coconut flavor when made with Baker's Coconut. Recipe booklet mailed on request to THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, Philadelphia

*Three kinds:*

*1 Canned in its own milk*
*2 Moist sweetened in cans*
*3 Dry shred in pa kages*

## *Coconut Cake*

1 cup sugar
4 heaping tablespoons butter
2 eggs
2 cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Coconut Milk or milk
1 can BAKER'S Fresh Grated Coconut

*When using Canned Coconut with the Milk thoroughly press out the Coconut Milk adding fresh milk to make one cupful Note special directions on can label*

Cream sugar and butter, add two eggs, beat until light. Sift two cups of pastry flour, add baking powder and salt, stir into first mixture with one cup of milk to which one teaspoon of vanilla has been added. Mix well, place in pans, bake 20 minutes.

Make icing with one cup of confectioners sugar—beat in enough Coconut Milk or milk to moisten it to spreading consistency, and one teaspoon of vanilla. Stir in half of the can of Coconut and spread remainder over top layer.

This cake can be made for 40 to 45 cents.

Copyright 1921
by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

# He'll say it's a whale of a Gift

For overflowing his tank-of-thanks, for plastering Christmas sunshine from cellar to garret—give *him* a pound of Prince Albert tobacco in the crystal glass humidor with sponge-moisture top! Blend home-holly-hues with the zippy zephyrs of joy'us P. A.—and keep *him* going-good from sun-up till the day's-doings-are-done!

And, my, what a glad picture that P. A. pound Christmas package makes—all be-dolled-in-Christmas-duds! Why—it'll be the bright highspot on the tribute-table; the joy-producer that'll let him talk-turkey to a pipe ever after! Never was such tobacco as P. A., never was such a two-fisted-double-barrelled-he-man-gift!

Measure up what it means to any smoking man to kick out of the covers with a pound of P. A. hard by; what it means to *his* peace and content and what it means to *his* tongue—for Prince Albert can't bite or parch. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

So—make it a pound of P. A. this year—and score 100 right off the little ole bat bright and early Christmas morning!

*Prince Albert is also sold in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors, tidy red tins and those handy toppy red bags.*

# PRINCE ALBERT

***the national joy smoke***

# MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 26)

the limousine, glanced at his watch, thanked the salesman, said he would call again, and passed out of the showrooms. On the pavement he halted and, like the three gentlemen who had occupied his attention, he, too, shook his head.

"They seem pretty well in the depths now," he reflected. "Wonder if I'm making a fool of myself."

He would have wondered even more acutely had he seen Mr. Torrington straighten up and smile as the big car turned into the park through Stanhope Gate. Every trace of anguish had departed from the old man's face. To speak the truth, he looked extremely well pleased with himself.

Harrison Smith walked slowly down Piccadilly debating in his mind whether or no he should abandon his investigations. He stopped at the bottom of Clarges Street to allow a taxi, laden with luggage, to pass. The taxi had its cover down, and inside he had a glimpse of a girl with a happy, smiling face. The girl was Isabel Irish, and the brief glimpse decided him.

"One more cast," he said, and jumped into an empty cab that was coming down the slope.

"Follow that chap in front!" he cried. "The one with box on top. Don't lose sight of him whatever happens."

He slammed the door and settled down on the cushions. Pursuer and pursued threaded their way through the traffic to Waterloo Station.

*XIV*

ANTHONY BARRACLOUGH'S mother was seventy-eight and still a sport. She loved her garden, she loved her son and she loved adventure. She was very fond of life, of punctuality, of the church, and of good manners. She was deeply attached to the memory of her late husband and her late sovereign, Queen Victoria, upon whom, with certain reservations, she patterned herself. The reservations were a taste for stormy literature and a habit of wearing her ice-white hair bobbed. The bobbing of her hair—and it used to be waist long—was a tribute of patriotism. She sacrificed her "ends" in 1914 to give a lead to hesitating girls of the neighborhood. This she conceived to be a duty and one that would materially expedite the close of hostilities.

Mrs. Barraclough lived in the sweetly named village of Clyst St. Mary, where you will find Devon at its gentlest. She was waited upon by four strapping girls who bore the names Flora, Agnes, Jane and Cynthia. Unreasonably enough, Cynthia was the cook. These young women arrived in a body during the spring of 1919 and took possession of the house. Flora, who was spokesman of the party, bore a note from Anthony, in which he wrote:

*Mother Darling:* Am sending these girls to look after you. No more servant worries. They are tophole. Flora and Jane saved my life when I was in France. Love, TONY.

That was all.

Being a dutiful mother Mrs. Barraclough asked no questions; instead she arranged accommodation and bought some new dimity chintzes for the top-floor bedrooms.

As Anthony declared, the girls were certainly tophole and made their mistress so unreasonably comfortable that she greatly feared the risk of being spoiled. It is true they perplexed her not a little, since no single one of them bestrewed the house with fallen aspirates, sang while sweeping or spoke ill of her fellow. Herein, perhaps, they provided some small ground for disappointment, for in company with many ladies of the older school Mrs. Barraclough dearly loved bestowing an occasional rebuke in words calculated to improve and uplift. This, however, was a trivial concern when weighed against the advantages of loyalty, good nature and efficiency.

The house in which Mrs. Barraclough dwelt was called Chestnuts and it lay a few miles off the London-Exeter main road. To reach it by rail you alighted at Digby Halt and were met by either a car or a governess cart. Mrs. Barraclough possessed both and invariably dispatched the governess cart to meet her favorite guests, on the theory that a horse is more of a compliment than a snuffly engine. As a matter of fact the car was a very sterling, if rather old, one, and in no sense could be accused of snuffling.

When once an inquiring visitor, after vainly searching the garden for chestnut trees, asked why the house was so named, Mrs. Barraclough replied: "The chestnuts apply to myself and not to the vegetation. I am an old woman with an incurable habit of repeating the same anecdotes over and over again."

To this sanctuary of mid-Victorian calm Isabel Irish came in the late afternoon of the day following Anthony's departure into the unknown. To wait in London for three weeks without word or message was more than she could tolerate. Accordingly she sent a wire to Mrs. Barraclough and followed close upon its heels, or, more accurately, its current. Of the presence of Mr. Harrison Smith in the next compartment of the corridor carriage she, of course, knew nothing, and this circumstance provided that enthusiastic investigator with every opportunity of studying her without attracting attention to himself.

On the pretext of smoking a pipe he lounged up and down the corridor, every now and then glancing at Isabel, who sat alone with compressed lips and chin sunk on her chest. He concluded from her attitude and expression that she must have heard of Barraclough's capture, but later on another impression superseded the first, for every now and then a light of excitement and enthusiasm would leap into her eyes, as though in imagination she were following her lover along the ways of desperate adventure.

Harrison Smith shook his head.

"Don't know what to make of it," he muttered. "Certain sure they've got the man, yet I don't know."

Once he saw her do a very odd thing, but foolishly enough paid little heed to it. A sudden blank look came into the girl's face—the kind of look people wear who have suddenly forgotten an important matter or discovered a loss. Her lips moved rapidly and her brow creased under an intensity of thought. She turned and breathed on the window glass and with quick movements of her forefinger wrote upon it half a dozen figures and characters. But before he had properly noted what they were the moisture evaporated and the glass was clear again. It did not occur to Harrison Smith to worry over his failure to read what she had written, since he regarded the action as symptomatic of mere nervousness, but he noted with surprise that after this little episode the girl seemed to relax and her face assumed lines almost of contentment.

After all, no one could blame him for failing to realize the true significance of that hurried, transient scrawl. One does not expect to find the map reference of probably the greatest source of wealth the world has ever known scribbled across the windowpane of a Southwestern Railway carriage by the fat little forefinger of a girl scarcely out of her teens. Such an eventuality never even crossed the mind of Harrison Smith. Nevertheless, the girl puzzled him more than he cared to confess.

To reach Digby Halt necessitated a change. Harrison Smith took good care to make his descent from the train as far as possible from Isabel's carriage. He watched her enter the governess cart and drive away before attempting to leave the station. Prior to this it struck him that he might have difficulty in obtaining lodgings in the neighborhood without bag or baggage, and this being probable he had resorted to the unpleasant expedient of stealing a suitcase. Its owner, a clergyman, was at the time enjoying a cup of tea in the dining section; the risk therefore was small. The suitcase bore no initials and might have belonged to anybody.

Harrison Smith showed as little as possible of his face as he passed through the wicket gate. He turned in the opposite direction to the one taken by the governess cart, waited till he was out of sight and climbed through a gap in the hedge. Ten minutes later, dressed as a clergyman and looking very good indeed, he marched down the road in the direction of the village.

*XV*

IT WAS Flora who drove the round, short-legged pony that drew the dog-cart, and because Flora had driven a high-power car in France during the war and had earned a reputation as a merchant of speed she looked, as she was given to look

"---And Look What I Got"

NO CHRISTMAS gifts are so acceptable to boys as genuine Patrick-Duluth Mackinaws and Sweaters.

No other Christmas gifts are so serviceable.

Patrick-Duluth Mackinaws are "bigger than weather." They are remarkable for their great warmth without undue weight or bulk. Every fibre is north country wool "from sheep that thrive in the snow."

Every operation in the manufacture of Patrick-Duluth Mackinaws occurs in Patrick mills and factories—the spinning of the yarns, the weaving of the cloth, the making of the garments. Small wonder that they always look so well and wear so long.

Patrick-Duluth Sweaters do not shrink, fade or fray at the elbows after a few months' wear. They are as warm as pure virgin wool sweaters can be made; yet they fit easily and comfortably, giving that freedom of movement which active boys demand.

All Patrick-Duluth garments have the famous green and black label signifying Patrick quality—look for it on your Christmas shopping tours or send for style book.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

*F. A. PATRICK & CO., Proprietors*

Sole manufacturers of both cloth and garments

DULUTH · MINNESOTA

Pure Northern Wool from sheep that thrive in the snow

# Safe!

A quick turn at foot of hill! Sidesway—then a skid! Head-on bump into culvert.

*All safe! Not even a broken lamp! The Lyon Bumper is made to take shocks like that.*

The *Lyon-patented*, open "looped-end" construction is resilient and yielding. It *gives to the blow* like a spring, taking up its force instead of passing it along to the frame of the car.

Lyon Bumpers will take a depression of 7 to 8 inches without losing shape. They are designed and built to give rigorous service. They are *guaranteed* to take the shock of a collision at 15 miles an hour without damage to themselves or the cars to which they are attached.

No matter what part of the Lyon Bumper is struck, the open "looped-ends" give with the front bar, completely absorbing the impact.

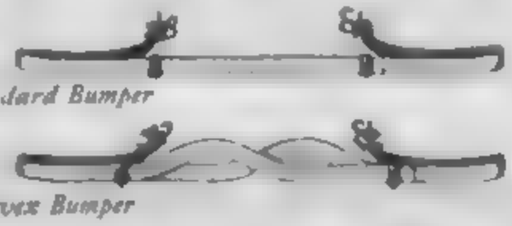
Insurance companies recognize the marked protective advantages of Lyon Bumpers by granting reduced collision rates on Lyon-equipped cars. These reductions more than pay for a pair of bumpers—front and rear.

By all means protect your car and its passengers with a pair of Lyon Bumpers. They are the cheapest, surest protection you can have.

Handsome, exceedingly strong, perfectly balanced. Your dealer should have them in stock.

*Over a million in use. Attached to all cars by means of patented hook without altering of frames or drilling.*
*$10 to $23.*

METAL STAMPING COMPANY, Long Island City, New York
E. J. COUGHLIN CO., LTD., Montreal, Canada



*Lyon Standard Bumper*

*Lyon Convex Bumper*

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

on these occasions, a shade sorry for herself

Also, because she had an admiration for Anthony that was little removed from adoration, she did not attend greatly to the business in hand, but instead engaged in a critical survey of the girl he was to marry. She decided that Isabel was very pretty but a shade too serious. She wondered if her nerves were any good. She wished she had been allowed to fetch her in the motor, as there were one or two sharp corners on the way home which, when taken fast, provided a good test of a passenger's courage. Perhaps it was as well that permission had been denied, she reflected, since had Isabel screamed or turned even the least bit pink she, Flora, would certainly have hit her with a spanner.

In extenuation for these violent emotions please remember that Flora, in company with Jane, had been instrumental in saving Anthony Barraclough's life when they found him lying on the roadside bleeding like a stuck pig during the great retreat of 1918. After all, a girl is justified in feeling strongly about a man's choice of a wife when he owes his existence to her. She is more or less responsible.

Isabel said nothing for perhaps a quarter of a mile, then suddenly exclaimed: "I say, this is beastly slow."

She could hardly have made a happier remark. Flora relaxed instantly.

"Isn't it chronic?" she returned. "But the old lady was firm about it. If I'd had the car we'd have whooped it up a bit."

"Wish we had. Can't stick this jogging: want to get out and run."

"Fond of speed?" said Flora.

"Um, rather. That beastly old train—then this. I'd half a notion to fly down, only I didn't know any landings round here."

"You've flown, then?"

"Yes, lots."

"Who with?"

"By myself a fair amount."

"Got a pilot certificate?"

"Yes, ages ago."

"I say!" said Flora, and began to feel quite hopeful about Anthony's future. "Agnes was in the Flying Corps, you know."

"Agnes?"

"She's housemaid. Course she's been up dozens of times, but she never handled the joystick. Ever looped?"

"Often."

"You must talk to Agnes," said Flora.

There was a bell under the pony's chin strap and it jingled continually. From her chair by the open French window Mrs. Barraclough could hear the jingle as the cart turned into the lane. Herein lay the essence of using the cart for particular friends, for Mrs. Barraclough knew that as soon as she heard that sound there would be just time to walk down the garden path and be at the gate to welcome the arrival. With the car one could never get there soon enough, and to her way of thinking the hospitality of a house should be offered at the entrance to its grounds. She liked to stand under the arbored gate with extended hands and from there to speak the first welcoming words, and then to link arms and lead the visitor indoors with promises of tea or fires in bedrooms and little kindly appreciations of the fatigue of traveling. She would as soon have omitted any of these gentle rites as have neglected to satisfy herself that the sheets were properly aired or the carpets swept beneath the beds

Of course, with Isabel the welcome extended beyond the mere taking of hands. There is a proper way of embracing your son's affianced wife—that is, of course, if you happen to be of the same period as Mrs. Barraclough. A kiss on the forehead, one on each cheek, an examination at arm's length, and finally, after a perfect duck of a shared smile and a murmured "My dear," the gentlest kiss imaginable on the extreme point of the chin. It is at once a tribute and an acceptance—the cashier's neat initial that honors your signature to a check drawn on the account of happiness.

Alas, that some of our modern mothers have lost the knack of this pretty exchange. Their greeting is of a harsher tone. They bridge the separating gulf between youth and age with talk of auction. They speak to the girl of making a four after dinner, when the only real concern is that she should make a two that is spiritually one. And because this is so, the modern mother will remain more often in law than in heart, which is a very great pity indeed.

They had never met before, but Isabel knew at the first touch of those sweet prim lips that Anthony's mother was also hers was also a darling—was also a trump—was also every kind of good thing that she ought to be.

"Oh, I'm so glad I came!" she gasped. "It won't be half so bad with you to help me wait."

And Mrs. Barraclough, who hadn't the smallest idea what she was talking about, nodded and replied, "Of course not, my dear; of course not."

Inside the drawing-room tea was waiting on a silver tray, with a silver kettle throwing out a hiss of silver steam. Never had Isabel seen any silver that was as bright as this. It shone with the innocent luster of wedding presents, and even the little methylated spirit flame that boiled the water looked as if it had been polished with a chamois leather.

There was a walnut tea caddy studded with brass that had to be unlocked, and inside were two compartments with tinfoil linings in which the precious leaves guarded their aroma and defied larceny. Mrs. Barraclough took two spoonfuls from one side and one from the other, that the correct blend might be achieved, and these she mixed upon a tiny square of white cartridge paper. Then the cups were warmed and the water was put in, and some muffins and Jane, who had apple cheeks and smiling red lips, came into the room, and the business of pouring out began, which is almost as great and almost as lost a secret as the varnish of the violin makers of Cremona.

And Isabel felt good all over because she knew that Mrs. Barraclough, and the room, and Jane, and the muffins, and the tea, and the evening were all the right temperature—warm—mellow—comforting. Outside the window was a thrush who sang. He was a soloist, and when he stayed to fill his throat a chorus of sparrows, close packed upon the upper branches of a tilting cedar, chirped gladly with a single voice.

And listening and tasting and feeling all the sweetness of the countryside, the fairness of tradition, the delicacy of age and custom, a lump came into Isabel's throat—hot, angry and convulsive. For somewhere out beyond was her man—facing unknown dangers, taking terrible risks, followed by relentless men.

Yet all this was his and he had left it. She was his and he had left her—deserting both at the bidding of that frightful master who commands us all, that ruler of men's destinies whose initials are l. s. d.

She put her teacup on the tray with a little tinkle and suddenly covered her eyes with the palms of her hands.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried. "Why couldn't he have been satisfied?"

"What is it, my dear?"

"Money," she answered with a staggering breath. "Money. And it couldn't buy a moment that was as sweet as this."

The fair curly head tilted forward into the black silk lap. Mrs. Barraclough's hands went round the girl's shoulders and held them tight. They were shaking so.

A clergyman passing down the road halted for a moment and peered over the yew hedge into the open windows of the room. But nobody took any notice of him and he couldn't hear the words that were spoken. Had he heard he would not have understood, for they were only the kind noises with which one woman will comfort another.

Mrs. Barraclough could almost feel the hot tears soak through the fabric of her gown.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Notice the Successful Men You Meet

## —*all with Starched Collars*

A recent visitor from abroad remarked on the prevalence of starched collars among American business men.

Said he, "You might almost call them 'symbols of the successful.'"

Next time you visit the club, the Chamber of Commerce—any place where leaders of men meet—see if this isn't so. Among the successful, all will be found to be wearing clean collars, smartly starched.

Starched collars and laundered shirts, they will tell you, are an index to character; evidence of self-respect and proper pride of person. So real is the importance attached to good appearance that many big businesses have made it a rule that all members of their organizations shall wear starched collars only.

It pays to look the part—and men who know this find in modern laundries a service that helps. The modern laundry will put new style and comfort into your shirts and collars. It will give you linen that will be a business asset. Modern laundries conserve while they cleanse.

To have your linen bespeak success, send this week's washing to one of the modern laundries in your city.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

# TIMKEN Tapered ROLLER BEARINGS

## Friction

Friction, from the beginning of time, has controlled man's progress, either as a friend or as an enemy.

Earliest evidence of the friendly use of friction was the rubbing of the hands and body to keep warm and finally the rubbing of a pointed stick to start a fire. But friction, like the fire which it starts, is, in many ways, man's formidable enemy.

In the operation of machinery and in the development of all automotive vehicles, friction must be held absolutely under man's control; or else, the mechanical power which has carried man from savagery to his present high estate would be so wasted as to hold progress and development at a standstill.

Without anti-friction bearings (as they are called) machinery in general would have remained as in great-grandfather's day. No railroads would streak across the land—no motor cars—no trucks—not even power-driven boats could ply.

In this battle, against "enemy" friction, human inventive genius has progressed rapidly from the early cumbersome types of soft, slippery metal collars which encircled axles and shafts—through various applications of balls and rollers—to the tapered roller bearing of today, as typified in the product of the Timken Roller Bearing Company;

It has progressed from those early nuisances that required greasing or oiling every few hours to the Timken Tapered Roller Bearing of today that requires attention as infrequently as every year or two.

Here we have a light, compact, and self-contained device that is friction's absolute master. For not only do Timken Tapered Roller Bearings hold friction to a negligible minimum—

But in so enabling wheels and shafts to revolve at frightful speeds with ease and safety-

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, at the same time, carry all the loads that may be thrust upon them regardless of the direction from which these loads may come. No matter how, nor where, nor when that shock or load is applied—

Your Timken Tapered Roller Bearings rest snugly in their various housings, absorbing or deflecting those blows—

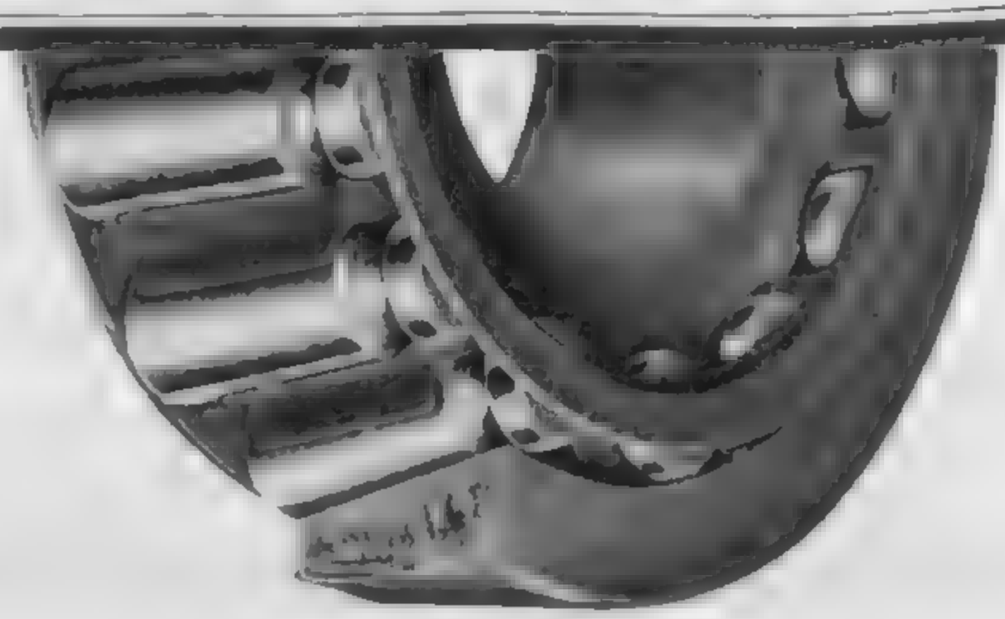
The while your motive power is being delivered through these bearings, without interruption, to the driving wheels.

And finally, when that wear which *must* follow all motion becomes apparent,—a simple adjustment and your Timkens function as when new.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO. CANTON, OHIO

*Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery and Industrial Applications*

*SEND FOR TRUTH-TESTED FACT #2, "FRICTION"*



# ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

(Continued from Page 19)

Quick interest tempered by disbelief appeared in his face.

"You're not a model?"

Patricia nodded gravely.

"I'm making it my profession," she admitted.

Enthusiasm gripped him.

"Splendid!" he said. "Come forward into the light, please."

Patricia obeyed.

With a forefinger crooked at his chin he surveyed her keenly for a moment, reflecting aloud as he did so: "Face perfect. Neck and shoulders lovely. Arms pretty good—a little thin. Turn around, please. Nice flat back, narrow hips. This way again, please. Look at that screen over there—I want the profile. That's it. Exquisite! Step forward on one foot. . . . No, no—as though you were taking a step. Hold that now. . . . Nice clean lines. Good carriage. Plenty of grace. Breeding—oh, mamma. It's a find!" he decided, and addressed his next words to her. "You're very good, young lady; very good. Hold on a minute—just now I want legs—got to have 'em. Let's see your knees."

His eyes had plunged to her lower extremities. This was fortunate. He failed to see the flood of color which swept from her chin to her brow. Nor did he suspect how near she came at that moment to giving up her profession. The crisp command in his voice was all that prevented it. It recalled her to the fact that in joining the devoted army which would some day make the glorious vision a reality one must not falter.

Slowly her skirt came up the six inches required.

One bitter word escaped him in his disappointment.

"Bony!"

But all she said—between clenched teeth—was "Jeers and insults."

This he failed to hear.

"Well, never mind," he decided. "You're just what I want every other way. I'll fake the knees. You see," he added as he detected something like a glare in her eyes and remembered for the first time that she was flesh and blood, "you haven't quite filled out yet. There's a touch of the gawky stage left in spots."

She made no reply whatsoever. The cause certainly did not require extreme martyrdom from her. It was too much to ask her to engage in idle conversation with one who said her knees were bony.

"Now about clothes," he went on. "Have you an evening gown?"

She was so dumfounded that she only nodded blankly. Did he think she was a Hottentot?

"What's it like? What's the material?" he asked her next.

"Which one?" she asked in turn.

"You have more than one? Good! What are they like?"

She knitted her brows in thought. "I don't believe I remember," she confessed at last. "I could only get the ones at the hotel. I don't know which ones they are."

Once more he was looking at her curiously.

"Just how many have you?"

She admitted that she didn't know exactly.

"Well, about how many?"

She made an effort and guessed thirty or forty, although she couldn't be sure, because some had been given away.

He stared at her a moment.

"Suppose you sit down," he said, indicating a chair. "I don't seem to get you straight in my mind."

Safe in her martyr's rôle, she obeyed meekly. She found him still staring at her when she looked up after seating herself.

"You say the Angel girl sent you here?"

"Yes."

"And she's a good friend of yours?"

A slight deception seemed necessary. She nodded.

"H'm." He eyed her reflectively for a moment. "Thirty or forty evening gowns," he repeated to himself. "She's either queen of the gold diggers or a little liar. But, good heavens," he added mentally, "she doesn't look it. She looks like somebody's débutante sister. Anyway," he concluded, "she's exactly what I need. Why worry about what she is?" Aloud he said, "I happen to be looking for your type just now. I can use you for the next eight or ten weeks, starting right away. I'd like to have you come to-morrow and bring one or two of the best-looking evening gowns you have for me to see. We won't do anything with them until next week, but I want to make a selection and get the thing in my mind's eye for a background. The first week's pose will be in the suit and hat you have on. Get here promptly at 8:45, please. We'll start work at nine. A maid will be here to let you in and look after you. You'll find the dressing room"—he indicated a door—"in there. By the way, what sort of underclothes have you? Have you some silk teddies?"

She opened her mouth, but no sound came from it.

He mistook the meaning of her gasp.

"Never mind trying to count them," he said quickly. "Sixty or seventy, I presume. We'll need one of them in two weeks. After that, one of your ninety or a hundred bathing suits will come in handy. When a model furnishes her own clothes I pay fifty dollars a week. Is that satisfactory?"

Once more she gasped, but this time she found words.

"A week?" she asked incredulously.

"Why, yes. Did you think it was a month?"

"No," she assured him; "I hoped you meant a day."

It was his turn to gasp, but it got him nothing.

"Fifty dollars a week," she repeated as though stunned. "Why, I simply couldn't do anything with that. I never dreamed. Miss Angel said you paid the most." Suddenly her face hardened. Her "cover stuff" had not been enough. He suspected her inexperience and was offering her starvation wages in consequence. Another brutal tyrant! She would try the second name on the list.

"There's been a mistake," she said coldly, and rose with the evident intention of concluding the interview.

He had been undecided earlier whether she was the queen of the gold diggers or a liar. He now definitely put her in the former class. But she was so exactly what he wanted, so unbelievably the model for the work he had in mind, that he made a quick concession.

"Well, suppose we say seventy-five a week," he offered.

"No," she said firmly; "there's been a mistake. That is, I was mistaken. You see I must pay for everything—everything, with what I earn." She moved toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" he cried wildly. "What will you take, for heaven's sake? I've got a big commercial job. It gives me a pain, but it's at a price that forces me to tackle it. I was sitting here wishing I could get out of it when you came in. I can work well with you; I feel sure of it. If you'll help me out I'll stand for a holdup. Now, then, my cards are on the table. Is that fair enough? How much do you want?"

Five minutes later the record price for work in her new profession was being dubiously accepted by Patricia with a feeling that under the iron heel of the oppressor she could expect little more than enough for bare necessities—at first.

As for the artist, he was mentally calling himself an imbecile. He was consoled somewhat when he looked at his new model and reflected that he wouldn't have to fake a line except—well, yes, the knees. And that reminded him ——

"When you come to-morrow," he told her, "be dressed just as you are, but put on ——" He looked about him. "Now where on earth have they got to?" he demanded as he began a hopeless pawing in the studio's litter. "I can't find them," he confessed at last. "They were in flat red boxes, I remember. Damn it—excuse me—the maid's put them away somewhere—a lot of stockings—she'll find them for you in the morning. Pick out a pair that matches your suit."

*IV*

PATRICIA met Billy for tea that afternoon with mixed feelings. It was something of a triumph to be able to tell him that she had secured a position the very first day. On the other hand the pitiful stipend she had agreed to accept was humiliating. . . .

She saw him sitting nervously on the edge of a couch, glaring at the entrance to

**Hanes 5 Big Features**

1 HANES STAUNCH ELASTIC SHOULDERS made with service-doubling lap seam. They fit right with give for every motion

2 HANES TAILORED COLLARETTE won't gap or roll. Fits snugly around your neck always and keeps the wind out.

3 HANES ELASTIC CUFFS are made far stronger and better than the usual cuff. They fit the wrist firmly, they won't flare or rip from the sleeve.

4 HANES CLOSED CROTCH is cut and stitched a special way that really keeps it closed

5 HANES ELASTIC ANKLES hold their shape through repeated washing. They don't bunch over your shoes. They fit always

*All Hanes Union Suits made with reinforced buttonholes.*

## *Buy* Hanes *Now at Greatly Reduced Prices!*

Now is the time to equip yourself with Hanes Winter Underwear. You can buy it at much lower prices than at any time in recent years. There have been tremendous price reductions in the entire Hanes line. Hanes value is unsurpassed.

And remember—each Hanes garment is backed by the Hanes Guarantee. It must live up to the claims made for it or you can have your money back.

Each Hanes garment has to pass inspection by experts before it reaches you. The sterling features listed in this advertisement are all checked over.

That's why you can rely on Hanes buttons to stay on; the reinforced buttonholes to keep their shape; the non-irritating seams to hold fast.

Have your dealer show you the Hanes winter line. You have a choice of heavy shirts and drawers, and heavy union suits in two weights; and a splendid mediumweight, silk-trimmed union suit.

***Unexcelled Union Suits for Boys***—All the warmth and sturdiness and man-features a live youngster requires—in two weights—medium and heavy—at great reductions in price. Made in sizes 2 to 16 years. Two to four year sizes have the drop seat.

If your dealer can't supply you with Hanes, write us immediately.

HANES

ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

**Hanes Guarantee!**

*We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks*

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next Summer—You'll want to wear Hanes Nainsook Union Suits!

The Kenwood—Style M-82

THE delightful comfort of a fine-looking Florsheim is a surprise to the man who puts on his first pair. No shoes have more style and comfort built into them. No shoes satisfy so completely.

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
Photographic Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
*Manufacturers* *Chicago*

*For the man* Florsheim *who cares*

Tom Wye
KNIT JACKET

*For all outdoor sports*

A Tom Wye Knit Jacket is the ideal garment for outdoor sports and general utility.

It gives warmth and comfort without weight or inconvenience—perfectly tailored, finely knitted with the Tom Wye stitch; either two- or four-pocket models. Plain or beautiful heather shades.

*A Tom Wye Knit Jacket is an ideal Christmas gift.*

**Two-pocket style—$7.50**
*(East of Denver)*
*For sale by most good dealers*

**TOM WYE, Incorporated**
**Winchendon, Mass.**


the elevator as she came down. He jumped to his feet and positively dashed at her when she stepped out of it. Confronting her he devoted a moment to a sort of wild inspection of her person. A sigh of relief escaped him when she seemed unchanged.

"Lord!" he said. "Lord!" It was as though he had expected to find her maimed and broken. "Lord!" he said again.

"Why do you keep on saying 'Lord'?" she demanded as they made their way to the tea room.

"Lord!" The word escaped him in spite of himself. "I've had an awful time. Didn't sleep a wink last night—not a wink. I've been about as much good around the office to-day as—well, they tried to get me to go home. They thought it was shell shock coming back. Lord!"

"If you say 'Lord' again," she said, "you can have tea by yourself."

"Oh, Pat, you don't know what I've been through. Good Lor ——" He saved himself by the margin of one letter. "I'll just keep still for a while," he decided. "I'll steady down in a minute."

"Well, I hope so," said she. "You're talking like a lunatic."

"That's what I am," he informed her. "Been one ever since you left yesterday. Pat, you've got to give it up. I mean," he hedged as he saw her mouth tighten ominously, "will you give it up?"

"Give up what?"

"You know what. This looking for a position."

"I have given it up."

"Oh, Pat." Immeasurable relief, overwhelming thankfulness were in his tone. "When did you decide that?"

"When I found one. Cream or lemon?"

"Found one? You haven't found one?"

She nodded calmly.

"This afternoon. Cream or lemon?"

"This af ——" He gave a hollow groan. "*Will you have cream or lemon?*"

"Cream—lemon—both. What sort of a position? What are you going to do?"

She had been thinking over this inevitable question and had come to a decision. In his present state she felt that he was not wholly trustworthy. He could not tell her aunt—she had his solemn promise for that—but he was capable of other things. Just generally tagging and nagging, for instance. He might even make her ridiculous by hanging about the scene of her employment. Why should he know anything about her work—or how little she was getting?

"My work," said she gravely, "is a thing apart. It doesn't concern you or father. It is something I will not discuss with either of you. I shan't even tell you what I'm doing. I won't pretend I'm making very much. You would probably laugh at the mere pittance I am getting"—he would have more nearly swooned—"but I shan't tell you.

"I shan't tell you anything about my work," she concluded with finality.

"But, look here, you promised to let me look after—to keep in touch with me—to consult with me. You prom——"

"I promised to let you see me every day. Well—here we are. Now are you going to nag and fuss and be disagreeable, or are you going to be helpful and nice and sympathetic? I've had rather a trying afternoon."

"Won't you just tell me what kind of work you're going to do? It may not be the sort of thing ——"

"Billy, if you say one more word I'll go upstairs."

"But, Pat ——"

"And I'll leave this hotel and go somewhere else."

In his helplessness he doubly damned himself.

"Good Lord!" he said, which was bad enough without adding the fatal thought, "What will your father say to me when he gets back?"

She stiffened, then slowly rose.

"I've known it all along," she said with cold contempt. "You've pretended to be worried about me, but you've only been thinking of yourself. Afraid of father—that's what you are. That's why you didn't sleep a wink. I'm going to my room now. If you insist on seeing me to-morrow it will have to be in the evening. I shall be at work all day."

In a sudden overwhelming rage he answered, "I don't care to see you. I'll telephone as a matter of duty."

"What a relief!" said she, and left him standing by the tea table.

At 8:30 the following evening she came down at his summons and found him again feverishly watching the elevators.

"Pat!"

"Billy!"

She all but clung to him.

"I've had the most awful day! Oh, Billy, you don't know."

He noticed that her shoulders drooped wearily, that her face was pale and drawn. By a tremendous effort he refrained from putting his arms around her.

"You poor little thing."

"Oh, Billy. I've been on my feet for ages—standing still. I stood there hour after hour. I can never tell you how awful it was." She closed her eyes as she recalled those hours in which she had learned that her profession called for hideous torture, during which the victim was reprimanded if so much as a finger moved in agony.

As for the secretary, he brightened suddenly. He had found out what she was doing—she was a clerk somewhere, that was plain. It was also clear that already she was good and sick of it. He took advantage of the latter conclusion.

"Now, look here, Pat," he said soothingly, "you're all worn out after only one day. You see that for yourself. I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll go and sit down on that nice comfortable couch for a few minutes and then you go to bed and get a good night's sleep. To-morrow morning you can telephone your Aunt Harriet to come in for you. What do you say?"

The memory of the day just past all but won her over. She visibly hesitated.

A rather smug satisfaction appeared in his face.

"Why, Pat, it stood to reason you couldn't do it. No girl brought up the way you've been could—unless she absolutely had to. I tried to tell you how foolish it was, but ——"

She straightened suddenly and moved a step away from him.

"I'll do it," she told him, grinding her teeth, "if it kills me."

They parted quite bitterly a few minutes later.

She was as good as her word. By the end of the first week she discovered that the torture had noticeably decreased. As her muscles accustomed themselves to the work they ceased to cry out so insistently against it. Then, too, her first pose had been trying. She was supposed to be getting into a motor with one foot on the running board. The leg which bore most of her weight had been particularly rebellious.

In her second pose, begun the following week, she had slipped into a dressing room, at an evening affair of some sort, and sunk into a chair to adjust a garter. This seemed like heaven after what had gone before. She was quite fresh at the end of the day—just a little crick in the shoulders, which went away the moment she began to move about. She had also become interested in what the artist was doing. His finished work as a result of the first week's pose was simply darling.

She was about to depart on a shopping tour in a duck of a sedan. Her skirt had crept up the way they always do when one gets into a motor. The knee thus exposed was not hers—it was coarser, she felt—but the rest was a perfect likeness—absolutely wonderful!

In her admiration for what he could do with pencil and brush she never forgot that the man who wielded them was a brutal tyrant. She seldom addressed a word to him. Although he did not appear to notice this she was sure it was cutting him to the quick.

It was something of a shock therefore when he said to her one day:

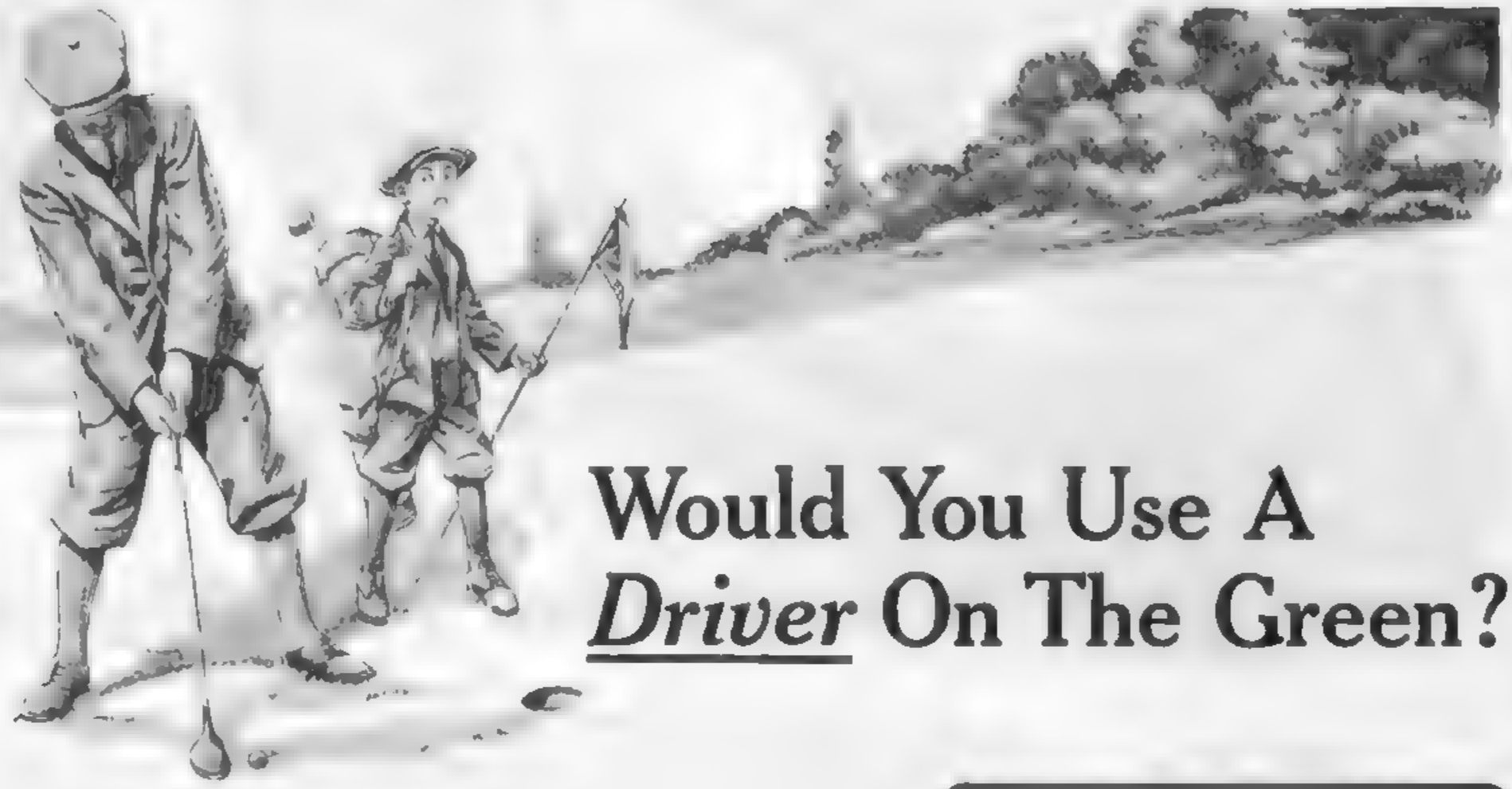
"I can't seem to forget how much you got out of me, but keeping your mouth shut helps a lot. Most of the simpering idiots try to talk."

She hated him steadily after that, but it was astonishing how fast the weeks flew by. She saw Billy every evening. They had long since ceased to wrangle. He had been reconciled to the inevitable, apparently, and was so sweet that it was hard to remember that at heart he was also a tyrant.

If she was particularly tired they just sat and talked, or sat and said nothing, in long silences, full of—why, friendliness, of course. Quite often they went to the theater or to the movies, and once to a concert, where a great Russian symphony reduced them to two shuddering atoms, huddled together in illimitable space while giant forces, dark and terrible, swirled about them.

*(Continued on Page 89)*

# LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



## Would You Use A *Driver* On The Green?

Would you use your driver to sink a two foot putt or try to shoot 300 yards with your mashie?

Many a manufacturing plant is actually using electric motors on about such a basis.

In one department, for instance, there is a giant shear needing a tremendous power blow at a certain instant. At another point is a fan requiring only a steady firm push to keep it going.

Yet on both these machines they use exactly the same kind of electric motor—like a man playing golf with only one club in his bag.

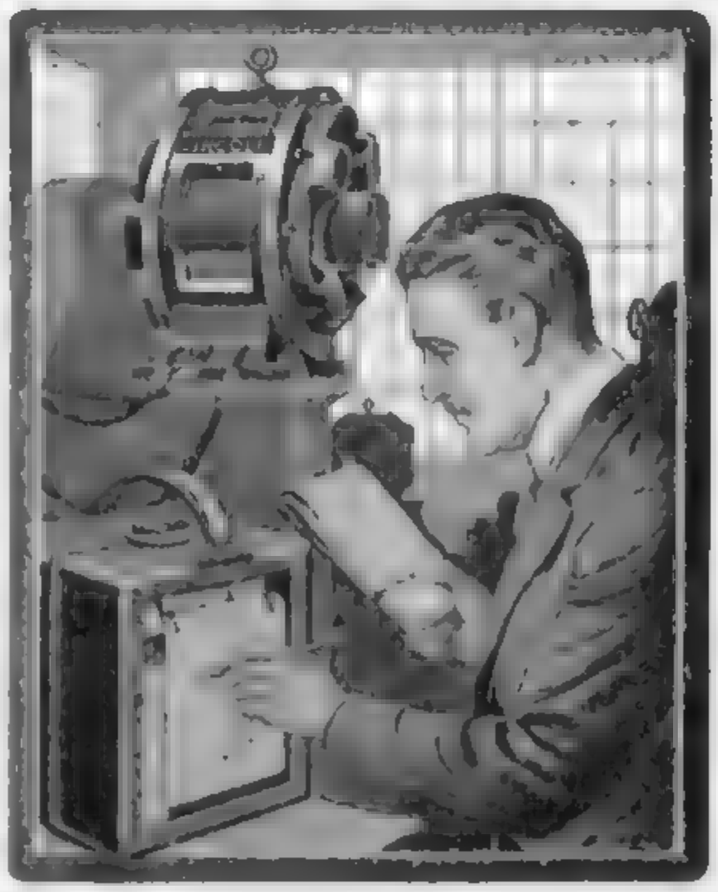
Electric motors are just as different as your golf clubs.

Lincoln Engineers are specialists in selecting the right motor for a given machine. Like your professional golfer, they know from thousands of experiences just what is needed for certain work.

They study this problem with the machinery manufacturer—test many of his machines in actual operation and check the results with delicate instruments.

From such data they compile a chart showing that machinery manufacturer just what Lincoln Motor will fit each model of his machine.

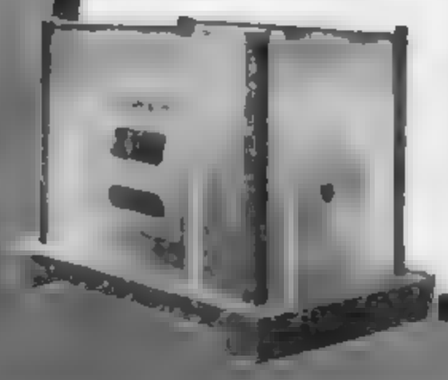
When you buy this machine with Lincoln Motor attached (or specified) you know that it will fit the job and make a "low score" on your power bill.



**Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co.**

*Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—their capacity for work is approximately 15% greater than the "50 degree" or "continuous rated" motor.*

*"Link Up With Lincoln"*



**Branch Offices**
New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Columbus

## The Lincoln Electric Company

**General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.**

**The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal**

**Branch Offices**
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn.
London England

Our Laboratory tests and the Laboratory tests of the manufacturers of Toron fabric show that the friction or holding power between the layers of fabric is 50% greater with Toron treated fabric than is the holding power with the same fabric not Toron-treated

# Two Mighty Factors in Better Tire Making

**Both are exclusive to Hydro-Toron Tires.**

The one is chemical and provides infinitely stronger and longer-lived material; the other is mechanical and insures uniform quality of strength and protection against unseen defects.

**The Toron (no rot) chemical treatment adds remarkable strength to the fabric and proofs it against moisture and oxidation, consequently against ageing and deterioration. Furthermore, it produces such an affinity for rubber that tread and fabric separation are well-nigh impossible.**

**The mechanical process is the Internal Hydraulic Expansion curing method, which protects against the hidden flaws within the tire—the weaknesses that are the real cause of rim cuts, stone bruises and blow outs.**

**Combined, these exclusive processes have produced, in Hydro-Toron, a tire of amazing mileage capacity—so free from ordinary causes of tire trouble that it is guaranteed for 10,000 miles against Stone Bruise—Rim Cut—Blow Out.**

**How well Hydro-Toron Tires have established themselves in public favor is best indicated by the fact that for many months our big plant has been running to capacity, night and day—and we haven't yet been able to make enough Hydros to meet the demand.**

**Hydro-Toron Tires are husky and powerful—built as big as cords. And they have gained the reputation of giving cord tire service at standard fabric prices. If there is no Hydro dealer near you, write us, giving your dealer's name.**

*The Hydro-Toron selling plan will be forwarded to reputable dealers upon request.*

## HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY

**Factory and Eastern Sales Office**
**300 Hanover Street, Pottstown, Pa.**

**Western Sales Office**
**1053 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.**

# HYDRO-TORON

Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

# TIRES

**Sold at Standard Fabric Prices**

Guaranteed for **10,000 Miles** Against Stone Bruise Rim-Cut Blow-Out

**as per Complete Guarantee Attached to Each Tire**

(Continued from Page 86)

Billy's hand closed over hers when they found themselves on the sidewalk—unharmed.

"Pat, oh, Pat!" he breathed.

And she, not meeting his eyes, said, "Oh, look, a horse has fallen over there. Poor thing!"

And then a heat wave came rolling up through Maryland, across the Jersey marshes and over the city. It seemed to become a great pool of stagnant, molten glass in the bottom of which was Manhattan Island, without air—without hope.

Patricia stood the next few days somehow because they were on the last drawing of the particular series for which she had been engaged, but her face grew noticeably thinner and whiter and her eyes larger and darker and more wistful. Billy became more and more uneasy about her. Places of entertainment, now furnaces, were out of the question. They took to jogging through Central Park in shabby horse-drawn and horse-smelling victorias so that she might cool off a little before going to bed. Her father had landed in San Francisco and was crossing the country, but she gave this no thought. It was far too hot to think about anything.

Saturday came. The artist worked like mad with the perspiration dripping off the end of his nose. In the very last of the working light he finished the final drawing.

"It's done," he said, and dropped his brush on the floor.

He sat limp and wringing before his easel for a time. Patricia had fallen into a chair.

"You've been fine to stand by me through this," he said at last.

Patricia said nothing. It was not that she was still bitter toward him; it was because she was too exhausted to speak just yet.

She had promised Billy to dine with him that night on the terrace of the park casino. She was sorry she had promised. Just to think of eating was a trial. She wanted to get to her apartment, no matter how hot it might be, and lie stretched on the bed forever and ever.

It was surprising how much better she felt when she had done this for an hour after a cold bath.

But Billy swore out loud at the first glimpse he had of her. The same stubborn look, hard as a stone wall, which she had encountered once before—the look of the brute within—came into his face. It would not change, she knew, even though she kicked and screamed and beat at him with her fists.

In her present state she would be absolutely helpless. She was thankful beyond words when suddenly it disappeared.

"Your father gets in at nine o'clock Monday morning," he informed her.

She nodded twice, once to indicate that she had heard him, and again to herself as she understood that he had resigned in favor of her other immediate tyrant.

As they dined they could see the shimmer of a small park lake below a rising moon. This bit of water drew them later along a winding cement walk leading to its shores. At every turn of the walk was a bench. On each bench sat a young couple in fond embrace.

"Disgusting!" sniffed Patricia, with her eyes straight before her.

But Billy gave the couples a friendly chuckle. She was annoyed by this evidence of coarseness in his nature.

Following the shore line of the lake they came to a miniature promontory jutting out into a plain of winking diamonds set in silver. The little breeze across the water which produced this effect was unexpectedly, unbelievably cool. They wandered out on the promontory, drinking in that wonderful breeze. Billy took off his coat and spread it in the shadow of a great rock, which seemed like a prehistoric monster sleeping placidly in the moonlight.

They sat on Billy's coat with their backs against the monster, the faithful little breeze in their faces.

Perhaps ten minutes passed, perhaps thirty—who can tell? In some unaccountable way an arm relieved the rock of the weight of Patricia's shoulders. This was bad enough, but the arm tightened. As it did so her face lifted out of the rock's shadow into moonlight. At that instant she recalled the horrid couples.

"No, no—not here!"

She strove to quell him with her eyes. It was not the tyrant look she met, but slaves and chattels find the one he poured upon her even harder to contend with.

Another indeterminable period of time passed. Presently she was explaining.

"Why, Billy, I did it mostly on your account. I simply couldn't be absolutely in your power after the way you acted over the canoe."

"Good Lord!" said Billy.

ON MONDAY morning the chairman of the board of directors of the United Silk Products Company was driven directly to his office from the station. He was greeted with a certain constraint by his secretary, which in the mild confusion of his return escaped him.

"Everything here all right?" he asked as he glanced through the papers on his desk.

"Ye-es," said the secretary. "Everything is all right. That is, I think it is. I hope you will, too, sir."

The chairman of the board mistook this for the natural anxiety of a subordinate over work done in the absence of his superior, and made no reply.

But the secretary continued to stand before him uneasily and again spoke.

"A certain thing gave me great anxiety for a time. I hardly knew which way to turn. I thought for a while that I had made a terrible mistake, but just a day or so ago—Saturday night, it was—everything came out all right. I can hardly realize it yet—it's so wonderful, so marvelous. My hope is that you will feel that I am worthy of —— Of course, I don't mean that—no man could possibly be worthy—no man on earth, but knowing this and knowing also that I ——"

The chairman of the board looked up from his desk.

"I have been in a country," he reminded the secretary, "where I was entirely ignorant of the language. It's been trying. I've looked forward to being able to understand those with whom I might come in contact in this, my native land. I'd be glad if you'd bear that in mind."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged the secretary. "Suppose I begin at the beginning."

"The idea is not without merit," agreed the chairman of the board.

"It came over me without the slightest warning, one evening last summer," the secretary informed him. "I had never dreamed of such a thing. Then suddenly I knew it was so. I tried to fight it at first; tried hard. Night after night I lay awake fighting it. Day after day I kept telling myself I was a fool, but ——"

Again the chairman of the board interrupted.

"I'm beginning to think that's a justifiable conclusion. What's got into you? What are you trying to say?"

"Well, you see, sir ——"

Before the secretary could come more directly to the point a desk buzzer began an imitation of an indignant rattlesnake. With a certain thankfulness for this respite he picked up the telephone and learned that Mr. Quiggly was just without and praying for admittance on a most important matter. He reported the fact to the chairman of the board.

"Quiggly?" repeated the latter. "Quiggly? Ah, yes—it all comes back. Hasten forth and explain to Mr. Quiggly that I shall be engaged for months and months. Better make it years."

The secretary departed for the outer offices, but returned a few moments later.

"Could you see him for five minutes?" he suggested apologetically. "I thought he was going to weep when I said you could make no appointments for some time. He says he only wants five minutes. He has something to show you. Something he is very proud of."

"No," said the chairman of the board. "I couldn't take a chance. He may have an estimate or something to read, up his sleeve."

"No, he hasn't, on my word. He has those illustrations you authorized, by Phelps. He's so tremendously keen to have you see them. I'll promise to get him out of here in five minutes."

"Do you realize," said the chairman of the board, "that my life would be comparatively pleasant if it weren't for you?"

"Yes, sir. Just five minutes?"

"I should have stayed in Japan."

The secretary seemed to take this as assurance that the chairman of the board was about to see Mr. Quiggly. He went to the door, opened it and beckoned.

"Badger" De Luxe All Season TOPS

take the cold and discomfort out of Winter driving and still give you the open freedom you want in summer.

There is time for you to get the full Winter service out of your Badger De Luxe All Season Top if you install it now.

*Now Made for:*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Buick | Cleveland | Essex | Hupmobile | Reo |
| Cadillac | Dodge | Franklin | Nash | Studebaker |
| Chandler | Dort | Hudson | Oldsmobile | Velie |

Prices—2-pass. $185; 4-5-pass. $275; 7-pass. $285; Special Cadillac, 4-pass. $375; 7-pass. $390

*Prices f. o. b. Racine, Wis. War tax and installation extra*

*Write for descriptive booklet*

**WISCONSIN TOP COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis.**

Consolidation of McAvoy Brothers & Co. and Wisconsin Auto Top Co.

*Also makers of a complete line of Auto Fabric Accessories sold through 4500 dealer connections covering the entire country.*

A New Evinrude—
21 Pounds LIGHTER!

AMERICA'S sportsmen who have long awaited a truly dependable outboard motor of greater portability, will welcome the latest Evinrude achievement—the new, 50-pound "Lightweight."

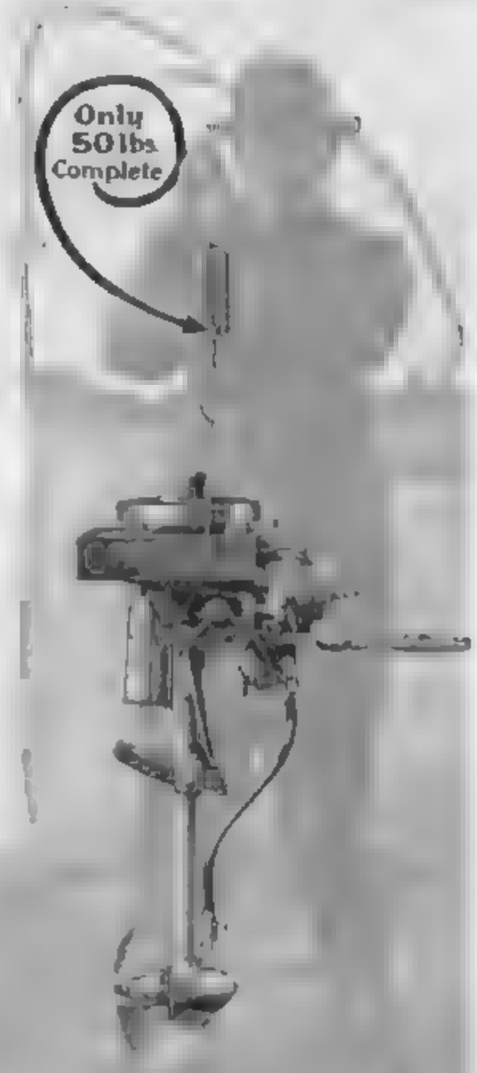
With light, strong aluminum alloys replacing many bronze and malleable parts, this Evinrude sport model scales just under 50 pounds *complete*, ready to run. The lightest practical rowboat motor ever built, it matches in power and speed the standard 2 H. P. model. While not designed for such rugged service, it is a true Evinrude in sturdy dependability.

Fishermen, hunters—particularly motorists—who wish to carry boat-power with them, will find the "Lightweight" ideal—so easy to handle in car, train or trolley.

*The Evinrude "Lightweight" is priced the same as the standard motor, which is now back to the pre-war price of $100. See these motors at your sporting goods or hardware dealers'. Or write for catalog.*

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.

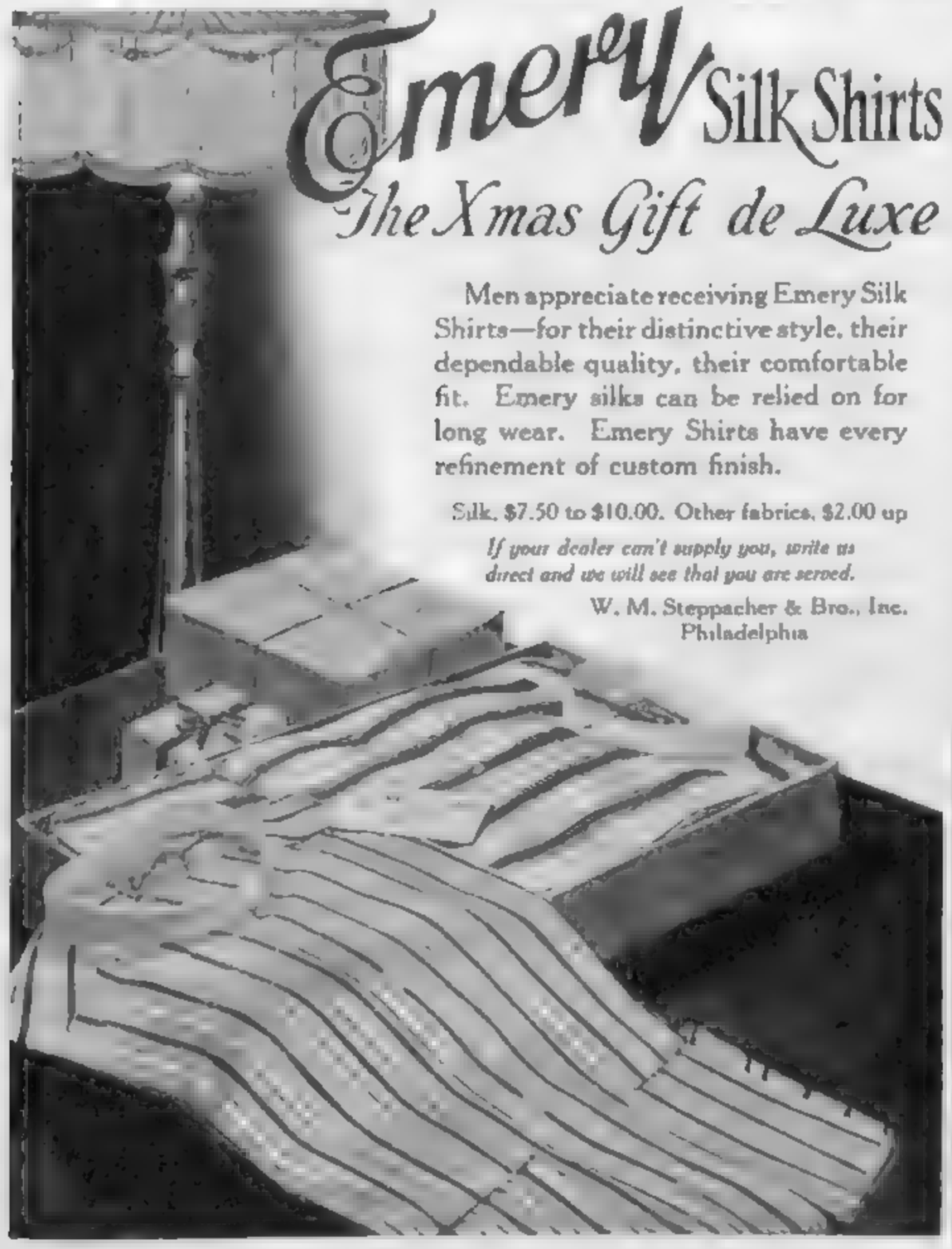
205 Evinrude Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.




EVINRUDE "LIGHTWEIGHT"

DETACHABLE MOTOR FOR WATERCRAFT

BRIGHTON
CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR
It's one-piece
-just like
a union suit!
The garment big brother has on is a Pajunion — or union pajama.
Sensible, isn't it? No binding drawstring around the waist. Trousers can't sag, or coat crawl up. Loops and buttons at ankle keep the trouser legs down — especially appreciated by restless sleepers in cold weather.
It's extremely practical, and we give you more comfort — a lot more — than you ever experienced in pajamas.
The boy is wearing a Brighton-Carlsbad sleeper. Millions of mothers know their full size gives extra comfort; their better quality extra wear.
For All the Family
We make sleeping garments for men, women and children, and add distinctive little touches appreciated by people willing to pay a fair price for honest worthy merchandise. Ask for Brighton-Carlsbad by name
H. B. GLOVER CO.
Dept. 32 Dubuque, Iowa
Also makers of Glover Flannel Shirts
Send for Nightie Book


Emery Silk Shirts
The Xmas Gift de Luxe
Men appreciate receiving Emery Silk Shirts—for their distinctive style, their dependable quality, their comfortable fit. Emery silks can be relied on for long wear. Emery Shirts have every refinement of custom finish.
Silk, $7.50 to $10.00. Other fabrics, $2.00 up
If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct and we will see that you are served.
W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia


Mr. Quiggly appeared with astonishing promptness. He all but burst into the room. When he had done so it could be observed that he bore a number of sheets of thick water-color board, each being protected on one side by glazed paper pasted along the upper edge. Gone completely was the patriarchal manner which Mr. Quiggly had exhibited on his previous and memorable visit to this office. It had been overwhelmed by a boundless enthusiasm of which he was at present the victim.

"I've got 'em, Mr. Beldon!" he shouted. "Right here for you to see. Ten of 'em. The whole series. All finished. And I want to remind you that I said fifty thousand was not too much."

His eyes swept the room, considering light and background. Once more the long mahogany table served him. Darting to it he placed the sheets of water-color board upright against it so that they faced the windows. Rapidly throwing back the concealing glazed paper attached to each, he withdrew a few yards, tilted his head to the left, tilted it to the right, and turned to the chairman of the board.

"Now, Mr. Beldon," he said huskily, "just come and stand here."

The chairman of the board rose obediently, sauntered to the point of vantage indicated and faced the exhibit.

Mr. Quiggly tore his eyes from the drawings for a moment in order to enjoy the expression he anticipated on the chairman of the board's face. He was not disappointed. That is to say, Mr. Quiggly had never in his life observed a look of more profound amazement appear on a human countenance.

"What did I tell you?" he cried.

"Good God!" said the chairman of the board. He turned to his secretary. "Billy," he pleaded, "do you see what I see?"

The secretary's expression of sheer horror was sufficient answer to the question.

The chairman of the board sprang like a tiger at Mr. Quiggly.

"Who did this?" he roared.

Mr. Quiggly retreating before the awful menace in the eyes of the chairman of the board could only falter. "I—I don't understand, sir. Peter Phelps made the drawings. They're considered marvelous—by—by everybody. What is the matter with them?"

"Who gave him—how did he get the photograph? Answer me before I throw you out that window."

Now as the window indicated was thirty-two stories aboveground Mr. Quiggly, suddenly grown white, backed around the table. Obviously he was in the presence of a maniac. With his eyes on the door he sparred for time.

"What photograph?"

"The one that was used to do"—a quivering forefinger indicated the ten drawings—"those damnable things."

The chairman of the board was still between Mr. Quiggly and the door. This necessitated a further attempt at parley.

"No—no—photograph was used. They were done from a model."

"Model? I hope so. I mean the face—the face!"

"That's the face of the mo-model."

"Don't stand there and tell me that. Do you think I'm blind?"

"It's a perfect likeness of her," maintained Mr. Quiggly in a trembling voice, his eyes still on the door. "I saw her several times at the studio."

As a sudden unbelievable explanation of the thing that had happened occurred to the chairman of the board his expression became less murderous. There was a diabolical possibility that two such faces existed in the world.

"Have those things appeared in the magazines yet?" he inquired in a hollow voice, perspiration beading his brow as he asked the question.

"Why, no. I just got them this morning. They haven't even been —"

An explosive sigh of relief burst from the chairman of the board.

"Where can I find this artist? This Peter Phelps?"

Mr. Quiggly mechanically repeated the address.

The chairman of the board turned to a hatrack and seized his hat.

"Come on, Billy," he said. "And bring"—he waved his hand at the row of drawings—"those things with you."

The secretary until now had been nailed where he stood by emotions which robbed him of both speech and movement. In the latter case this was fortunate, since he had an almost ungovernable desire to hurl himself from the window through which Mr. Quiggly seemed at one time about to make his departure. His reason now partially restored, he directed the nerveless Mr. Quiggly to return to his office, and gathering up the ten works of art designed to exhibit a combination of the Never-Run brand—including tops—and the society type, he followed his chief to an elevator.

The nature of Patricia's work now horribly clear, the secretary felt entirely inadequate to the explanation he must attempt in the next few moments. It must undoubtedly be made before the chairman of the board came in contact with his daughter's late employer.

Ten minutes at the most was at the secretary's disposal for an explanation which needed as many hours.

However, he plunged into it the moment they were seated in a taxicab. It proved to be immeasurably less difficult than he had feared. The brevity of the time allowed him forced him to touch only on vital points. This eliminated details and was exactly suited to the type of mind with which he was dealing. The chairman of the board's ability to cleave his way through all extraneous matter in getting at the main facts of a proposition amounted to genius. Also he had known intimately, since earliest infancy, in fact, the lady with whom the explanation dealt. In the most startling manner he leaped to proper conclusions before the secretary, speaking with the utmost rapidity, could outline them.

"I see," nodded the chairman of the board at quick intervals. "Yes, I see. Of course, of course."

The secretary paused for breath.

"It's quite clear," said the chairman of the board. "She forced you to loan her the money."

"When she said she'd sell her pearls if I didn't I was afraid she meant it."

"Afraid she meant it? Of course she meant it! She never bluffs—I've found that out. Billy," he added despondently, "you've disappointed me. You've probably forgotten, but there was one time last summer when you wouldn't let her go out on the Sound. You don't know how amazed I was, how much I admired you for it. I'd even hoped —— But that doesn't matter now. When you saw she had you licked why didn't you call in her aunt?"

"Well, for several reasons. She said she'd run away from The Elms and disappear. Then she said she had put me on my honor by confiding in me ——"

The chairman of the board nodded his quick understanding.

"Yes," he interrupted, "she works that way. She'll spike your guns somehow before she goes into action."

"And besides," finished the secretary, looking out of the taxi window, "she told me she'd never speak to me again as long as she lived."

There was a short silence. The secretary's ears reddened as he thought he felt ironical amusement in the eyes which he was conscious were inspecting him.

He was relieved and uplifted when a friendly voice said, "Once she threatened not to speak to me for a month. It was because I didn't want her walking in the dew in her bare feet."

"Did you let her?" asked the secretary.

"I did not," said the chairman of the board with some pride. "It was in November. It was frost—not dew."

"What happened?" asked the interested secretary.

"She didn't speak to me for a month," the chairman of the board informed him simply.

These intimate details in the life of his beloved, coming from the lips of her father, were heart-warming to the secretary. He was also reassured by his chief's sympathetic understanding of his share in the catastrophe which had occurred. He felt that he must at once deliver himself of the world-upheaving bit of news over which he had stumbled so lamentably earlier that morning. This was prevented at the moment by their arrival at the Beaux Arts Building, but he awaited the earliest opportunity to do so.

He gazed about the studio of Peter Phelps as that celebrated artist rose from his easel to greet them. Here in this very room Patricia, his Patricia, had spent the greater part of her waking hours for the past two months. A lover's dream stole blissfully upon the secretary as the maiden's father opened the conversation.

(Continued on Page 93)

## The Way

Just send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Watch the results you see and feel. Note the changes which occur in a week.

Read the reason for each new effect in the little book we send.

You will realize then that those whiter, cleaner teeth mean safer teeth as well. You will have some new conceptions on the proper care of teeth.

One test in a home will be sufficient to prove the results to a family.

# Whiter Teeth

## They come in this delightful way

There is a way to whiter teeth which millions are employing. It combats the dingy film coats.

It is a way to cleaner teeth and safer teeth as well. The chief teeth enemies are effectively combated.

It is based on modern research, endorsed by high authorities. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

This is to offer someone in your home a convincing ten-day test.

### How film dims teeth

You feel on your teeth a viscous film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, and stays.

If not removed, it forms the basis of persistent coats. In many ways it threatens serious damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It makes teeth dim and dingy by absorbing stains. The film is what discolors, not the teeth. And film is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds germs by the millions, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

### A long, hard fight

The war on film has been a long, hard fight. Dental research has for years been seeking ways to end it. Now two effective film combatants have been found. High authorities have proved their efficiency. Nearly all the world over leading dentists are urging their adoption.

A modern tooth paste has been created, based on some new-day requirements. The name is Pepsodent. Those two effective film combatants are embodied in it.

Now a world-wide effort is being made to demonstrate its benefits to people young and old.

### Three other effects

Dental science now needs a tooth paste which will bring some other great effects. And Pepsodent has been equipped to bring them.

Every use multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid. Pepsodent gives it a much-increased effect.

Each use also multiplies the saliva's alkalinity. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay, but it frequently needs this stimulation.

Another factor gives the teeth high polish without harm. Then film-coats will less easily adhere.

Twice a day Pepsodent brings to every user all these desired effects. Now the object is to let you see them, feel them, judge them for yourself. When you do that you will want them always. And that will mean to you and yours a new era in teeth cleaning.

### Now seen everywhere

The results of Pepsodent are now seen almost everywhere. Millions of teeth now glisten through its use. Careful people of some forty races now employ it daily.

Women gain new beauty by it. Men who smoke combat tobacco stains. Children are gaining new tooth protection when they need it most. Dentists advise the use of Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

Now we urge you to learn what it means to you, by making this short, simple and delightful test. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

It fights film, starch and acids in modern and effective ways. Endorsed by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

All druggists supply the large tubes.

### The quick effects

The cleaner teeth.

The absence of the viscous film.

The whiter teeth as film-coats disappear.

The better taste, due to normal alkaline conditions in the mouth.

High polish on the teeth.

## 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 512, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

# MOHAWK

"Quality" HAND MADE

CORD AND FABRIC

# TIRES

THE MOHAWK RUBBER CO.

QUALITY TIRES

BRANCHES
NEW YORK
BOSTON
CHICAGO
ATLANTA

BRANCHES
KANSAS CITY
DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO

AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.

TO THE CAR OWNERS
OF AMERICA

A decade spent in building tires of unvarying high quality has justly earned for the Mohawk Rubber Company a world-wide reputation for sincerity and fair dealing.

In view of this fact, we believe a statement made by this company will be accepted by the car owners of America at its face value.

With a full appreciation of this confidence, our company authorizes the statement that, in spite of the present era of low tire prices, which naturally creates a strong tendency towards quality reduction, the Mohawk Company pledges itself to not only strictly maintain the same high standards of quality which have made Mohawk Tires famous, but to continue making improvements whenever possible.

The New Mohawk Flat Tread Cord Tire is a tangible result of this policy. Comparative tests over a period of two years prove it marks the highest mileage point yet reached in tire construction---yielding 25 to 50% more mileage than the average cord tire in use today. Yet it costs only a trifle more.

Because of its exceptional non-skid qualities, we suggest that you try one now during the season of slippery pavements and test this and other improvements for yourself. Good dealers everywhere handle them.

M. E. Manson

Vice-President & Sales Mgr.

(Continued from Page 90)

"Mr. Phelps, you recently completed a series of drawings in color for the Hampton Knitting Mills."

The artist nodded.

"I have the drawings with me. I'm Mr. Beldon."

The artist, obviously unimpressed, nodded again.

"You're with the Hampton people?" he inquired.

"Well, yes, indirectly. I'm connected with the United Silk Products Company. I've come to discuss the model used for the series in question. I feel that your selection of this model, for this particular series, was er—unfortunate."

Now the commercial and the artistic points of view are frequently as oil and water. Having proved this to be so it largely accounted for the fabulous sums demanded by Peter Phelps for work of this character, and his reluctance to undertake it. Hardened in the past by what he regarded as amazing stupidities, he was yet unprepared for criticism of the model used in the Never-Run series.

"You mean to tell me," he asked incredulously, "that you don't like her?"

"I can't say that I dislike her," admitted the chairman of the board, "but I can't approve of her so far as advertising stockings is concerned."

The artist strove for an instant to control himself and partially succeeded.

"I'll say this much to you—that model could not have been improved on if I had had every woman in New York to select from." He turned abruptly and returned to his easel, adding slowly and distinctly, "I will not discuss the matter any further."

The chairman of the board appeared unmoved by this statement.

"I hope you will," he said with a disarming smile, "when you understand it better. I think I may admit to you, with reluctance, Mr. Phelps, that the model in question is not unattractive. She happens, however, to have strayed from her natural protectors and struck out for herself. She was seeking, so I understand, economic independence." He looked inquiringly at the secretary.

"Yes, sir, that was it," confirmed the secretary.

"Now, I happen to be," his chief went on, "the chairman of the board of directors of the United Silk Products Company, and — "

A sudden interest appeared in the artist's face.

"You're not J. H. Beldon?" he asked quickly. "The J H Beldon?"

"Those are my initials," acknowledged the chairman of the board. "The model we have been discussing," he added, "happens to be my daughter."

The secretary's awaited opportunity had come, so he felt.

"And my fiancée," he announced.

Peter Phelps, staring at the chairman of the board, sank slowly to the stool before his easel and ejaculated the mystic phrase, "Holy cat!"

This was unnoticed by the chairman of the board, who was himself staring at the secretary.

"How things come out," he said at last. "However," he decided, "one thing at a time." He turned again to the artist. "You understand my position?"

The artist's dry lips moved, but no sound came from them. At last he found his voice.

"It isn't necessary for me to say," he began, "that I hadn't an idea of this. I remember wondering about her when she came in, but she told me she had been sent here by—well, by Trixie Angel."

"Trixie Angel?" repeated the chairman of the board. "I don't seem to recall her among my daughter's friends."

"You wouldn't," the artist assured him.

"Indeed?" said the chairman of the board. "Well"—he glanced for an instant at the secretary—"one loses touch during an absence of two months, I find."

"Then," the artist went on, "when she held me up for such a stiff price, I ——"

"How much?" the secretary demanded suddenly.

"I paid Miss Beldon two hundred dollars a week."

The secretary repeated the sum mentioned in a hushed voice.

"Why," he exploded, "she told me she was getting next to nothing. She called it a mere pittance. That was what she called it—a mere pittance."

"Yes," said the chairman of the board, "I have reason to believe she would be quite sincere in that statement. May I ask you one question, Mr. Phelps? Is it your custom to pay models two hundred dollars a week?"

"Well, hardly," said the artist.

"Then why did you make an exception in the case of my daughter?"

The artist reflected for a moment.

"To tell you the truth," he admitted at last, "I hardly know myself. She was determined to have at least that and ——"

"Yes, yes. I understand," said the chairman of the board quickly. "And speaking of financial matters, you haven't been paid for your work, have you?"

"No, not as yet."

"Could you," asked the chairman of the board, "let me have a check book and a pen and ink?"

The artist procured the articles required. He also began digging in a pile of draperies, costumes, sketches, paint tubes, paintbrushes, trays, old magazines and what not to expose at last what proved to be a carved ebony desk.

At this the chairman of the board seated himself.

"My collection of works of art is a modest one," he said, dipping pen in ink. "I think," he continued, as he rapidly made out a check, "it's time I added to it. Here is my personal check for fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Phelps. I've taken such a fancy to your work that I'm going to purchase all ten of the drawings. I hope you'll get at a new series for the Hampton Mills as quickly as possible. I can't resist keeping these for my—er—private enjoyment."

Peter Phelps glanced at the check and looked up to meet the eyes of the chairman of the board. He permitted himself a grin.

"Your very private enjoyment, I presume, Mr. Beldon?"

"Quite so," the chairman of the board admitted. He seemed to reflect for a moment. "Economic independence," he murmured softly, and returned the grin.

Having arrived at the waiting taxi a few moments later with his secretary and his recently purchased works of art, the chairman of the board followed the secretary into the taxi and slammed the door.

"And now," he said, "we come to you."

"I hope you don't think," began the secretary, "that I took advantage of ——"

The chairman of the board raised his hand.

"Spare me all that," he said. "I would feel more hopeful about it if I thought you had taken advantage, Billy. You've simply been annexed." He bent a gloomy look on the secretary. "Have you any idea you can control her?"

The secretary parried the question:

"Can you, sir?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the chairman of the board, as though a rapier had found his vitals.

"Can any man?" asked the secretary.

The chairman of the board glanced cautiously about him. Finding the taxicab free from eavesdroppers he met the secretary's eyes and spoke.

"No," he said.

"Well, then," urged the secretary earnestly, "it might as well be me."

The chairman of the board dropped a sympathetic hand on the secretary's knee.

"The thought had occurred to me," he said.

"Oh, sir ——" the joyful secretary began, but was interrupted.

"And now, about a wedding present."

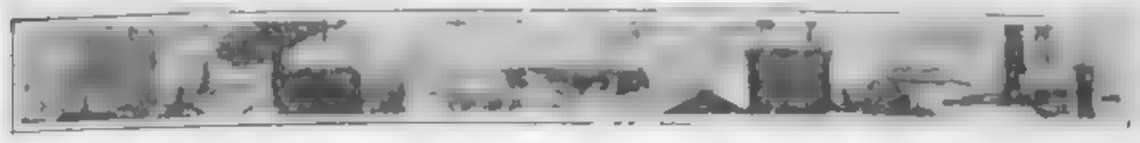
The secretary flushed.

"Don't you think it's a little early to talk about that?" he stammered.

"No," said the chairman of the board. "We'd have to get at it sooner or later. I am a man of—er—some means," he explained modestly. "Something handsome is expected of me at a time like this." He bent forward, picked up the Never-Run drawings and placed them in the secretary's lap.

"Take them, Billy," he said impressively. "They're yours."

THE END




STANDING shoulder to shoulder with public officials, doctors and nurses, thousands of American funeral directors are constantly safeguarding your health.

Their part in stamping out contagion and saving human life is one of their many almost unobserved, yet very definite, contributions to public safety and peace of mind, and to the higher modern standards of living.

Because they are prepared, you do not have to be. They have provided facilities equally accessible to all, adequate to every material and spiritual necessity, and thoughtfully designed with the sincerity and good taste befitting equipment which is intended to carry a message of love and esteem.

By their preparedness they have relieved the family and its friends of all perplexing responsibilities, and by the influence resulting from their own progress they have brought about the abolishment of traditional funeral customs that did violence to the finer sensibilities.

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

For Christmas

There are no finer sweets than these delicious confections. Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) are made only of pure Louisiana Cane Sugar and Louisiana (whole half) pecan meats. Grunewald *Fork-Dipped* Chocolates are famous for their absolute purity and not-too-sweet deliciousness.

| Creole Pralines | | Fork-Dipped Chocolates | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Box of 7 (sample) | $1 00 | Assorted Chocolates. One pound. | $1.50 |
| Box of 13 | 1 50 | Assorted Chocolates and Nut | |
| Box of 24 | 3 00 | Meats. One pound | 1 50 |
| Box of 50 | 5 00 | Assorted Chocolate Nut Meats | |
| Box of 100 | 10 00 | One pound | 1 75 |

*Mail orders filled anywhere parcel post insured. P. O. or Express Money Orders, or Personal Checks received*

THE HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS, INC.
Dept. P. NEW ORLEANS, LA

©

23

# SUPERITE

## THE SUPREME PENCIL

*A Useful, Beautiful Christmas Gift*

Make a present of pencil satisfaction to your relatives and friends. The Superite Pencil fully satisfies because of its many features of practical superiority and unusually handsome appearance.

The lightest metal pencil made. Lead operates perfectly by a mere turn of the cap. No annoyance from breaking or jamming of leads. Convenient extra leads—easy to reload. Eraser always in position for use. And the hold-fast steel spring pocket clip or secure cap-ring amply protects pencil from being lost.

The ladies' size Superite Junior has all the features of the standard size, yet it is the smallest and daintiest of metal pencils.

All Superites are fully guaranteed and are made in various handsome designs and finishes, silver and gold, plain or engraved.

**De Witt-La France Co., Cambridge, Mass.**
New York Office: Bush Terminal Sales Bldg.
Chicago Office: 36 South State Street
Canadian Selling Agents, A. P. Barrett & Co., Winnipeg, Canada



# Would You Too Like Extra Money Every Month?

FOR the past two years Mr. Charles Morrill, a busy grocery salesman in an Iowa town, has had extra money every month for easy spare-time work.

And he is just one of scores of part-time subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* who pleasantly and easily make their spare hours pay. *Today there is such a desirable, profitable part time (or, if you prefer, full time) position waiting for you!* You don't need experience to qualify for it: we will train you and equip you. We offer cash commissions and bonuses from the very start. The coupon below will bring full details, including our big free booklet descriptive of the plan. Send it in today.

----CLIP HERE IF YOU WANT MORE MONEY*----

**The Curtis Publishing Company,**
**417 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

Gentlemen: Please send me full details about your offer to subscription representatives. I assume no obligation in making this request.

NAME _____ STREET _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

* If you don't want to mutilate your copy of *The Post*, use a postal card instead.


# A MIDSUMMER KNIGHT'S DREAM

(Continued from Page 5)

The rodeo came, and with it half the countryside. It parked its cars in great lines and brought the children and luncheon boxes, and when the riders rode into the field, to the blare of the band, it crowded to the fences and cheered. It cheered them all, but mostly it cheered Janet. Janet and the Old Man led the procession. Janet was going to ride!

When the Kid learned it, before the procession started, he had a queer sick feeling. Just for a moment he forgot Rosamond, and he made a furious protest to Janet herself.

"I think you've lost your mind," he said.

"Why?"

"It's all right for us. We're paid to risk our necks to amuse the dudes. But you! You're not!"

"Don't worry about me," said Janet coldly. "And if you want to know it, I'm not riding to amuse the guests."

His rage increased when he saw Janet drawing for her horse like the others, but when she drew Corkscrew a dull despair settled on him. Even the Old Man was anxious then, but he need not have worried. Corkscrew lived up to his name, leaped and twisted, whirled and lunged, but Janet's knees hugged him like two slim steel vises, and Corkscrew came to rest at last, beaten.

When Janet looked around the roaring, cheering field all she saw was Rosamond, delicately clad, cool and very feminine, watching her with hard, triumphant eyes.

The rodeo went the way of all rodeos. Al was thrown and knocked out. He lay quite still, a suddenly pinched and colorless profile turned up to the sky, in the midst of breathless silence. Then he moved and the crowd relaxed. He got up and limped off.

The Kid rode and bulldogged with the others, neither better nor worse than the average, which was good. And he swaggered a bit, with the thirty-dollar spurs clanking and the nail heads on his chaps gleaming like silver. When he caught Rosamond's eye she smiled, and the warm sense of a secret intimacy between his own perspiring self and her cool exquisiteness swelled his heart almost to bursting.

But Janet, after all, provided the hit of the day. For she brought out Midge after the riding was over, when the bull had been retired to rest his weary neck muscles, and all the little burros, after the thrill of their lives, had trotted docilely back to tell their families of their escapes. And Midge performed.

It is not necessary to tell what Midge did. His fame is a part of the vaudeville history by now, and Janet's, too, for that matter. Actually Midge was only an agency for the working out of those certain destinies with which this story deals. At the time he provided Janet with the means of release from an intolerable situation, for by nightfall the ranch knew that the cruiser, which is only a bunk-houseism for a highly honorable profession, had made Janet an offer for vaudeville and that she had accepted it.

The bunk house was divided in its opinion that night, but the Kid did not hear about it until later. He spent the evening sitting on the creek bank with Rosamond, telling her about the gold.

August wore on, with the Old Man teaching Janet fancy rope work behind the barn, with divers sluggish Eastern livers renewing their youth, with the horses a trifle leaner and their riders browner, and with the Kid out on the bank and gasping, and Rosamond not yet ready to throw him back.

With the end of August came the general exodus from the ranch. Apparently new people, who were really the old ones changed by their city garb, began to appear on the lawn. The truck carried daily mountains of trunks to the railroad. The line of horses at the rail at saddling time diminished day by day. The grass in the pastures and on the high meadows turned in patches to red and brown. The prairie dogs in Dog Town could emerge without the whistle of a bullet past their heads. A deer was seen in the cañon, and a guide brought in a small and highly disagreeable black bear cub. In a word, the early fall of the mountains was at the door.

And Rosamond was going. The Kid would waken in the morning before the alarm clock and lie there wondering how he could bear it. He thought of her exquisiteness, her fastidious daintiness. He saw her going back to surroundings like herself -although he had not the faintest possible idea of what such surroundings might be—and the bunk house suddenly seemed horrible to him; the boots on the floor, the snorings of the men, the cook's false teeth in a cup on the chair beside the bed, Dice, in his underdrawers, his fine body bare and uncovered to the waist.

He had a wonderful parting from Rosamond. They rode up the cañon and watched the moon rise, and she made him promise a dozen ways to be faithful. She made no promises herself, however, and he was to remember that later. When late that night he went to the bunk house he found Dice waiting for him, sitting on the step.

"Well," was Dice's greeting, "thank God, that's over!"

"What's over?"

"Rosamond. You thick-headed idiot, d'you think you'll ever see her again?"

"That's my affair," said the Kid loftily.

"Not by a damned sight!" was Dice's comment. "This outfit has been short one man for eight weeks, and you're the man. Now you take some advice. Can the Lady Rosamond and crawl on your face to Janet—and I hope to God she puts her foot on you."

Janet did almost literally that.

By the middle of September the ranch was almost down to what Jack Moncrielle designated as a prewar basis. A dozen horses saddled in the morning, six or eight in the evening; in the bunk house long sessions of poker or blackjack, in the peculiar silence of the gambling puncher; Janet training her horse; the Old Man shooting ducks out on the flat, and in close conclave with Janet in the evening; the alarm clock in the bunk house set at six instead of four; in the pastures cinch sores and saddle galls slowly healing, and spurs a cruel memory, and in the Kid's mind already a faint haze over Rosamond's memory and an unexpected pang at the knowledge that Janet was going away.

Then two things happened in quick succession which showed the Kid what he had done. The first was that Janet was caught in the wire.

Now to be caught in the wire is one of the desperate emergencies and often one of the tragedies of Western life. Horses caught in the wire come home with flesh torn to ribbons, deep cuts to the bone, muscles and tendons severed.

Fortunately it was not Midge, but another horse. Janet knew better than to lay a fence flat and try to leap over it, but she was possessed those days by a sort of restless desperation, and it followed the first talk she had had with the Kid for weeks. He had gone to her, humble enough in all conscience, unable to bear the thought that she should leave with the coldness between them. Janet was in the little paddock the Old Man had given her, with Midge's curious stage properties scattered about, for she had just finished a lesson, and she heard him through without a quiver.

"In all you're saying," she said at last, "you are taking for granted that you have offended me or hurt me. Just why?"

He fingered the hat in his hand nervously.

"Well, we used to be good friends, Janet."

"Aren't we still?"

"You didn't tell me you were going to do this thing."

"I didn't tell Dice, either, or any of the boys."

"That's different."

"How is it different?"

"I don't know. I used to think it was."

He gave it up then and went away. He didn't understand it himself, so how could he explain? All he knew was that it mattered less and less each day that no letter came from Rosamond, and more and more that Janet would soon be gone. He went away and sat by himself, staring in the general direction of the railroad, which seemed somehow to be interfering with his life. And Janet saddled the Old Man's bay mare and got caught in the wire.

When the mare's foot caught and she leaped forward she pulled the wire Janet

(Continued on Page 97)

# A new syrup — mellow and delicate

*The makers of Brer Rabbit Molasses present*

# Penick Syrup

PENICK SYRUP has been perfected by America's great syrup makers after twenty-five years' experience in the making of fine syrups and molasses.

In this new syrup they have so carefully blended corn and sugar cane products that they have given it a rare smoothness and mellowness—a delicacy of flavor that brings out the goodness of all the foods it is used with.

Penick Syrup and griddle cakes! Try them and see if you aren't carried back to the days when nothing ever tasted so good as cakes and syrup. Puddings, cakes and pies have a new deliciousness when they are made with Penick Syrup. Make your favorite candy with Penick Syrup and give it a smoothness it has never had before.

Your grocer carries Penick Syrup in three delicious flavors—Golden, Crystal White and Maple.

TEMPTING RECIPES FREE. *Send for this booklet of new suggestions for desserts and candies to be made with Penick Syrup. Address Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., or Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

## An Old Time Delicacy

Brer Rabbit molasses—rich, pure, old-fashioned molasses straight off the plantation! It's just the kind your mother and grandmother used to cook with.

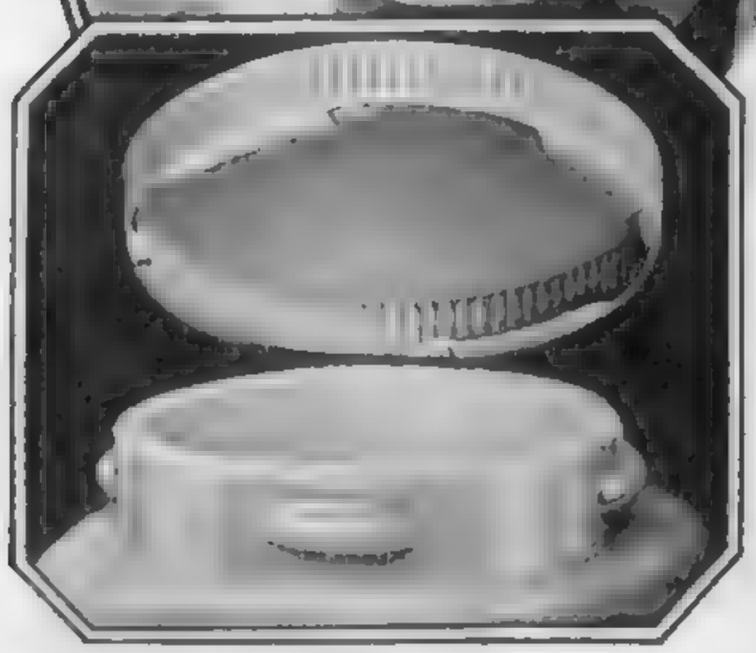
All the old homely favorites will come into their own again now that you can give them back their old delicious flavor. Cookies tantalizingly rich and brown—gingerbread with such a moist, fragrant toothsomeness that merely to smell it baking is a hungry delight. Hunt up your molasses recipes and see what new and wonderful results you can get with Brer Rabbit.

Free Recipe Book

*Write today for Brer Rabbit Recipe Book of Southern dishes—dishes exceptionally delicious and new to your family. Address Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.*

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., *New Orleans & Cedar Rapids*

MADE BY THE LARGEST PACKERS OF SUGAR CANE PRODUCTS IN THE WORLD



# Hundreds of packers in glass now save you money with the Duplex Seal

SINCE February, 1921, the number of manufacturers giving you the service of the *Duplex Seal* has *more than doubled.*

Each month more than the month before. November the most successful month since the seal was invented—both in number of manufacturers first adopting the Duplex Seal and in number of seals sold.

No need now to put up with old-fashioned corks, stoppers and screw caps on the goods you buy packed in bottles and jars.

At your service today are hundreds of table delicacies, hard candies, perfumes, toilet requisites, and household remedies—all protected for you with the *Duplex Seal.*

As a result of *their own* tests, these manufacturers have found that the Duplex Seal insures you *at least 10 cents' worth more value for every dollar you spend.* It does away with the loss of flavor and fragrance, with drying out and spoilage, always inseparable from old-fashioned corks, stoppers and caps.

Druggists, grocers and confectioners by the thousands have welcomed the Duplex Seal as the last word in protection.

The Duplex Seal is the simplest seal made—off with a quarter turn of the wrist, on with the same easy motion—yet *reseals* the bottle or jar completely air-tight every time. Protecting the contents *down to the last bit.*

At the grocery and drug store, see that you get products sealed with the *Duplex Seal.*

*INTERESTING information about packing products in glass, with the Duplex Seal, and its many advantages, is sent to meet special chemical reactions, etc., gladly furnished by our Service Department to manufacturers of food products, hard candies, toilet goods, household remedies and specialties of all kinds. Our new catalog points the way to better business.*

# The Duplex Seal

**A PERFECT SEALING & RE-SEALING CAP FOR GLASS BOTTLES & JARS**

NATIONAL SEAL COMPANY, *Inc.*,
*Executive Offices* - 14th Avenue and 36th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Works - BROOKLYN, N.Y. • • PORTLAND, ME.

(Continued from Page 94)

was standing on and threw her on it. Instantly she was caught on a hundred red-hot, tearing and jerking points of agony. The mare leaped over her, leaped back again, reared and fell. The wire by that time was over and under Janet, and the horse was up again. Janet was dragged out into the field as post after post gave way, and then the mare got free.

The Old Man found Janet there a half hour later, her clothes torn to ribbons and stained with blood, and he got her out and onto his horse. She was too dazed to be questioned, but the Old Man knew, and he muttered most of the way home.

Her going was delayed almost a month by the accident, and in that month the Kid suffered horribly. Rosamond was like a bad dream by that time, but if he wanted to forget her the bunk house gave him no chance. He grew to hate her very name, although not as much as he hated himself.

He was consumed with jealousy too. It was Dice who sat with Mrs. Allenby and Janet during the convalescence, and Slim who took over the care and training of Midge. Even the cook, wandering over in the evening with a bit of specially broiled chicken or trout, had the entrée to the Allenby cottage. Only the Kid was left out.

The truth, of course, was that under the ice that had frozen over Janet's love the current of it still ran fast and furious. But the ice was there. Even the Old Man finally put in a word for him, but Janet shook her head.

"If he would do it once he would do it again," she said. "I used to mind, but I don't now."

The abominable fact that all the ranch had pitied her was, next to the Kid's defection, what rankled. And when, the night before she left, the Kid came again, humbly, and stood before her she went quite pale with outraged pride.

"I've been a fool, Janet, and I know it."

"About what?"

"You know what I mean, don't you?"

She was not very strong yet, and she began to tremble, but her voice was steady. She even laughed a little.

"I suppose I do. But aren't we all foolish at times? I was myself, last spring, but I've got over it."

As old as the hills, this story. The wandering male, the hurt pride of the woman, four feet of distance and yet a mile or so between them. The Kid, who had never heard of the vicious pendulum of love, from passion to hate and back to love again, the Kid turned on his high heels and went away from this new and different Janet, who was as hard and stiff and shiny as new leather.

It was entirely clear now that she had never cared a plugged nickel for him. He had thought once —— They called this life, did they, this thing of working all day and suffering all night? Life!

He went down and sat by the creek. Life! A man poured out his whole heart at a woman's feet, and she went on the stage and painted her face, and a lot of dudes stared at her and sent her notes and took her out to supper. Life!

Oh, well, let it ride!

*IV*

JANET started East the next week, with Midge in a box car and the Old Man himself going as far as Chicago. And—blow after blow—Slim was going along, to sleep with Midge and tend him on the train, and later on in chaps and spurs and full regalia to assist Janet during the performance. Slim!

Janet's farewell to the ranch was rather emotional, but the Kid watched in vain for any indication that he was more than merely included in the general *tout ensemble*. The boys rode to the station and cheered her wildly as the train pulled out, the Old Man waved his hat, and something seemed to fall through the Kid's diaphragm and settle like a cold flatiron below his breast bone, to remain there for a long, long time.

Years and years passed, and after a week's time in Chicago the Old Man came home. There was nothing on the surface of things to indicate any radical changes at the ranch. The dogs greeted him uproariously. The lawn looked pleasantly empty and dudeless. The men were hearty and cheerful and ambidextrous at the table as usual. Nothing, in short, to indicate that only the outside of the Kid was among those present, and that, save of course for the cold flatiron, the rest of the Kid was unaccountably missing and might have been located in Chicago.

"How'd it go?" asked Dice Barnett when the Old Man ambled over to the corral after supper.

"Pretty good," said the Old Man. "Pretty good. That gold-toothed smile of Slim's is going to be worth money to him now."

He glanced at the Kid, but the Kid was sharpening his knife on the edge of a boot and seemed completely absorbed.

"As for Janet, she's a hit," said the Old Man, who hadn't been talking to managers without picking up a phrase or two. "The act's a knock-out. They've had the same sort of thing, of course; but with Janet's youth and beauty—well, I wish you boys had been there. She sent her love to you all."

The Kid tested the blade on a finger nail.

"She's a right good-looking girl, Janet." Thus Joe, not without malice. "Somebody will try to pick her off the branch all right. I knew a girl once went on the stage, and she got a bushel of mash notes every week."

The Kid put away his knife, rose and yawned ostentatiously.

"Reckon I'll turn in," he said, and disappeared from a circle which waited to grin until he had gone.

He slept very poorly that night, and spent most of his time reflecting bitterly on the trust in human nature which had turned Janet loose on the world without somebody near her to punch the face of any guy who tried to get fresh with her. A bushel of mash notes every week, eh? He lay there and saw Janet on a brilliantly lighted stage, while the theater was entirely filled with gilded youths who—the Kid's experience of theaters was small—almost buried her in flowers. He groaned and turned over on his face. Oh, well, what was it to him, anyhow? Let it ride, that's all.

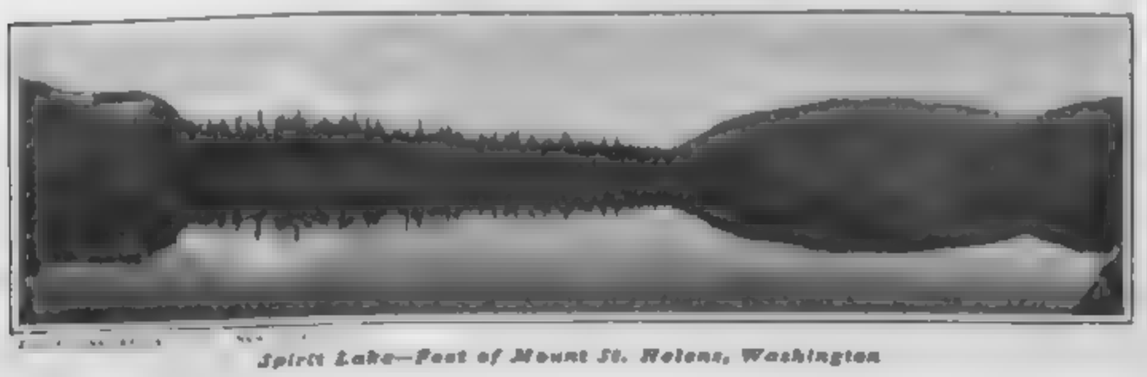
The winter came. Part of the outfit went down to the Old Man's herd of steers in New Mexico, and Al and Joe were following cows in Arizona. The bunk-house beds were empty, except for Dice and the Kid, and instead of blackjack and poker Dice read by the bunk-house lamp in the evenings, and the Kid played solitaire morosely. At mealtimes, for they were all together now, the Old Man read Janet's letters aloud, and her clippings. Her advance man had got hold of her family history by that time, and played pretty heavily on it. The result was that she was being invited to good houses.

For instance:

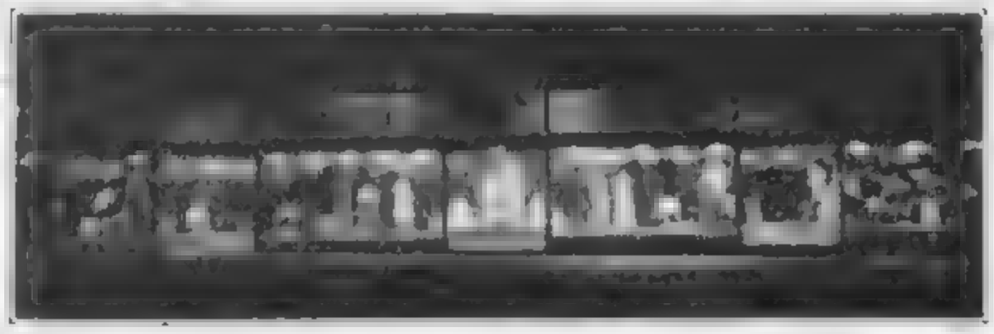
"'Everything on the table was gold,'" the Old Man read aloud one day. "'Can you imagine it? But do you know something? I wouldn't trade the whole service for the tin cup by the Big Spring.'"

"Rats!" said the savage fear inside the Kid. "Piffle! Tut! And as for that hundred and sixty acres and a log house, tut again. She's gone. She's lost. She'll never come back."

In November Dice Barnett and the Kid drove the horses along the old cattle trail by the creek to the winter range, and camped for a few days there. The Old Man had been hunting elk, and he blew into camp one day to find the Kid alone, sitting on his heel while he disconsolately fried potatoes in bacon fat, and whistling an



*Spirit Lake—Foot of Mount St. Helens, Washington*

Do your windows work nights?

There is no eight-hour law to keep your window salesmen from producing maximum sales. An attractively trimmed, well-lighted window is one of the best advertising mediums you can have. Maximum display value is obtained in

ZOURI SAFETY METAL STORE FRONTS

Approved by UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

Our construction not only insures exceptional display. The key-set safety feature and the rigid gutter absolutely prevent plate glass breakage due to faulty setting. Let us send you illustrated folder, describing *Zouri* superiorities and showing some of our most recent installations.

Zouri Distributors Everywhere

We have over 200 distributors in the United States and Canada, each carrying a complete line of *Zouri* and *International* construction. Name of distributor in your territory gladly furnished without obligation.

The KEY to better WINDOWS

Zouri DRAWN METALS COMPANY

Factory and General Offices
1602 East End Avenue
Chicago Heights : Illinois

What it means to have HANDY WARMTH

IT means a lot to have heat nearly at a hand's turn, almost as quickly as you can draw water from the faucet—for a midnight lunch; for chilly mornings and evenings.

The Reznor Reflector Gas Heater burns a pure sun colored flame; has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the blue flame, and having no mixer, cannot light back. Always maintains a complete combustion of the gas regardless of how high or low the gas pressure may be.

The Reznor heats the whole room evenly—not just a limited space in front of the heater—and creates a healthful circulation of air which prevents vitiation.

*See the Reznor line at your dealer's. Write us for valuable free book on gas heating.*

Manufacturing Co.
Mercer, Pa.

REZNOR

# Sell Your Spare Time *for* Cash

HUNDREDS of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* You are invited to share in the earnings.

O W Hendee
(Nebraska)
$175 Every Month

**You will find the work easy and pleasant and, above all, profitable.**

### Commissions

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

### Monthly Bonus

In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $200.00 a month.

Lloyd Hall
(Nebraska)
$350 in One Month

### Weekly Salary Contract

Or, if you prefer, and if you can produce a reasonable monthly quota, you may receive a weekly salary contract—up to $50.00 a week—in addition to commissions.

W C Cowgill
(Oregon)
$1.00 an Hour

### Permanent Profits

Every order that you receive can bring you additional profits year after year. The same commissions and bonus are ordinarily allowed for renewals that are paid for new orders.

Burton L. White
(Massachusetts)
$50.00 Extra in One Month

### Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work. Unlimited territory offers unlimited opportunity.

George Beckwith
(Arizona)
$75.00 in One Month

### Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part time or full time work:

W H Guscott
(Ohio)
$90.00 Extra in One Month

| Average Subscription Production of | Total Monthly Profits About |
|---|---|
| Less than 3 a week | $ 4 40 |
| Less than 4 a week | 7 40 |
| Less than 1 a day | 12 00 |
| Less than 8 a week | 15 50 |
| Less than 10 a week | 20 50 |
| Less than 2 a day | 27 00 |
| Less than 17 a week | 37 00 |
| Less than 3 a day | 50 00 |
| Less than 4 a day | 67 00 |
| Less than 5 a day | 80 00 |
| Less than 7 a day | 99 00 |
| Less than 1 each working hour | 128.00 |
| Less than 10 a day | 165 00 |
| Less than 12 a day | 200 00 |
| Less than 14 a day | 244 00 |
| Less than 2 each working hour | 285 00 |
| Less than 18 a day | 328 00 |
| One may devote 25 minutes to each sale and still earn | 370.00 |

Raymond Starr
(California)
$100.00 a Week

A B Arment
(Ohio)
$100.00 in One Month

**ACT NOW** If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity to lay the foundation of a successful subscription business, send, now, the coupon below:

CUT HERE

**The Curtis Publishing Company**
**416 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Gentlemen:

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

Name Street

Town State



**ADDING MACHINE $15**

New Model. Automatically adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Work equals expensive machines. *Worth its price for inventory alone.* Accurate, speedy, durable. 5-year written guarantee. Write Dept. T for FREE trial offer—today.

*Rare Opportunity for Exclusive Agents*

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



**It's Not the Irish Mail**

This is the only [illegible] Mail Depot operated [illegible] of children—keeps them out of doors. Lots of fun. Makes play out of errand running. Ask your dealer

HILL-STANDARD CO.
103 Irish Mail Ave. Anderson, Ind.


extremely dolorous hymn. The Old Man sat back on a log and eyed him.

"Well," he inquired, "got your sense of values yet?"

"What d'you mean?"

The Old Man looked around.

"It's like this," he said. "Take this creek, now. There's gold in it—real gold. I don't know from where, but it's there. Fellows have frozen and starved to death looking for it. But there's fool's gold too. Every now and then somebody brings in some iron pyrites and thinks he's made his everlasting fortune."

"I get you," said the Kid. "Well, I know the difference all right now, sir."

That was all the Old Man said then. But later on, cleaning his rifle with a corner torn off the Kid's dish towel, he said: "I got a Chicago paper a day or two ago. The Carter girl's engaged to be married."

The Kid said nothing for a moment. He was scraping the frying pan. Then he looked up and caught the Old Man's eye.

"She was a right nice girl," he said, and grinned.

Winter came on, and the ranch was isolated from the world. Once a week or so the postman in his flivver would work his way up through the roads, thaw out his radiator with boiling water and himself with hot coffee, and leave the mail. Bears came down from the mountains and left tracks around the storehouse and the kitchen. Deer came fearlessly to the feeding racks by the corral, and a mountain sheep was reported on Bishop's Rock. On the day before Christmas came a great wooden box from Janet, with a fur coat for her mother and a set of Kipling for the Old Man, and on Christmas Day came a telegram:

Dearest Love and a Merry Christmas to all of you. JANET.

No message to the Kid at all.

The Old Man was rather worried. The Kid had come to his senses, but there was still something wrong with Janet. And the Kid was on his mind. The boy was not eating and—the Old Man strongly suspected—not sleeping either.

"Maybe I'd better write her how things are," he said one day to Dice Barnett.

"It's no place for a third party, in my opinion," Dice objected. "They'll make the grade or they won't, but they can't be pushed."

So in the long idle days of heavy snow the Old Man pasted Janet's clippings in a scrapbook, and Mrs. Allenby mended and starched linen, and the Kid slowly ate his heart out, having abundance of time for this sort of gastronomical misery.

The snow had come early and lay late, and in the open range along the foothills a dozen or so horses dead from cold and starvation had been eaten by coyotes, so that only their bones marked their tragedy. Out in the far meadows the cattle had exhausted the hay, and herculean efforts on the part of the men failed to open a road by which to send the hay carts through. In March they got out at last, and the Old Man breathed again. But the cold continued, and the feed grass was almost exhausted. On a dismal day in March the Kid rode out to the pasture with his revolver strapped on his hip, and cut out some twenty lean and sickly cows to die that the rest of the herd might live.

They looked at him with soft, appealing eyes; and the Kid's hand shook as he drew the gun. When it was all over he went back and sat for a long time in the steaming barn, where the work horses munched their hay and no one was likely to find him. He would have sold himself for a ten-cent piece that day, and considered the price high.

But with the opening of the spring he found a bit of hope rising, like the sap in the cottonwood trees. Janet would come back that summer, and he would make up for all he had done. He worked solely to that end. He put a new roof on the saddle shed—for her. He dredged stone and repaired roads—for her. With the aid of six cow horns which he rubbed to a high polish and a piece of wood which he varnished, he made a hatrack, slightly odorous but very sightly in his eyes—for her. And in the evenings when his work was done he sat by the stove in the bunk house and played melancholy airs on his mouth organ, to the unprintable expostulations of the now augmented outfit.

The ranch was preparing for the summer influx. Painters and carpenters swarmed over the place; the boys came back from New Mexico and Arizona, jerked off their store clothes, pulled on their chaps, stamped into their boots and were off to report to the Old Man. An early dude or two came, and bunches of wild flowers began to appear in the dining room, while the cook began his summer-long complaint of having to clean the trout the men brought in.

And then at the end of June came Janet.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*



IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.


## *Table of Contents*


December 17, 1921

Cover Design by Neysa McMein


SHORT STORIES


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| A Midsummer Knight's Dream (In two parts)—*Mary Roberts Rinehart* | 3 |
| To One Thing Constant Never—*Kennett Harris* | 8 |
| Cold Molasses—*George Weston* | 10 |
| Winnie and the Poison Runner—*Bertram Atkey* | 14 |


ARTICLES


| | |
|---|---|
| The Print of My Remembrance—*Augustus Thomas* | 6 |
| Europe in Transition—*Isaac F. Marcosson* | 12 |
| Scraps From a Wanderer's Notebook—*Kenneth L. Roberts* | 21 |


SERIALS


| | |
|---|---|
| Economic Independence (Conclusion)—*John Taintor Foote* | 17 |
| Men of Affairs (Fourth part)—*Roland Pertwee* | 22 |


DEPARTMENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorial | 20 |



**A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS** must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

# FREE Trial Helped These Firms Sell More This Year

***"My Retail Sales Over $500,000 in a 5,000 Town."***

"MY 1921 sales are *over* $500,000 in a 5,000 town. We are selling *more* merchandise this year than last by keeping a *continual* stream of Addressograph-ed letters and circulars going into the mails. All merchants should keep in touch with every logical buyer in their trade territory by sending out frequent 'personal' form letters, price lists and circulars. It will bring the business and can be *quickly* and *economically* done with the Addressograph."

*— Fred Mann, Pres., Mann's Department Store, Devils Lake, N. D.*

***"Selling More This Year at Half Former Cost."***

"Have done *more* business during 1921 than ever before *at less than half* previous cost. Addressograph-ed advertising the reason." *— Portsmouth Stove & Range Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.*

***"Sales From FIRST Use Justified Addressograph."***

"Just finished mailing of *first* Addressograph-ed advertising and profits from the sale we featured *amply justified* recent Addressograph purchase."

*— Palais Royal Dept. Store, Washington, D. C.*

***63% GREATER Sales This Year for This Mfr.***

"Our 1921 business *increased* 63% over last year. A great majority of that increase *is due to our Addressograph.* Any firm can do *likewise* and save cost of Addressograph in a few weeks." *— Mead, Johnson & Co., Famous Drug Specialty Mfrs., Evansville, Ind.*

***Pay For It As It Increases Your Sales.***

*Small* cost of Addressograph for *increasing* your sales will *surprise* you. Trying it at our expense will *convince* you. Our easy way of "paying for it as you sell more" will *please* you. Prove its advantages before you buy.

Here's the Real Christmas Gift for your business.

Mail the coupon for FREE trial *now.*

*"Fills in letters better than typewriter."*
*— Sherwin-Williams.*

*Addresses circulars, price lists, etc., exactly like the best typewriting.*

*Heads and dates statements, lists names on pay sheets, etc.*

*15 times faster than pen or typewriter. No Errors!*

# Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

General Offices: 900 Van Buren Street, Chicago Factories: Chicago, Brooklyn, London

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allentown | Baltimore | Chicago | Denver | El Paso | Kansas City | New Orleans | Pittsburgh | San Francisco | St. Paul |
| Albany | Boston | Cincinnati | Des Moines | Grand Rapids | Los Angeles | New York | Portland | Seattle | Syracuse |
| Atlanta | Buffalo | Cleveland | Detroit | Houston | Minneapolis | Omaha | Salt Lake City | Spokane | Toledo |
| Birmingham | Butte | Dallas | Duluth | Indianapolis | Newark | Philadelphia | San Antonio | St. Louis | Washington |

Canada: 60 West Front Street, TORONTO—Vancouver—Montreal—Winnipeg—Calgary

## 2 New Selling Books FREE

THOUSANDS of executives have profitably read these books which tell how YOU can win sales quickly—

1 ***"Mailing Lists—Their Preparation, Care and Uses."***
By C. F. Ufford, *Mailing List Expert,* of Goodrich Rubber Co.

2 ***"How Live Sales Promotion Puts Sharp Edge On Dull Business."***
By A. J. Reiss, *Sales Promotion Expert.*

*Mail With Your Letterhead*

To Addressograph Co., 900 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

☐ SEND ON APPROVAL Hand Operated Ribbon Print Addressograph for 10 days' FREE trial. If we don't buy we will return it at your expense.

☐ HAVE SALESMAN DEMONSTRATE the Addressograph he carries with him.

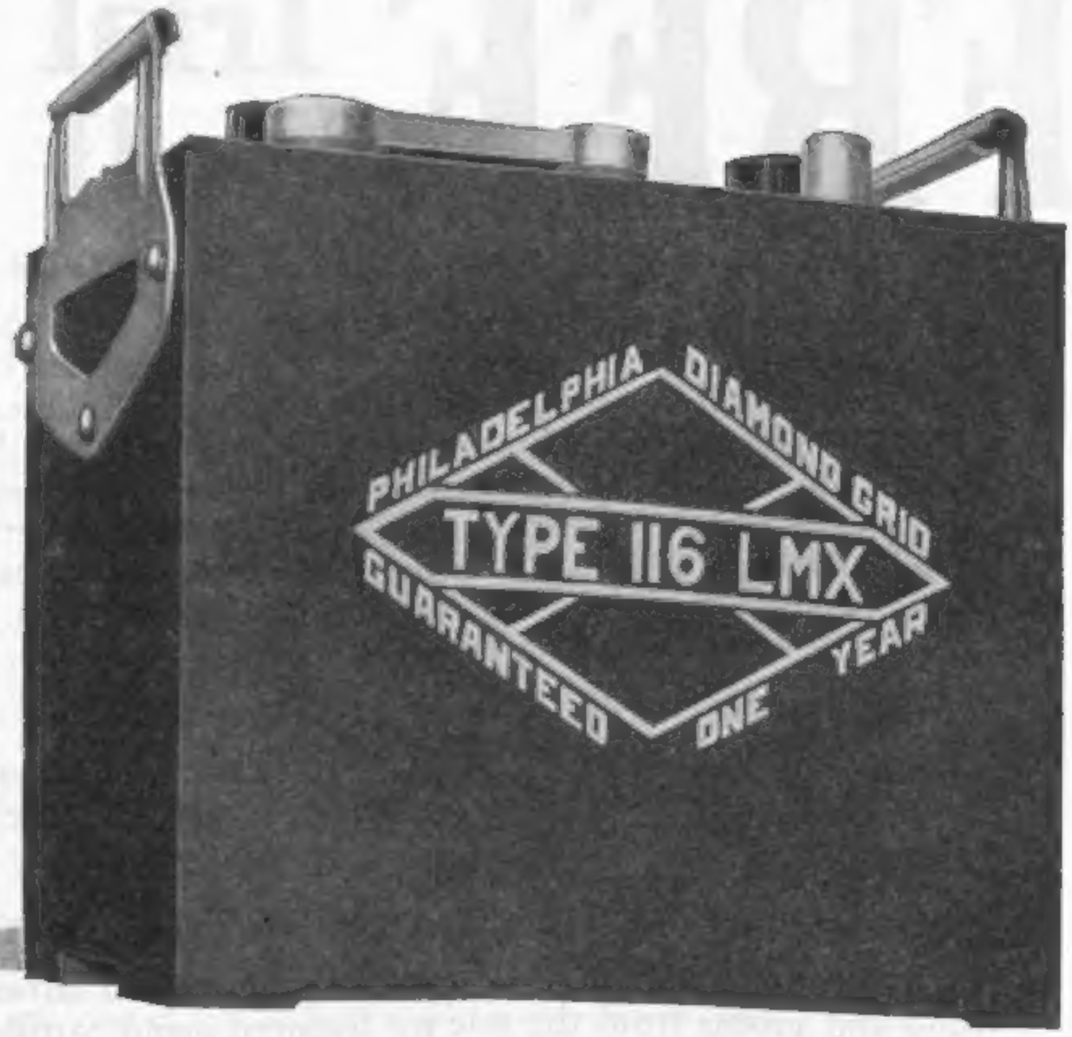
☐ SEND SAMPLE to Blank Plate.

☐ SEND BOOK No. 1.

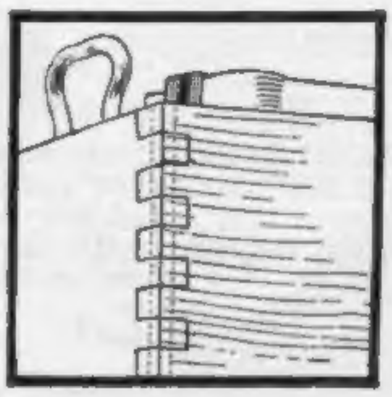
☐ SEND BOOK No. 2. (11-17)

# FREE Trial Shows How You Can Sell More

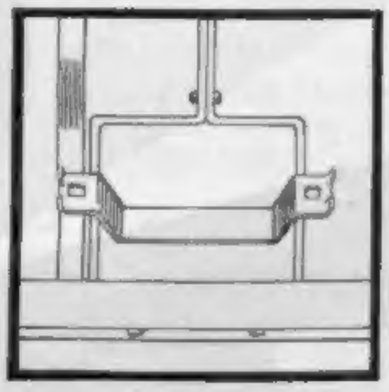
# *Announcing* a FORD size battery with a rubber case *for* $30.00



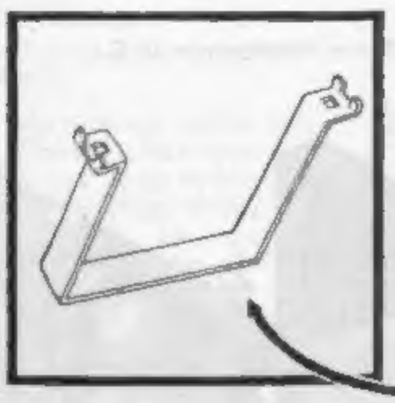

**1.** We are proud of our battery cases. They are built of selected hardwood put together with dowelled lock corner construction, and thoroughly protected by acid-proof paint.



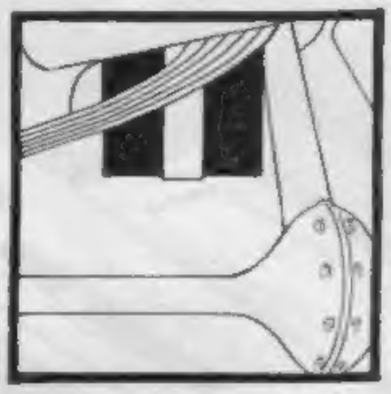
**2.** But we have not been satisfied with the wooden case in Ford cars, because of its exposed position under the car.



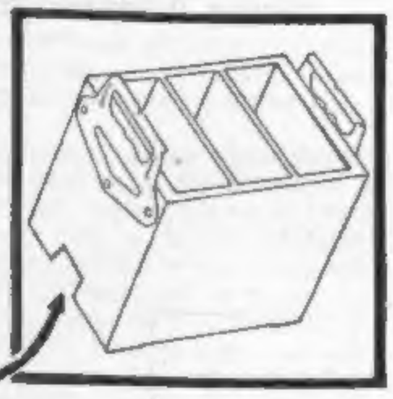
**3.** The Ford engineering requirements necessitate hanging the battery in an iron strap, suspended from the chassis. This strap cuts into the wooden case when the car jolts over bumpy roads.



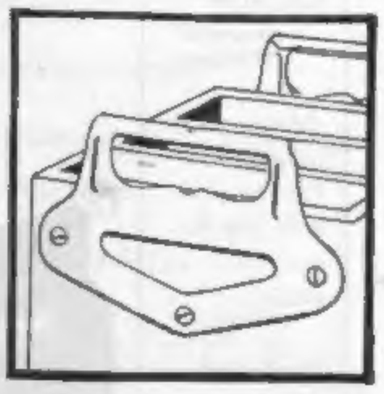
**4.** Also, in the Ford, the battery is not protected by a steel box. It is exposed to wind and weather, mud and gravel, and stones thrown up by the wheels. As a result, warped, split and swollen cases and broken jars sometimes occur.



**5.** Therefore, we have developed the new Philadelphia Weather-Proof Rubber Case, especially designed for Ford cars. *It is cast in one piece of solid hard rubber.* Bounces and jolts cannot weaken it. Water, sand and gravel do not affect it. A riding slot is provided to fit the Ford Strap.



**6.** There are no joints anywhere. The case is divided by solid partitions into three compartments, forming the cells. The broad handles brace the ends and prevent bulging due to pull by the hold-downs. This battery will stand up electrically and mechanically under the hardest conditions under which a Ford can be driven. And yet its price is only $30.00.



DEALERS: See this battery at the New York Automobile Show, Booths Nos. C71, C72 and C73 on the third floor center aisle, leading out from the main stairway down from the fourth floor; and at the Chicago Show, Booths Nos. 17 and 27, in the balcony of the Coliseum. Ask our representatives to explain our liberal and profitable dealer proposition. Or write us at this address:

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO., Ontario and C Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY**

**With the Weather-Proof, Gravel-Proof Case**

*Type 116LMX is the proper size, and we recommend this battery for use in the following cars also:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Chevrolet 490 | Liberty |
| Cleveland | Mitchell |
| Columbia | Oakland |
| Dort | Oldsmobile |
| Hupmobile | Overland |
| Lexington | Scripps-Booth |

# Borden's

## THE NATION'S MILK

**Rich-
Pure-
Uniform**

**Is there a family in this country who does not use it?**

**With the Cream Left in.**

**Delectable new sweets to tempt your palate.**

**Nutty Kubes — smooth milk-chocolate squares with crunchy filberts.**

**Nutty Karamels — rich as cream and filled with walnut meats. Vanilla and chocolate flavors.**

**Extra Grade Caramels — velvet smooth, of delicious flavor.**

*All Made by*
*BORDEN*

# Have You "Acid-Mouth" ?

**If you have — Pebeco will help save your teeth by counteracting this great cause of tooth decay. You will like Pebeco.**

· OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND ·

Lehn & Fink New York Inc